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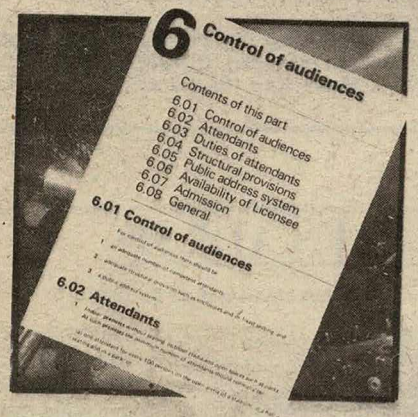
new MUSICAL EXPRESS

THIS DEFINITELY AIN'T THE SUMMER OF LOVE

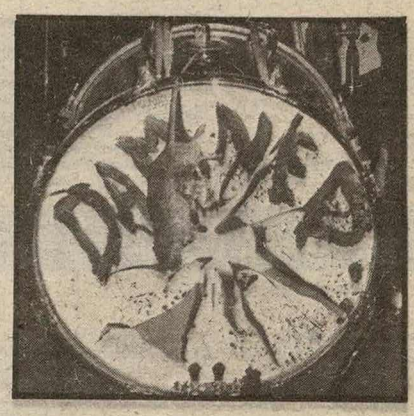
(Now read on . . .)

DEPORTATION and death threats loom over Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers and the Sex Pistols. On Monday the Home Office ordered Thunders and Co out of the U.K. — and the Pistols plan to go into hiding after the beatings handed out to Johnny Rotten and Paul Cook. Both stories P.3.



ALSO IN this week's issue, a GLC boss says he will use any means within the law to stop the Pistols playing London again. He also thinks the Rollers would be improved by sudden death.

THE IRISH rock murder. The police collected eighteen knives after the gig. Aftermath of the stabbing. Report on P.11.



AND FINALLY, this week's outbreak of punk-bashing involves The Stranglers, The Damned, The Boys and Boom Town Rats. Reports page 5. Implications explored pages 27-29. Meanwhile, The Heat Goes On...

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending July 4, 1972

Last Week	This Week		
3	1	TAKE ME BAK 'OME	Slade (Polydor)
5	2	PUPPY LOVE	Donny Osmond (MGM)
2	3	ROCK AND ROLL Part 1 & 2	Gary Glitter (Bell)
1	4	VINCENT	Don McLean (United Artists)
6	5	LITTLE WILLY	Sweet (RCA)
4	6	ROCKIN' ROBIN	Michael Jackson (Tamla Motown)
8	7	CALIFORNIA MAN	The Move (Harvest)
19	8	CIRCLES	New Seekers (Polydor)
11	9	OOH-WAKKA-DOO-WAKKA-DAY	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
7	10	MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB	Wings (Apple)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending July 8, 1967

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	A WHITER SHADE OF PALE	Procol Harum (Deram)
2	2	THERE GOES MY EVERYTHING	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
6	3	ALTERNATIVE TITLE	Monkees (RCA)
7	4	SHE'D RATHER BE WITH ME	Turtles (London)
3	5	CARRIE ANNE	Hollies (Parlophone)
4	6	PAPER SUN	Traffic (Island)
5	7	OKAY!	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
8	8	GROOVIN'	Young Rascals (Atlantic)
17	9	IT MUST BE HIM	Vikki Carr (Liberty)
10	10	HERE COMES THE NICE	Small Faces (Immediate)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending July 6, 1962

Last Week	This Week		
2	1	PICTURE OF YOU	Joe Brown (Piccadilly)
4	2	I CAN'T STOP LOVING YOU	Ray Charles (HMV)
1	3	COME OUTSIDE	Mike Sarne (Parlophone)
3	4	GOOD LUCK CHARM	Elvis Presley (RCA)
5	5	GINNY COME LATELY	Brian Hyland (HMV)
6	6	I'M LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
9	7	HERE COMES THAT FEELING	Brenda Lee (Brunswick)
10	8	THE GREEN LEAVES OF SUMMER	Kenny Ball (Pye)
7	9	LAST NIGHT WAS MADE FOR LOVE	Billy Fury (Decca)
16	10	ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN	Jimmy Rodgers (Columbia)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS C·H·A·R·T·S

SINGLES

Week ending July 9, 1977

This Week	Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(3)	**SO YOU WIN AGAIN** Hot Chocolate (Rak)	4	1
2	(2)	**FANFARE FOR THE COMMON MAN** Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	5	2
3	(1)	**SHOW YOU THE WAY TO GO** The Jacksons (Epic)	5	1
4	(9)	**BABY DON'T CHANGE YOUR MIND** Gladys Knight & The Pips (Buddah)	6	4
5	(14)	**MA BAKER** Boney M (Atlantic)	2	5
6	(10)	**SAM** Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	4	6
8	(8)	**PEACHES** The Stranglers (United Artists)	7	7
8	(6)	**YOU'RE MOVING OUT TODAY** Carole Bayer Sager (Elektra)	6	4
9	(7)	**A STAR IS BORN (EVERGREEN)** Barbra Streisand (CBS)	13	3
10	(4)	**LUCILLE** Kenny Rogers (United Artists)	10	2
11	(11)	**TELEPHONE LINE** Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	7	6
12	(5)	**GOD SAVE THE QUEEN** Sex Pistols (Virgin)	6	1
13	(12)	**YOU'RE GONNA GET NEXT TO ME** Bo Kirkland & Ruth Davies (EMI Int.)	5	12
14	(15)	**DO WHAT YOU WANNA DO** T Connection (TK)	3	14
15	(16)	**OH LORI** Alessi (A&M)	4	15
16	(—)	**SLOW DOWN** John Miles (Decca)	1	16
17	(19)	**EXODUS** Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	2	17
18	(17)	**HALFWAY DOWN THE STAIRS** Muppets (Pye)	6	5
19	(—)	**GOOD OLD FASHIONED LOVERBOY** Queen (EMI)	4	19
20	(—)	**PRETTY VACANT** Sex Pistols (Virgin)	1	20
21	(26)	**FEEL THE NEED** Detroit Emeralds (Atlantic)	2	21
22	(23)	**LIDO SHUFFLE** Boz Scaggs (CBS)	8	11
23	(18)	**ANYTHING THAT'S ROCK 'N' ROLL** Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers (Island)	3	18
24	(13)	**I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT/ FIRST CUT IS THE DEEPEST** Rod Stewart (Riva)	11	1
25	(—)	**EASY** Commodores (Motown)	1	25
26	(28)	**COME WITH ME** Jesse Green (EMI)	2	26
27	(29)	**WE'RE ALL ALONE** Rita Coolidge (A & M)	2	27
28	(—)	**CENTRE CITY** Fat Larry Band (Atlantic)	1	28
29	(—)	**I KNEW THE BRIDE** Dave Edmunds (Swan Song)	1	29
30	(24)	**I JUST WANNA BE YOUR EVERY-THING** Andy Gibb (Polydor)	2	24

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
ONE STEP AWAY — Tavares (Capitol); FARMER BILL'S COWMAN — Wurzels (EMI); UNDERCOVER ANGEL — Alan O'Day (Atlantic); DON'T LET GO — Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic).

ALBUMS

Week ending July 9, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	**A STAR IS BORN** Soundtrack (CBS)		13	1
2	(1)	**THE MUPPET SHOW** (Pye)		6	1
3	(3)	**HOTEL CALIFORNIA** Eagles (Asylum)		28	1
4	(4)	**ARRIVAL** Abba (Epic)		33	1
5	(9)	**A NEW WORLD RECORD** Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)		31	5
6	(10)	**THE JOHNNY MATHIS COLLECTION** Johnny Mathis (CBS)		3	6
7	(8)	**DECEPTIVE BENDS** 10 c.c. (Philips)		10	2
8	(6)	**IV RATTUS NORVEGICUS** The Stranglers (United Artists)		10	6
9	(5)	**BEATLES LIVE AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL** (EMI)		9	1
10	(23)	**LOVE AT THE GREEK** Neil Diamond (CBS)		2	10
11	(12)	**EXODUS** Bob Marley (Island)		4	11
12	(7)	**RUMOURS** Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)		20	6
13	(28)	**WORKS VOLUME 1** Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)		11	7
14	(14)	**ABBA GREATEST HITS** (Epic)		66	1
15	(18)	**I'M IN YOU** Peter Frampton (A & M)		4	15
16	(20)	**ENDLESS FLIGHT** Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)		26	2
17	(—)	**THE ROXY, LONDON WC2** Various Artists (Harvest)		1	17
18	(21)	**I REMEMBER YESTERDAY** Donna Summer (GTO)		2	18
19	(12)	**IN FLIGHT** George Benson (Warner Bros)		4	12
20	(24)	**KENNY ROGERS** (United Artists)		3	20
21	(—)	**COMING OUT** Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)		9	6
22	(26)	**EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS** Supertramp (A&M)		9	18
23	(—)	**STEVIE WINWOOD** (Island)		1	23
24	(15)	**SHEER MAGIC** Acker Bilk (Warwick)		4	9
25	(—)	**AMERICAN STARS 'N' BARS** Neil Young (Reprise)		1	25
26	(22)	**TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS** (Island)		4	22
27	(29)	**CAT SCRATCH FEVER** Ted Nugent (Epic)		2	27
28	(11)	**SILK DEGREES** Boz Scaggs (CBS)		3	11
29	(16)	**ROCK FOLLIES 77** (Polydor)		3	12
30	(—)	**PURE MANIA** The Vibrators (Epic)		1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
THE BEST OF THE MAMAS AND PAPAS (Arcade); CSN — Crosby, Stills & Nash (Atlantic); QUARK, STRANGENESS AND CHARM — Hawkwind (Charisma); BERNI FLINT (EMI).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending July 9, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(2)	**DA DO RON RON**	Shaun Cassidy
2	(1)	**UNDERCOVER ANGEL**	Alan O'Day
3	(4)	**JET AIRLINER**	Steve Miller
4	(3)	**LONELY BOY**	Andrew Gold
5	(10)	**LOOKS LIKE WE MADE IT**	Barry Manilow
6	(8)	**I'M IN YOU**	Peter Frampton
7	(9)	**MARGARITAVILLE**	Jimmy Buffett
8	(12)	**I JUST WANT TO BE YOUR EVERYTHING**	Andy Gibb
9	(5)	**THEME FROM 'ROCKY' (GONNA FLY NOW)**	Bill Conti
10	(14)	**MY HEART BELONGS TO ME**	Barbra Streisand
11	(13)	**DO YOU WANNA MAKE LOVE**	Peter McCann
12	(16)	**WHATCHA GONNA DO?**	Pablo Cruise
13	(15)	**HIGH SCHOOL DANCE**	The Sylvers
14	(18)	**KNOWING ME, KNOWING YOU**	Abba
15	(22)	**YOUR LOVE HAS LIFTED ME (HIGHER AND HIGHER)**	Rita Coolidge
16	(19)	**IT'S SAD TO BELONG**	England Dan & John Ford Coley
17	(20)	**YOU AND ME**	Alice Cooper
18	(23)	**YOU MADE ME BELIEVE IN MAGIC**	Bay City Rollers
19	(6)	**ANGEL IN YOUR ARMS**	Hot
20	(7)	**GOT TO GIVE IT UP**	Marvin Gaye
21	(29)	**EASY**	Commodores
22	(27)	**YOU'RE MY WORLD**	Helen Reddy
23	(24)	**LUCKENBACH, TEXAS (BACK TO THE BASICS OF LOVE)**	Waylon Jennings
24	(26)	**ARIEL**	Dean Friedman
25	(—)	**BARRACUDA**	Heart
26	(—)	**THAT'S MY LOVE**	Emotion
27	(—)	**TELEPHONE MAN**	Meri Wilson
28	(—)	**HANDY MAN**	James Taylor
29	(11)	**LIFE IN THE FAST LANE**	Eagles
30	(17)	**FEELS LIKE THE FIRST TIME**	Foreigner

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending July 9, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**RUMOURS**	Fleetwood Mac
2	(2)	**LIVE**	Barry Manilow
3	(4)	**I'M IN YOU**	Peter Frampton
4	(3)	**BOOK OF DREAMS**	Steve Miller Band
5	(5)	**COMMODORES**	
6	(6)	**LITTLE QUEEN**	Heart
7	(7)	**IZITSO**	Cat Stevens
8	(8)	**HOTEL CALIFORNIA**	Eagles
9	(10)	**HERE AT LAST . . . BEE GEES . . . LIVE**	
10	(9)	**MARVIN GAYE AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM**	
11	(11)	**FOREIGNER**	
12	(12)	**ROCKY**	Soundtrack
13	(13)	**RIGHT ON TIME**	Brothers Johnson
14	(14)	**SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE**	Stevie Wonder
15	(17)	**CHANGES IN LATITUDES — CHANGES IN ATTITUDES**	Jimmy Buffett
16	(15)	**BOSTON**	
17	(20)	**NETHERLANDS**	Dan Fogelberg
18	(—)	**LOVE GUN**	Kiss
19	(19)	**EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS**	Supertramp
20	(18)	**GO FOR YOUR GUNS**	Isley Brothers
21	(22)	**OL' WAYLON**	Waylon Jennings
22	(—)	**STREISAND SUPERMAN**	Barbra Streisand
23	(29)	**CAT SCRATCH FEVER**	Ted Nugent
24	(16)	**THE BEATLES LIVE AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL**	
25	(28)	**CAUGHT LIVE + FIVE**	Moody Blues
26	(—)	**STAR WARS**	Original Soundtrack
27	(—)	**EXODUS**	Bob Marley & The Wailers
28	(21)	**SILK DEGREES**	Boz Scaggs
29	(—)	**CSN**	Crosby, Stills & Nash
30	(—)	**CELEBRATE ME HOME**	Kenny Loggins

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

DEPORTATIONS, DEATH MAIL & GRATUITOUS ADVICE BOX

Pistols, Thunders Jubilee elbow

THE SEX PISTOLS may quit the U.K. They have recently received a number of death threats, and life in London is becoming intolerable for them, Virgin Records claimed this week.

Since the fracas at Dingwalls (reported in last week's *NME*), Johnny Rotten has not ventured out in public. According to Virgin Press Officer Al Clark, he "literally can't go anywhere in London. Going to Dingwalls was a determination to continue doing the things he has been used to doing, but that's out now.

"It's more or less imperative that they find some new way to live. The inability to do in the last few days any of the things that for the last twenty years they *have* been able to do has now come home.

"We now have to resolve what kind of life Johnny Rotten can lead," Clark stated. "It may mean going abroad."

As Clark points out, the Pistols find themselves in an unprecented situation. "It isn't the old fan worship thing. When Rotten goes out people want to do him damage.

"There have been other minor, unreported incidents, many of which even I don't get to hear about."

Add those to the beatings Rotten and Cook received at the hands of Jubilee vigilantes on June 18 & 19, and it's obvious why the band feel they "can't walk the streets".

"Rotten can't even get cabs to stop for him," says Clark (not that they stop for anyone these days). "The Sex Pistols can't really live in London at the moment."

So where do they go?

"They loathe the countryside. It's alien to them. The countryside is as daunting as a visit to Patagonia."

Other British cities would no doubt prove as dangerous as London — and, no doubt, simultaneously too boring — so a move abroad must be under serious consideration.

We also understand The Sex Pistols will shortly be moving out of their conspicuous Oxford Street offices.

VIRGIN Records this week hotly denied suggestions that the injuries sustained by Rotten and Cook over the weekend of June 18/19 were not as serious as at first thought.

After the "Punk Rock Rotten Razored" splash in the *Daily Mirror*, and as we had been unable to extract any comment on either that or the Dingwalls incident despite repeated telephone calls to the Pistols office — several of which Malcolm McLaren answered in person, only to claim he was "busy" whenever the subject was broached —*NME* had been among those who expressed surprise at how unscarred Rotten had appeared at Dingwalls.

JOHNNY ROTTEN

By PHIL McNEILL

A disgruntled Al Clark *(Isn't he always? — Ed.)* set the record straight.

The *Mirror* story, Clark maintained, was "characteristically beefed up".

J. Rotten, Chris Thomas and Bill Price had spent an hour between recording sessions on June 18 in a Highbury pub called the Pegasus. When they left they were followed into the car park by "six to eight men armed with knives — but no razors, to my knowledge," who proceeded to set about Rotten, whom they made it clear they recognised as ringleader of the Sex Pistols.

In warding off the blows to his face, which was only grazed, Rotten sufferd a cut to his arm requiring two stitches, which were administered at Royal Northern Hospital by a nurse who, previous reports said, refused to attend to him until she had police protection. The hospital told us they could not comment on any patient, but Virgin agreed they had no evidence to suggest this caution on the nurse's part was other than routine in treatment of injuries following street brawls.

Paul Cook's wounds the following day were far more serious. Attacked by four men, he had 15 stitches put in his head. "Although he was out of hospital almost immediately," Clarke said, "that doesn't diminish the severity of the attack. He is not a brooder, and he took it very well."

JOHNNY THUNDERS and The Heartbreakers may be forced to leave the country before the end of the week, unless their appeal against a deportation order served upon them last Tuesday is successful.

According to Heartbreakers manager Leee Black Childers, they received a letter from the Home Office on Tuesday ordering them to leave the country within 24 hours. The Home Office, however, could find no evidence of such a letter having been sent at all — and had the order come from them, they say, it would be most unusual for them to give only 24 hours' notice. They normally allow people a couple of weeks to wind up their business.

The reason for the American group's "deportation" appears to be lack of work permits — or rather, lack of work permits on their previous visit in 1976.

Leee Childers told us that they now have exchange work permits approved by the Musicians Union and by its American counterpart. However, when they first came over last year for the "Anarchy In The UK" tour organised by Sex Pistols manager Malcolm McLaren, they did *not* have permits.

After that tour the band returned to New York, and were subsequently brought back to London *with* proper papers by Track Records. However, the Home Office, Childers says, have since found out about the Anarchy tour — and withdrew the band's visas last Tuesday.

Childers immediately got an appeal lodged, and a decision was expected on Monday, July 4 — ironically the date set for the band's aborted fireworks show. The band played the opening night of Wardour Street's Krackers venue instead — either as celebration or requiem.

However, as we went to press Tuesday afternoon the final outcome was still unknown. All parties concerned seemed certain the band would be forced out.

If the Heartbreakers *are* deported they have no idea how long it will be before they are allowed back to work. It could mean a year's absence, which would obviously be disastrous as they have a large following here. As one wag remarked, could this be Britain's revenge for the Americans' treatment of The Kinks in the late '60s?

The group cancelled several dates last week after they heard the news. If the deportation goes through, it will necessitate blowing out a full date sheet right through July.

The Heartbreakers' "L.A.M.F." album is now complete, and is scheduled for rush release. However, they are still without an American deal, and were not intending to go home till the album was released there. Childers is not looking forward to seeking dates in the States: "Rock and roll hasn't taken off there yet," he says dryly. "You've got CBGBs and Madison Square Gardens, and nothing in between."

Johnny Thunders reckons he'll move to Hollywood rather than New York.

Only on June 4 it was reported in *NME* that the group had "overcome a work permit problem" and that their permits had been extended.

HEARTBREAKERS

. . . And Jean Jacques gets French letter!

A NEW, BIZARRE twist to the Summer of Punk-bashing came this week when the Stranglers' Jean Jacques Burnel received call-up papers from the French Army.

Burnel's parents are both French, although the bassist was born in Notting Hill, London.

His call-up orders were issued several years ago, though the French government has apparently only just tracked him down.

Last week Burnel received instructions from the French Consulate General in London to get on his marching shoes and report to the 39th Infantry Division in Rouen "immediately and without delay."

Burnel immediately put the matter into the hands of lawyers. Burnel, who's been making the lives of the French military that bit more difficult by changing flats several times during the past seven years, objects to serving in the French forces only because it "conflicts with my commitment to The Stranglers."

He now faces the prospect of arrest for defying the order when next week he visits his family in Caen, Normandy, for the first time in seven years. "There's no one going to stop me from going to France," says Burnel, defiantly, holder of both French and British passports.

According to Burnel, all he has to do to gain permanent exemption from the French draft is to prove he was in Britain between the ages of 18-20 — although he can't possibly placate the French authorities as soon as next week.

Another way round the order is for Brunel to forfeit his dual citizenship and become a British national, something he is loathe to do and contrary to his belief in "the United States of Europe."

Little Feat and AWB — extra dates

LITTLE FEAT are to play three provincial gigs — two in Newcastle and one in Manchester — in addition to their four nights at London Rainbow (August 1-4), announced last week.

They headline at Newcastle City Hall on July 26 and 27 (tickets £3.50, £2.75 and £2), followed by Manchester Free Trade Hall on July 29 (£3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2). Newcastle tickets officially go on sale tomorrow (Friday) and Manchester is already booking.

Promoters Alec Leslie Entertainments say they not expecting to add any more dates.

AVERAGE WHITE BAND headline a concert in Scotland at the end of this month — again with U.S. soul singer Ben E. King, who features on their joint album "Benny And Us", released by Atlantic this weekend.

It is at Edinburgh Usher Hall on Saturday, July 30, and tickets are on sale now priced £2.80, £2.20 and £1.75. Promoter is Harvey Goldsmith in association with Radio Forth, who are recording the show for subsequent broadcast.

As reported two weeks ago, the AWB and King also appear at London Hammersmith Odeon on July 22.

Strange case of the missing UFO

MICHEL SCHENKER

HEAVY ROCK band U.F.O. have lost their lead guitarist Michel Schenker under mysterious circumstances. He disappeared in London nearly three weeks ago at the end of the band's British tour, and their management have now contacted the police.

Vocalist Phil Mogg says that Schenker has for some time been fascinated by mystical religious cults, and he fears the guitarist may have joined the strange Moonys sect.

U.F.O. were yesterday (Wednesday) starting a long U.S tour and they have taken with them former member Paul Chapman, who is now with Lone Star, strictly on a temporary basis.

THREAT TO BRUM PUNK

THE ONE-DAY PUNK FESTIVAL PLANNED FOR Birmingham Digbeth Rag Market on July 17 — reported last week — is in jeopardy. Its fate hinges on a meeting of the Birmingham City Council, which was taking place soon after NME closed for press this week. But the promoters are still optimistic of getting the go-ahead, in spite of numerous objections.

Permission to stage the festival — which would feature The Clash, the Saints, Slits, Subway Sect and Stinky Toys, among others — was originally granted by the venue's manager, with the backing of the chairman of the Market Committee of the City Council.

It is now claimed that, at the time, the nature of the event was not realised. "Councillors who thought it was an ordinary rock concert are now up in arms at the thought of having a punk show on their doorstep", said a council spokesman.

There have also been objections from local clergy, because the festival is scheduled for a Sunday, and the venue is adjacent to a church. But the promoters said on Tuesday: "We think we have a good chance of finding ways around these problems".

Runaways replacing Jackie

BASSIST Jackie Fox has now officially left the Runaways. This follows widespread speculation and rumours of a suicide attempt by Jackie (17).

The group's manager Kim Fowley this week admitted that Jackie had been dissatisfied for some time, and claimed there had in fact been two suicide attempts.

It was finally agreed that she should leave the group, and several candidates for the vacancy were being auditioned in Los Angeles this week.

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YES ROADSHOW DATES

Eight concerts in mid-autumn

YES go back on the road at the end of this month when they begin a series of major tours — opening in America and continuing in Europe, before winding up in Britain in mid-autumn. Their concerts tie in with the July 15 release of their ninth Atlantic album "Going For The One". The Yes roadshow is billed "Yesshows '77", with Donovan appearing as special guest at all venues.

This will be Yes' first outing since Rick Wakeman re-joined the line-up, and British dates are Wembley Empire Pool (October 24, 25, 26 and 27); Stafford New Bingley Hall November 2 and 3); and Glasgow Apollo Centre (November 6 and 7).

The gigs have been announced at this early stage because tickets go on sale this Friday (10am) at all venues. Details are as follows:

WEMBLEY: Prices are £4.25 and £3.75. Tickets can be obtained in person from Wembley Stadium box-office or by postal application to Yesshows '77, Box Office, Wembley Stadium Ltd., Wembley, Middlesex HA9 ODW. Make cheques and POs payable to "Wembley Stadium Ltd. (Yesshows '77)," enclose s.a.e., and list two alternative choices of date.

STAFFORD: All tickets at £3.50 on sale at the venue's box-office, Mike Lloyd Music Shops, Hime & Addison, Virgin Records in Birmingham and Manchester, Paperchase of Liverpool, and Leicester De Montfort Hall. Or by post from Yesshows '77 Box Office, New Bingley Hall, County Showground, Stafford, West Midlands. Cheques and POs to "New Bingley Hall (Yesshows '77)", enclosing s.a.e.

GLASGOW: Tickets prices are £3.50, £3, £2.50. They are available to personal applicants only from the Apollo Box-Office in Renfield Street. The British tour is promoted by Harvey Goldsmith in association with Sun Artists.

Beach Boys cut Wembley tickets

IN A REMARKABLE precedent last weekend, the Beach Boys intervened personally in preparations for their Wembley Stadium concert on July 30 — and insisted on the admission price being reduced from £5.50 to £4. They say this is because they want as many people as possible to see them "at reasonable cost".

Because of this reduction, the Wembley gig will now be an afternoon show only, lasting about four hours. It opens with two support acts, Ricci Martin and Gallagher & Lyle, and then the Beach Boys play a specially extended two-hour set.

When news of the price cut was announced, over 25,000 applications had been received by the stadium at the original fee. All these applicants will, in due course, receive their tickets — together with a refund of £1.50 per seat. Any subsequent bookings should be made to Wembley Stadium Box-Office, Empire Way, Wembley, Middlesex, at the new price of £4 each.

Tickets for the group's gigs at Cardiff Castle (July 23) and Manchester Belle Vue (24) remain unchanged at £4.75, and each of these concerts will be of longer duration than Wembley. Entrance to their show at Dublin Dalymont Park on August 1 goes up from £4.75 to £5.

Support acts at Cardiff and Dublin are Gallagher & Lyle, Dave Edmunds' Rockpile, Ricci Martin and special guests Dr. Feelgood. The Manchester bill is the same except that Gallagher & Lyle are not appearing at Belle Vue, and a replacement for them will be announced next week. John Peel comperes all four shows.

It was originally hoped that the Outlaws would be guesting with the Beach Boys, but they had to pull out last week, as one of the band has to go into hospital for major sugery. Ricci Martin is Dean Martin's son,

GALLAGHER AND LYLE, FEELGOODS TO GUEST

whose recently-released album "Beached" was produced by Carl Wilson.

It was also confirmed this week that Brian Wilson will be joining the Beach Boys for their U.K. dates. They will travel around Britain — and subsequently Europe — in a private plane with an entourage of 50, plus 20 tons of equipment.

Another policy change announced by the Beach Boys this week is that their British promoter is now Barry Clayman of the MAM Organisation, instead of Robert Patterson.

● To coincide with their visit, Warner Brothers release a four-track Beach Boys EP on July 22, packaged in a full-colour bag and selling at 75p. Titles are "Mona" (from the album "Beach Boys Love You"), "Rock And Roll Music" (from "15 Big Ones"), "Sail On Sailor" (from "Holland") and "Marcella" (from "Carl And The Passions").

Dr. Feelgood are currently finishing a new album, but it won't be ready in time for the Beach Boys gig. September release is planned.

Reggae event

A BIG reggae event called "Dread Affair '77" takes place at London Dalston Rio Cinema on Saturday July 23. It runs from 8 pm to 4 am and features Dennis Brown, Errol Dunkley, Roy Shirley, Cimarons, Black Stones, Black Slate, Equators, Bill & Pete Campbell, Jah Scorcher Dance Group and many more. Tickets are available at £2 in advance from local shops, or £2.50 on the door. (Enquiries: 01-249-8473).

ESSEX: BIG TV SERIES

DAVID ESSEX is to star in his first TV series this autumn. He is filming six half-hour shows for peak-time transmission by BBC-1, and is already on location shooting background sequences in Wales. Among guests confirmed are the Small Faces, Ronnie Spector. Denny Laine of Wings, the Real Thing and Twiggy. There is also a likelihood of an appearance by Little Richard (see separate story). Essex will have a new album issued by CBS to coincide with the TV screenings.

Bob Story's schedule cut

FRENCH BAND Little Bob Story have been forced to curtail their latest British tour, following the car crash which delayed their arrival in this country. For the past week they have been busy working on a new album in Kent with producer Sean Tyla, and the only gigs confirmed for their current visit are Newport Roundabout (tomorrow, Friday), Fishguard Frenchman's Motel (Saturday), Newbridge Club & Institute (Sunday), London Marquee (next Monday) and Scunthorpe Tiffany's (Tuesday).

Touring in September

BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST, who have not played any British dates so far this year, are to headline a major concert tour starting at the end of September. Their itinerary is at present being finalised by Kennedy Street Artists and will be announced in a week or two. The band have spent the last four months recording a follow-up album to "Octoberon", and this will be issued to coincide with the tour.

● HAWKWIND are also going out on a full concert tour, visiting leading venues around the country. They are due to open in September, running through into October. Again, dates follow shortly.

● DONNA SUMMER is expected in Britain in September for a string of live dates. This ties in with the success of her album "I Remember Yesterday", and her visit comes at the end of an extensive summer tour of Europe.

● AC/DC headline an 18-date European tour in September, including several major concerts in this country. The band are currently recording their fourth Atlantic album in Sydney with new bassist Cliff Williams, formerly of Home and Bandit.

Nugent's London gigs for Wildlife

TED NUGENT interrupts his extensive European festival schedule, and flies into London next month to headline two concerts at the Hammersmith Odeon on Tuesday and Wednesday, August 16 and 17, promoted by Straight Music. Tickets are on sale now priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50.

These will be Nugent's only British gigs at this time, and he is donating all proceeds to the World Wildlife Fund. He holds very strong feelings on this subject, and he said this week: "The onslaught of concrete and pollution wipe out entire species of wildlife, and it is up to those of us who are doing well to help them out."

RECORD NEWS

12 new-wave acts on compilation LP

"NEW WAVE" is the title of a Vertigo compilation album released on July 22, featuring 12 different acts — eight American, two British, one French and one Australian. There are two numbers each by the Ramones, Runaways, New York Dolls and the Dead Boys, plus tracks by Patti Smith, Talking Heads, The Damned, Boom Town Rats, Flamin' Groovies, Richard Hell and Void-Oids, Little Bob Story and Australia's Skyhooks. Most of the tracks are from past or upcoming albums, but one notable exception is Patti Smith's "Piss Factory", which has never been widely available in this country. The 16-track album sells at £2.45.

PAGE THREE, newly signed by Warner Brothers, comprise three of *The Sun's* celebrated pin-up girls — FELICITY BUIRSKI, CLARE RUSSELL and STEFANI MARRIAN. Their debut single "Hold On To Love", produced by Bruce Welch, is issued this weekend.

● **Country Joe McDonald's** album "Reunion", issued by Fantasy next month, features the original **Fish** line-up of Barry Melton, Chicken Harris, David Cohen and Bruce Barthol — and there is a possibility of the band gigging again in the near future. Meanwhile, Joe promotes his recently-released Fantasy set "Goodbye Blues" at the July Wakes Festival (17) and his gig at London Queen Elizabeth Hall (July 30).

● Sandy Roberton — who has previously produced and managed such artists as Steeleye Span, Decameron and Cajun Moon — has formed his own label Rockburgh Records. First releases are **Allan Taylor's** American Album" and **Gay and Terry Woods** with their "Woods Band" LP.

● **Billy Cobham** has re-joined the CBS label, and starts work soon on a new album with leading European musicians.

● **Yvonne Elliman's** follow-up single "I Can't Get You Outa My Mind", released by the RSO label on July 15, is taken from her "Love Me" album.

● **June Tabor** has started work on a new album, for release by Topic Records in the autumn. It consists of both traditional and contemporary material, with Nic Jones and Jon Gillespie among backing musicians.

● On July 15, Private Stock issue **Mud's** new single "Just Try A Little Tenderness" — not the standard ballad, but an original penned by Rob Davis and Ray Stiles. The coupling "Gives You The Good Times Now" is labelled as featuring cabaret singer Barrington Talbot-Short!

● **10 c.c.** have a new single released by Mercury this weekend. Titled "People In Love", it is taken from their hit album "Deceptive Bends".

● **Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel's** live double album "Face To Face" comes out on EMI this weekend. It was recorded in December and January, during their British tour.

● **Blood Sweat & Tears** have signed with Arista, and their first album via this outlet is scheduled for September release.

● **Kiss** have a new album released by Casablanca on July 15, titles "Love Gun".

NEWS EXTRA: PAGE 45

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

RANDOM VIOLENCE & ASSORTED BEATINGS BOX

ROB GELDOFF bloody . . . and bloody disgusted

Pic: ADRIAN BOOT

Summer punk toll mounts

By PHIL McNEILL & CHRIS SALEWICZ

THE STRANGLERS and Boom Town Rats attacked on stage at separate gigs, Kid Reed of The Boys hit with a bottle after a gig, and The Damned involved in three incidents during one of which singer Dave Vanian suffered a dislocated shoulder — the new wave casualty count this week reached a frightening new high.

The Stranglers incident took place in Cleethorpes more than a week ago. Curiously, although The Stranglers' office talked to the press about the brush with the Cleethorpes police at their hotel that same night (reported last week in *News Desk*), they volunteered no information about the fight at the gig.

They have now confirmed our report.

The trouble started during the group's second number. A man near the front of the stage apparently fainted and was dragged out by a couple of bouncers.

At this moment Hugh Cornwell and Jean Jacques Burnel, who had been watching concernedly, stopped playing — though whether because of this incident or another is unclear.

Looking towards the back of the hall, Hugh Cornwell said: "If there's anybody out there who's into beating up women, why don't you go down to the beach and make sand-castles?"

Burnel then stepped forward to say that if anyone "really wants some aggro, I'll take on any two of you at once!"

An *NME* reader witnessed what followed:

"This last statement was no bluff. Burnel took the strap of his guitar over his head with his left hand and simultaneously turned the volume down with his right. He had barely rested the bass against its stack when a fat and total moron came on (apparently) from the side of the stage, and attacked him.

"J-J took a long-legged kick at him and repelled another attacker from his right. Everyone looked on in disbelief; a glass ash-tray landed near Hugh, then a large steel tray, whose clattering was amplified frighteningly. The situation worsened with the involvement of more morons and bouncers, but I was so astonished that it was hard to register what was really going on.

"When I looked round I saw that I was alone at the stage front. Not wishing to be included in destruction, I got underneath the table which supported the speakers; I really thought the whole drum-kit was going to come off-stage.

"The last image I had was of someone swinging a cymbal-stand around their head like a chrome-plate weapon of mediaeval war. Under the speaker I heard amplified clashes and a Hendrix-noise from Hugh's guitar (presumably he forgot to turn it down), but within ten seconds the battle seemed to be over — a roadie clasping his forehead and The Stranglers retiring to the dressing room.

"There was an air of 'what we gonna do now?' both on and off stage. Little groups of people came back to the stage front and cursed the stupidity of the disruptive faction. I heard the fat moron boasting: he was actually proud of his ludicrous performance. I felt sick."

Eventually, after a reggae interlude courtesy of DJ Andy Dunkley, The Stranglers returned to compete their set. Burnel subsequently reckoned that his attackers were local soccer hooligans.

● The hotel incident, in which Jet Black injured his hand, caused £2,000 worth of gigs — in Bristol and Bracknell — to be lost. The Stranglers are believed to be seeking compensation from the police.

THE DAMNED were forced to cancel a gig at Wigan last Saturday due to a dislocated shoulder sustained by Dave Vanian two nights earlier, following a date at Penzance Garden. Vanian was injured during a scuffle in the dressing-room.

Reports of the incident are vague, but it seems a bunch of heavies broke into the room while The Damned were relaxing after the gig. The band say they will re-schedule their Wigan appearance as soon as possible.

This attack was the culmination of a series of incidents during The Damned's UK tour with The Adverts.

On June 14 when they played Lincoln Drill Hall, there were reports of widespread fighting before the gig between punks and boot boys.

During the gig a 30 to 40-strong gang attempted to storm the hall armed with pieces of wood and bricks.

Frustrated in their efforts to get into the main hall — locked from inside after an initial disturbance — the gang apparently smashed up the windows and toilets in the lobby until police arrived and chased them off.

After the gig, however, several fans were severely beaten up as they made their way home.

The following week's gig at Lancaster University saw a re-run of the Lincoln incident. During The Damned's set a roadie, Philip Lloyd, was dragged offstage while replacing a mike stand and kicked and beaten by four men — thought to be part of a gang who had travelled by coach from Blackpool.

Rat Scabies wasn't prepared to offer a detailed account of any of the incidents but told *NME*: "The only reason it's happening is because the *Daily Mirror* are putting it on their front page. It horrifies me. It happens all the time to us. But we'd rather not try to get any publicity out of it."

THE BOOM Town Rats' singer, Rob Geldoff, was assaulted onstage at the Music Machine in Camden last Thursday.

The whole gig was surrounded by outbreaks of violence: others who were involved in fights included Heartbreakers manager Leee Black Childers, *Sounds* writer Peter Silverton, and members of Skrewdriver, the opening band.

Rob Geldoff described the whole event as "unbelievable — what happened was fucking obscene."

The Music Machine has a stage about 20 feet above the dance area, with spectator balconies opposite. Apparently people were throwing glasses (real ones — the club doesn't use plastic ones for some reason) off these balconies into the "pit" below, where valiant people were trying to dance.

An outraged Geldoff told how he'd found one 13-year-old girl crying with fear in the hallway.

The attack on the Rats' singer himself came about four songs into their set. As the guy who did it came onto the stage Geldoff thought he was coming to sing into the mike, apparently a not uncommon occurrence at Rats gigs — but instead he hit Geldoff, knocking him over so that his head fell over the side of the stage. Fortunately, his body didn't follow — 20 feet is a long way down.

His assailant then walked casually offstage. Police arrived but Geldoff declined to press charges. Rumour has it the same youth has also attacked Sid Vicious in the past.

One reason for the attack was reckoned to be because the guy thought Geldoff had chucked a glass at him — a suggestion which the singer denies with horror.

Another story says the attacker, and the "hard-core" punks in the audience, were annoyed that the Rats were too showbiz.

Another source says Geldoff's assailant was a friend of opening band Skrewdriver. However, it seems Skrewdriver had simply been talking to him before the incident. They actually rushed out of the Music Machine after him and, they say, wound up in a fight with the bouncers on the door. Their PR man thought they probably enjoyed it.

Anyway, The Boom Town Rats continued playing, although there was "blood everywhere".

Geldoff came out of it with the right side of his face swollen, a sore nose, cut lip, and with his front teeth "pushed back". But the real damage seems to have been to his morale, as much because of the violence on the dance floor as on stage.

"It's totally against anything we're trying to say," he told us. "It's so retrogressive. We don't want to be party to any facile fashion where it's hip to hit people.

"I'm disgusted by it."

He also told us of another incident at the Marquee, the night of the England—Scotland match, when one guy deliberately puked on a girl in the audience.

Apparently there's "a lot of soul searching" going on in The Boom Town Rats' camp. But as Rob Geldoff says, what can a band do when violence breaks out?

The Music Machine gig was filmed, incidentally.

One of the supporting cast in that film will no doubt be the idiot who earlier in the evening commandeered the DJ's booth to harangue the crowd in an attempt to enlist some kind of punk army to go to meet the Teds in Kings Road on Saturday. This same halfwit was apparently seen rabblerousing at the X-Ray Spex gig at The Man In The Moon in Chelsea the night before, and possibly at other gigs last week too.

One immediate result of his pathetic ranting was that Leee Black Childers (who, through his long association with New York punk rock, could be termed a founding father of the genre) got done over — because, in his own words, he could "easily pass for a Ted" in his '50s style clothes and hair style.

Childers had been at the gig with Mick Jones of The Clash and Carey Fortune of the band Chelsea, both of whom said they would have liked to have taken the mike after our friend's inflammatory speech to counsel otherwise.

As he left Childers was attacked and kicked, until his assistant, Gail, drew up in a taxi and his punk adversaries fled.

KID REED, bassist with The Boys, was bottled by Teds after his group's gig with The Jam at Battersea Town Hall on Monday last week. Reed had left a pub and was waiting at a bus stop near the Town Hall when — according to Boys manager Ken Mewis — "about 30 Teds started pushing him around and kicking him about."

Reed had a bottle smashed over his head, and "doesn't remember anything else until he's back in the pub with blood running down his face." He was taken to hospital for treatment.

Mewis himself, and guitarist Matt Dangerfield, were also threatened by a gang but got away unhurt.

There were rumours beforehand of aggro planned for the Battersea gig. Mewis again: "For a couple of weeks people had been telling us that they wouldn't go to Battersea because they'd heard that 300 Teds were going there to get the punks."

Andy Scott, a commercial artist, and his friend Charlie Shelton were among several people attacked in separate incidents after the gig. Scott was punched in the face and Shelton cut with a knife.

● Clashes between punks, Teds and boot boys have been rife in the Chelsea area ever since the Jubilee. Two people were arrested for threatening behaviour on Saturday afternoon at Beaufort Street's punk market, scene of other encounters. Local police told *NME*: "It was the usual thing that happens on a Saturday afternoon in the Kings Road."

Steve Harley splits Rebel

STEVE HARLEY has disbanded Cockney Rebel — for the second in three years. He has apparently decided he has achieved everything he set out to do with Rebel Mk. II, and considers there is no point in continuing with the band in its present form.

A spokesman for Harley commented: "I'm not in a position to say anything right now, because Steve can't be contacted — he's touring radio stations to promote his new live double album. But I'm not denying the story, and I expect to have more information next week."

NME understands Harley has not yet made any specific plans, and he is "taking time out to rethink his future." It remains to be seen if his deliberations will lead to the advent of the third edition of Cockney Rebel.

ALAN HULL, PHIL MAY: NEW BANDS

RADIATOR, who have been gigging for several months without creating any great impact, have undergone a drastic personnel upheavel — and the re-shaped band is now largely a blend of former Lindisfarne and Snafu members. Ex-Lindisfarne leader Alan Hull joins former colleagues Ray Laidlaw and Kenny Craddock in the line-up, Laidlaw having spent the last few years with Jack The Lad, who are now about to disband. The band is completed by ex-Snafu members Colin Gibson and Terry Popple, plus former Alan Price sideman Pete Curtley. They make new-look live debut in the July Wakes Festival at Charnock Richard on Sunday, July 17.

FORMER Pretty Things vocalist Phil May has joined Fallen Angels, the band launched last autumn by ex—Heavy Metal Kids guitarist Mickey Finn. Also in the line-up is bassist Wally Wally, another former member of the Pretties who was with them a decade ago. Completing the band's new look are ex-Moonrider drummer Chico Greenwood and guitarist Billy Lovelady. They left this week to record their debut album in Geneva.

PASH MUSIC STORES — BY POST

This week's best-selling songbooks

Genesis Song Book	£2.95	Songs of Paul Simon	£4.95
Wings Over America	£3.95	Queen/Day at the Races	£2.35
Pink Floyd/Wish You Were Here	£2.95	Queen/19 Songs	£2.00
Illus. NME Encyclopedia of Rock	£4.95	Queen/Sheer Heart Attack	£1.25
History of the Gibson Guitar from 1953	£2.95	Queen/A Night At The Opera	£2.35
NME Book of Rock	95p	Songs Of David Bowie	£3.50
Jackson Brownie/21 Songs	£5.50	Bowie/Diamond Dogs	£3.95
Nils Lofgren/Cry Tough	£3.95	Bowie/Lyrics & Photos	30p
Steve Miller/23 Songs	£3.95	Shadows/Best of Shadows	£1.95
Free/12 Big Hits	£2.50	Lead Guitar Tutor with Record	£3.50
Paul McCartney/In His Own Words	£1.95	Rhythm Guitar/Self Tutor	£3.50
Stones/Black & Blue	£2.50	Rock Bass Tutor With Record	£3.50
Bad Co. 1st Album	£3.95	Led Zeppelin Complete (1-5)	£4.95
Bad Co. Straight Shooter	£3.95	Planxty 26 Songs	£1.75
Bob Dylan/Desire	£2.35	Rock Guitar Tutor with Record	£1.50
Frampton Comes Alive	£3.95	Bass Guitar with Record	£1.50
Beach Boys/20 Golden Greats	£2.95	Wishbone Ash/15 Songs	£1.50
Pink Floyd/Dark Side Of The Moon	£2.50	Marc Bolan/Warlock Of Love	95p
Mike Oldfield/Tubular Bells	£2.50	Marc Boland Lyric Book	95p
Pink Floyd/Animals	£3.50	T. Rex Songbook	£1.50
Jimi Hendrix/40 Greatest Hits	£3.95	Neil Young Complete Vol. 1	£6.95
Rod Stewart/15 Songs	£2.95	Neil Young Complete Vol. 2	£6.95
Allman Bros. 15 Songs	£2.95		
74 88 Guitar Chords	£4.00		
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Cartridge GTET008

You are either born cool or you ain't.

You are about to meet BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN'S guitar honcho and the Eminence Greaseball behind SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY and RONNIE SPECTOR

MIAMI STEVE VAN ZANDT plays some short guitar solos, adjusts his clothing, and leaves.

A tale in the transatlantic idiom wrought by ROY CARR.

ARTHUR FONZERELLI — sit on it!

When I'm talkin' 'bout cool, I mean C O O L. And anybody who's cool knows Sugar Miami Steve Van Zandt, an affable character who, by my reckoning, comes as close as any dude I've ever met to exuding as much natural street savvy as The Zen Master of The Art, Dion Di Mucci.

Since the '50s, the beat of the street hasn't changed as much as most social commentators would have you believe. Despite the constant wind of change, the same basic principles apply.

Cool, as personified by The Great American Teen Dream, has as much to do with general attitude and sartorial street elegance as the way one lights up a cigarette or goes about pulling the tastiest of chicks.

Cool is practically classless. It's a matter of demeanour and immediate priorities. In terms of materialistic import, it's more concerned with the shape of one's shades than the consumer chic of sporting a Cartier wristwatch, cruisin' in a customized Chevvy '57 beats a Rolls Corniche, diggin' Funk rather than Frampton.

You're either born Cool or you ain't.

If you ain't, it's Terminal Nerdsville for you.

Being dubbed by one's friends with a prestigious street name is most definitely ultra-cool. In fact, it's almost become obligatory.

Nowadays, when people mention the name "Miami", they ain't referring to a beach resort in Florida. They're talking about Bruce Springsteen's guitarist, Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes' record producer and the guy who has taken it upon his slender and slightly rounded shoulders to instigate Ronnie Spector's return to active public life.

Miami Steve is almost as meticulous about his clothes as he is about his music. All a question of Style.

If he chooses a black velvet single-breasted suit, Miami makes sure you can see your reflection in his matching black patent-leather slip ons and that his thin brim trilby is sitting at the curved angle on his head. If it's to be a baggy candy-pink gaberdine double-breasted, he dusts off his cream straw panama. Should he decide to go casual, an oversize pancake beret frames the kind of swarthy features that wouldn't make him look a stranger in any ethnic ghetto. Today, he may be lounging around his hotel room in a bright red track suit, but he does so with such *savoir faire* that he would encounter little difficulty in securing the best table in the Savoy Grill.

Similarly, whether writing, playing or producing, Miami cuts the crap, staying as close as humanly possible to the natural and vibrant essence of street music.

Primarily, Miami Steve sees himself as performing '70s-orientated rock while at the same time encompassing the very best licks of the '50s and '60s. Subconsciously, he feels this characteristic to be indicative of graduating on the streets, but at the same time it's a side of his character that needs to be kept firmly in check. But when you're as cool as someone like Miami, one's instincts tell you when you're going over the top.

In conversation, Miami often uses the pronoun "we"; he's not applying it in the Royal sense, but referring simultaneously to both Springsteen's E Street Band — of which he is a capstone — and The Asbury Jukes which he produces with sublime deftness.

"I suppose," Miami begins in his nasal New Jersey dialect, "*we* could be regarded as throwbacks in touch with today. The only thing that sometimes worries me, is that maybe it's not '70s enough!

"We're not making a conscious effort to be '70s . . . we just do what we feel to be right and hope that it works out!"

It's Miami's contention that, on the East Coast, street people are still quite partial to a shot of rhythm 'n' blues ("With a little rock 'n' roll on the side, just for good measure!") His predilection for perpetuating that kind of music at a time when (according to Miami) "R&B is extinct, the word doesn't exist and disco sucks", directly stems from the fact that New York and its outlying districts aren't slow on the uptake when embracing new trends, just that it moves at its own comfortable pace.

"You could go out to Brooklyn or Queens," Miami continues, "And it could still be 30 years ago, 'cept that the guys' hair's a little longer, but on the other hand maybe not. Look at The Ramones!

"When I see someone like Robert De Niro's portrayal of Johnny Boy in *Mean Streets*, he reminds me of a dozen guys I've met. Perhaps," Miami muses, "it's just that this part of America . . . we went through a helluva lotta changes real quickly . . . trend followed trend . . . the British Beat thing . . . psychedelia . . . Supergroups . . . Heavy Metal . . . Glitter . . . and before you had time to take stock, things had suddenly turned full circle and arrived right back where it all started.

"The *street* is most probably the same in every town, but around New York and New Jersey there really doesn't seem to be that much difference between the street and the stage."

THOUGH A great deal of seminal rock culture originated on America's West Coast, the traditional roots seem to have been firmly implanted in the cosmopolitan atmosphere of New York. Miami Steve assumes that is precisely why this aspect of street sensibility is more prevalent amongst the concrete canyons than on the sidewalks of any other locality you care to mention.

Miami then draws comparisons with street life American style with that of Britain.

"Oh, I'm quite sure that in many parts of Britain, the street is just as violent as in many American cities but there's something far more theatrical about British rock bands than their American counterparts.

"I can only talk about what I've seen, but it does seem that you couldn't imagine too many British rock bands walking directly off the stage, onto the street and surviving. Over here, it's straight off the street, onto the stage and straight back out onto the street again. Really, there's hardly any noticeable difference between stage and street.

"Most American bands don't have flash, other than street flash. They don't do nuthin' onstage," he raises one eye-brow as if to stress the point, "that they wouldn't do in a neighbourhood bar after they've had a few beers."

By his own admission, Miami Steve has been on the street from that moment when, a week before High School Graduation Day, he was suspended by the faculty for refusing to cut his hair to an "acceptable" length. He refused to compromise even in the face of expulsion.

"I thought, who the hell needs that piece of paper anyway — I'm gonna become a rock 'n' roll star."

He rubs his clean-shaven chin thoughtfully, "I sure was naive in those days . . . all those dreams quickly went down the jackhammer when I was building freeways!"

Admitting to being 18 going on 26, Miami states that the very first rock sound that he remembers was The Coasters' "Poison Ivy". Seems Miami's Mom had a weird sense of humour and bought her son the record when he was smitten with such a malady.

"Sure was a bizarre way of getting into music, eh?"

He also cites The Coasters' "Yakity-Yak" as another early milestone, but the first record which he claims evoked "an emotional experience" was Curtis Lee's "Pretty Little Angel Eyes". Though somewhat embarrassed by his confessional, Miami can't, till this very day, fathom out precisely why this particular record had such a profound effect upon him.

"Perhaps," he jokes, "I'm just a terminal romantic at heart!"

BOSTONIAN by birth, Miami didn't move out to Middletown, New Jersey until his mother remarried, and it wasn't until 1968 that he left home and drifted into Asbury Park. But no sooner had he put down fresh roots than he was out on the road with a Top 40 bar-band; a part of his life which he summarises as being, "a pretty weird experience to say the least and the least said about it, the better!".

Seemingly, Miami only wanted to blow the blues and his efforts to convert his sidekicks to his way of thinking resulted in the funky elbow. The year was still 1968, and Miami was back in Asbury Park. He also remembers it as being the year he stopped listening to transient music trends. "The only thing I've enjoyed since then," he admits, "is reggae."

It was around this period, that Miami was to renew his friendship with Bruce Springsteen, who lived about fifteen miles down the road in Freehold.

Actually, he'd originally encountered Springsteen something like three years earlier when they used to pass one another on the street and exchange the kind of mumbled pleasantries that rock musicians do.

"Hey man, what's happenin'?"

As far back as 1965, Miami insists that Springsteen had been the most constant person that he has ever had the pleasure to know.

"I used to hitch-hike miles just to talk with Bruce . . . when things used to get real crazy . . . when you're not succeeding because your ideas are too bizarre for most people to understand . . . just to know that there are two of you in the world with the same kinda vision . . . that makes it so much easier to face life."

When discussing Springsteen with Miami Steve, he — like E Street Band saxman Clarence Clemons — readily admits to falling under what can only be described as Springsteen's neo Messianic influence.

"Even back then," Miami recollects, "Bruce always did precisely what he wanted to do. It was he who instilled in me the confidence that I so desperately needed. Continually told me, that no matter how bizarre my ideas might be . . . even if it wasn't fashionable, if I only wanted to play R&B . . . well, fuck everybody. If that's what you believe, just go out and do it.

"Bruce never compromised himself and its been like that for the 12 years that we've been friends.

"Even if I wanted," Miami continues while still dwelling on the past, "I couldn't even begin to tell you just how hard it was in those days. Somehow, Bruce always managed to stay a musician, but me . . . well," he says somewhat sheepishly, "I painted houses, got a job in a marina scraping the bottom of boats, worked in a pool hall," adding as an aside, "one of my high points . . . did just about anything to get by from day to day while fighting off family pressures to go back to college.

"My folks thought that if you didn't go to college, it was all over . . . the end of the world."

He laughs. "I guess they were right!"

IN THOSE seminal days, both Springsteen and Miami Steve drifted through a number of Asbury Park-based bands. For a time, they were together in Steel Mill, then Springsteen was to be found working with Dr. Zoom and The Sonic Boom whilst Miami picked guitar with Source.

At week ends, Miami would put on his best set of threads and hot-foot it into The Big Apple and invariably found Springsteen hanging out in the same juke joints. However, times were tougher than tough for committed R&B axemen. You either played the Top 40 or you didn't play at all.

"Sure," says Miami, "there were other trends, but none of 'em were real good. I never got off on any of 'em. Bruce and I always seemed to find ourselves outside of the current trends and as a result hardly ever worked what you could remotely call regularly.

"When R&B was popular we hadn't gotten into it by then. When at last we did get into it, everyone was into psychedelic rock."

Around 1970, The Bruce Springsteen Band was formed . . . a 10 piece rhythm revue featuring fatback brass and wailin' chick singers.

"It was the first serious band that we were both in and a sign of what was to come. We were both fully-developed musically and knew precisely where we were at."

Despite such optimism, The Bruce Springsteen Band was to be short-lived.

"Unfortunately," reveals Miami, "the manager was a real creep — Bruce is very consistent that way," he chuckles, "and gigs for a band that size were extremely hard to come by, so our manager stopped hustling."

Consequently, but not before they'd recorded some still unreleased tapes, The Bruce Springsteen Band was forced to drop first the singers and then the horns. And it wasn't until it was reduced to half its original force, that it managed to secure three nights a week at a club called The Student Prince.

"It was a dead end, so we moved out to Massachusetts where, for some reason I never did discover, we were very big, but that didn't last long and the band broke up."

Having just come of age, Springsteen decided to try it on his own, but this time on a folk troubadour kick. He impressed John Hammond, landed a recording contract with CBS and called up some of his old sidekicks to commence cutting tracks

■ *continues over page*

Ted Nugent Cat Scratch Fever
It's an album that'll tear you apart!
"... Nugent has come up with some real scorchers."
Michael Oldfield, Melody Maker
"... leaps out from the speakers and goes for you like a rabid dog."
Geoff Barton, Sounds
"... Nugent hits below the belt, brings the hammer down in no-holds-barred fashion and lives it up like nothing on earth."
Geoff Barton, Sounds
There's no antidote for him
82010
Epic
Records & Tapes
A Joint Production Of Lew Futterman, Tom Werman, and Cliff Davies for the Next City Corporation.

■ *from previous page*

for "Greetings From Asbury Park N.J."

Things didn't quite work out as planned. "Bruce's new manager, who is about to become his old manager . . . I told you he was consistent that way, envisaged a folk rock approach and when I turned up a-rockin' and a-rollin', Mike Appel was quite horrified . . ."

Exit Miami Steve, his guitar and his amps.

FOR MIAMI, it was the end of the road in more ways than one. Not only was he without a decent gig, but also thoroughly disillusioned with the direction in which rock had, in his opinion, regressed.

"So I just stopped playing."

Having felt that the histrionic guitar-hero syndrome had peaked with the death of Hendrix, it wasn't that he didn't choose to compete but, as a graduate of the Steve Cropper Keep-It-Short-And Keep-It-Simple school of guitar playing, he'd come to loathe the very sound of an instrument he had once so dearly loved.

The next two years saw Steve Van Zandt building New Jersey turnpikes.

His re-entry into fulltime rock 'n' rolldom was as a result of breaking a finger during a football match. While he was laid off work, a friend rang and said he was looking for a piano player, so Miami immediately accepted the gig as physical therapy.

Somehow or other, this escalated into a 12-month-to-the-day gig as guitarist for The Dovells, a three month stint in Las Vegas which also cured him of gambling fever, the job as MD for Dick Clark's Rock Revival Road Show and a chance meeting with none other than Dion himself, with whom he discovered he shared a mutual admiration for the legendary Delta bluesman Robert Johnson.

At the end of his association with The Dovells and Dick Clark, Miami Steve returned to Asbury Park to await a call from Dion to fly out to Hollywood to work on the Phil Spector-produced "Born To Be With You" LP.

The call never materialised and so Miami began hanging out with his old mate (South side) Johnny Lyon and together they formed The Asbury Jukes. When the phone did eventually ring, it wasn't Dion calling long distance, but Bruce. Having almost completed sessions for "Born To Run", Springsteen invited Miami to re-join The E Street Band and head out on the highway.

It all sounded quite feasible and in Miami's own words, "an opportunity to complete the circle. Anyways, his influence on me has always been too strong for me to pass up working with him again."

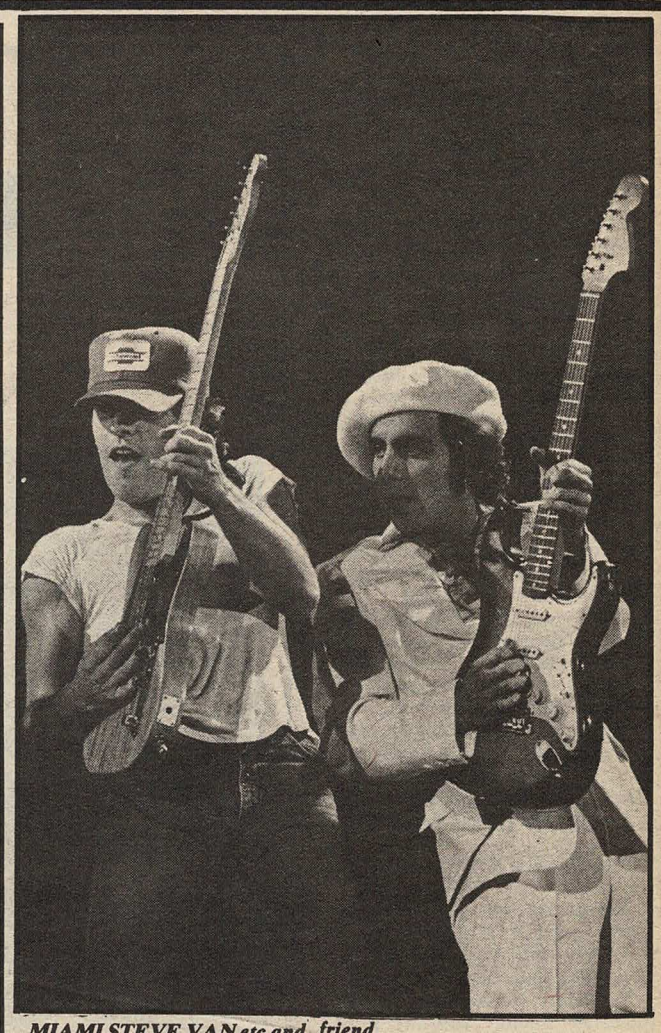
But surely, it's not so one-sided. You must have some kind of influence on Springsteen?

"Only a very bad one," he howls, ". . . getting him into all kinds of trouble."

However, when re-joining Springsteen, neither Miami or the rest of the E Streeters were intimidated with "The Future Of Rock & Roll" media overkill. "When we saw those covers of *Time* and *Newsweek*, it didn't seem like it was really happening to us. Really, it looked like those phoney newspaper covers you can have printed-up for a dollar with your name on in Times Square."

Neither did Miami sever his connection with The Asbury Jukes. When litigation with Appel prevented Springsteen from recording, Miami found himself able to produce his former cohorts through the courtesy of sound engineer Jimmy Iovine who had hustled some free time down at the Record Plant.

It was at one such clandestine session that Iovine coaxed Ronnie Spector along as a spectator. Being polite, almost to a fault, Miami asked if perhaps Ronnie would like to exercise her larynx. When she promptly replied, "Yer on," he was flummoxed.



MIAMI STEVE VAN etc and friend.

"I mean, *Ronnie Spector* . . . I didn't have the slightest idea what to do, so I immediately rang up Bruce, informed him Ronnie was in the studio, that she wanted to sing and for him to get over to the studio as quickly as possible and re-write the lyrics of 'You Mean So Much To Me' as a Marvin Gaye/Tammi Terrell type duet for the next day's session."

The sound of Southside Johnny and Ronnie Spector trading off verses against one another acted as a dynamic closer for an equally dynamic debut album.

After completing a road tour with Springsteen, Miami once again returned to Asbury Park to schedule a second Jukes album. Everything was set, until Miami discovered that the studio he'd booked sucked. As there was no other suitable studio available, he promptly sent the Jukes out to work. No sooner had the Jukes hit the road, then he was offered the facilities of the CBS studio in New York.

With a studio at his disposal and nobody to record, Miami's business manager Steve Popovich suggested that he should cut a single with Ronnie Spector. After much coercion and checking over the lead-sheet of Billy Joel's "Say Goodbye To Hollywood", he agreed.

He had the singer, the song, the studio but no band. Popovich suggested The E Street Band. Miami almost lost his bottle.

"It took a lotta balls to even agree to record Ronnie Spector, but using the E Street Band was an even harder decision to make", admits *their* axeman.

"The E Street Band is Bruce's band . . . it comes *through* him . . . we follow where he leads."

However, such was the empathy betwixt Ronnie Spector and The E Streeters that both "Say Goodbye To Hollywood" and "Baby Please Don't Go" were cut and dried in one evening and overdubs applied the next.

So how do you go about recording The First Lady Of Rock and not fall flat on your face trying to do her justice? According to the man who took on the task, with your hand on your heart.

Though Miami consciously attempted to avoid duplication of the Spector Wall Of Sound, he readily admits that it was far more difficult than he had anticipated.

"Ronnie's voice," he says with admiration, "has such a very personal identity that, no matter what you do you can't disguise it or the way that she should sound . . . not that you'd want to in the first place.

"But anything she cares to sing has to turn out sounding emotional and quite similar to how people love to hear her voice. She's just unique."

As their first serious shot together substantiates, Ronnie Spector and Miami Steve work extremely well together. Sooner or later, an album will be forthcoming. At the moment, the only problem preventing the completion of such a project is sufficient material and hours in the day. Furthermore, Miami has to fulfil his obligations to both Springsteen and Southside. Yet despite, such a heavy workload, Miami anticipates that when pressure of work allows, both he and the E Street Band would like to do some more sessions with other singers. He envisages the E Street Band fullfilling the same kind of function in the '70s as Booker T & The MGs/Mar-Keys did in the '60s.

As to who he has in mind, Miami immediately blurts the name Dion.

"I've already told him, the folk shit has gotta go but quick. He's gotta start rockin' again, that's for sure."

By the way, Dion, Miami says you know where to call!

MY MOST vivid recollection of Miami Steve will always be that memorable evening when both Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes *and* Ronnie Spector brought the house down at the Rainbow Theatre.

As the Jukes, Ronnie Spector and Miami Steve strutted about the dressing room all dressed up to the nines, I suggested that whenever they played on the same bill with Springsteen, the local feds must think a pimps' convention has hit town.

"Believe it or not," said Miami, as he double-checked his appearance in the mirror, "we never sat down and worked out an image, we're all naturally like this . . . a bit bizarre . . . and maybe that's why we all found ourselves in the same bands."

As he swaggered out the door and headed for the stage, he turned and added, "The music may have had something to do with it as well." And then he was gone.

Cool bastard!

"'Barracuda' sums up everything Heart can be. It has force. A screaming, intense vocal line from Ann Wilson coupled immaculately with Roger Fisher's low down gut chords, power and glory...They have an obvious streak of quality." Sounds

'Barracuda' bites on Track 1-and never lets go.
It gives you a taste of one of the most exciting sounds of the 70s from Heart.
Unknown a year ago, Heart's first American album went double-platinum and hit the charts here, too.
Now 'Little Queen' promises to be even bigger.

'Little Queen'

The new album from
HEART

PRT 82075
on Portrait
Records & Tapes

Producer: Mike Flicker

MOVE OVER, SID VICIOUS

GLC Tory jumps on "Good Kickin'" band wagon

AT A TIME when a leading promoter is trying to find a London venue for the Sex Pistols, an important and influential member of the GLC has declared that he will prevent the band playing elsewhere in the metropolis.

"I think the Sex Pistols are absolutely bloody revolting," says fifty-year-old Bernard Brook-Partridge, Conservative member for Havering-Romford. "I think their whole attitude is calculated to incite people to misbehaviour.

"It is a deliberate incitement to anti-social behaviour and conduct, there and then.

"I think the Sex Pistols are absolutely bloody revolting"

"Whether their act is also blasphemous and seditious is another matter. Parts that I heard were certainly blasphemous. I was not elected to support blasphemy, which, by the way, is a crime.

"I was not elected to preside over a state of affairs where general standards of decent behaviour are going to be deliberately subverted. And I'm not going to tolerate it.

"There's a point beyond which I will be thoroughly subjective about these things. I am absolutely not going to preside over acts of public degradation and obscenity.

"And you can say I'm going outside my strict brief. Well, maybe I am in the views of some people; I don't consider I am. If anybody doesn't like it they can put it to the test by appealing against my decision, or that of my collegues to the Magistrate's Court. And if they don't succeed there they can appeal again to the Crown Court."

Brook-Partridge, a lawyer and former Army officer, emphasises that this view is not, at the moment, official GLC policy.

"Let's be very clear about this," he explains, "I didn't say there is a GLC ban on the Sex Pistols. I would like to think there was, but I'm not suggesting that.

"There are two members of this authority, Mr. John Branagan of the Labour Party and myself, who would do anything they could within the law to stop them ever appearing in London again.

"I would not break our own regulations, but I'd be quite unscrupulous in the way I lobbied my colleagues. Most certainly I would.

"No way do we want them back here."

Undeterred, promoter Harvey Goldsmith is going ahead with plans to stage a Sex Pistols concert in London.

Les McKeown

He's having trouble finding a suitable venue, but he firmly believes they should have an opportunity to play London.

"I'd like to do some concerts with the Sex Pistols," he states, "just to try it out and let the band prove themselves on their music alone. Never mind the clothes and the other crap, that won't last five minutes."

"I felt unclean for 48 hours after I saw them"

Not surprisingly, he is reluctant to speculate on whether he will be able to obtain GLC permission once he confirms a venue.

IT IS this uncertainty about the GLC's official attitude towards rock music in general and new wave bands in particular which initially prompted this investigation.

Last month, The Jam claimed the GLC held secret dossiers on punk bands, and, previous to this, representatives of The Stranglers suggested the existence of a blacklist.

In recent weeks the relations between the GLC, who grant or refuse permission for *any* rock act to play in London, and new wave groups has apparently deteriorated considerably.

Bands say their livelihood is being put in jeopardy. They also allege that the GLC are misusing their *Code Of Practice For Pop Concerts*, better known as The Safety Code, arbitarily to black acts.

The GLC, it's claimed, are wrongfully acting as guardians of public morality under the guise of public safety authority.

Bernard Brook-Partridge (Pic: courtesy GLC)

Most of these accusations are completely unfounded, but as the claims of the bands and the comments of Brook-Partridge illustrate, there is growing hostility on both sides of the barricades, which is exacerbating an obviously delicate situation.

More important, bands, their publicists, or managements have misled the public into believing the GLC have decided to smash punk rock.

The council vehemently deny the existence of either secret dossiers or a blacklist.

"If," says Brook-Partridge, "anybody wonders whether we're running a secret intelligence service or MI5 operation . . . we're not."

Administrative files do exist, the authority admits.

Bryan Cassidy, the man who grants concert licences and gives consent for bands to play in London as the Vice-Chairman of the Public Services And Safety Committee, believes they are necessary.

"But," he adds, "I shouldn't think they (the GLC) keep a black mark book.

"The Bay City Rollers would be vastly improved by sudden death"

"A blacklist would imply that there are certain people we are going to turn down."

Last week, it was claimed by the publicist of The Heartbreakers that the GLC had thwarted plans by the band to present an Independence Day firework display in a London Park. Their PR said they had explored the possibilities of playing in either Battersea Park or on Hampstead Heath. Both these areas come under the GLC jurisdiction, but the authority claims that nobody acting for The Heartbreakers applied for a licence, which they they would have needed to obtain.

Pistols manager Malcolm McLaren has also claimed that an application for the band to play Alexander Palace has been rejected by the GLC.

According to the council, no such application had ever been made. This, in fact, has now been substantiated by Harvey Goldsmith.

Furthermore McLaren alleges that "various promoters" told him the GLC would not allow the band to play

Hugh Cornwell — with the T-shirt they claimed said "Truck".

OUT NOW IN CORGI PAPERBACK 95p
EVEN COWGIRLS GET THE BLUES
Sissy Hankshaw flawlessly beautiful, almost. A small town girl with big time dreams and a quirk to match — hitchhiking her way into your heart, your hopes and your sleeping bag . . .
A DELICIOUSLY DRAWN-OUT CLIMAX!

in London, but there are no hard facts to support this opinion.

According to the GLC press office only one application for the Pistols to play in town has been made recently, and that was withdrawn before it went to committee. Both McLaren and the GLC refuse to reveal the details of that application.

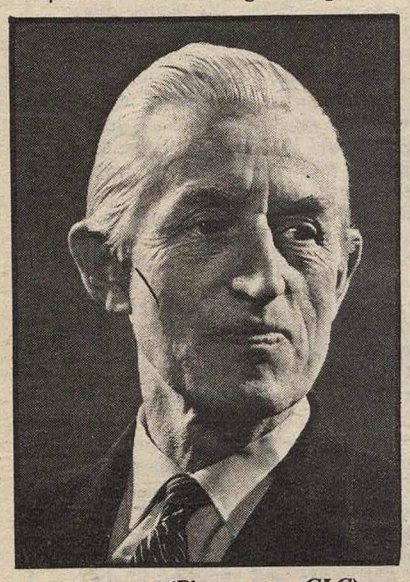
Furthermore, in a full page advertisement taken by Virgin in *NME* and other music papers on June 25, it was claimed that they "are not allowed to play in London. . ."

Although this statement has no foundation in fact at present, that is no assurance that they will not be banned in the future; especially if Brook-Partridge has his way — and his influence at the GLC should not be underestimated.

He is a leading senior member of the new Conservative-controlled council, and as such a powerful and persuasive figure. He is also in a position of authority and can make his views felt strongly.

He is the Deputy Chairman of the important Recreation And Community Services Policy Committee, which — theoretically at least — issues instructions to four other committees.

This includes the Public Services And Safety Committee, which is responsible for ensuring the regulations of the Safety Code are observed.



John Branagan (Pic: courtesy GLC)

The committee's power is considerable. *Every* band loosely defined by the GLC as a "pop group" must have special permission to appear in London, even if they play in a venue which already has an annual pop concert licence.

But it is the licensee of the theatre or hall who seek's the GLC's consent, and not the group, their manager, record company or promoter.

Although the licensee is answerable directly to the licensing authority, bands are expected to toe certain lines.

And it is in this respect that Brook-Partridge can exercise his influence as certain parts of the Safety Code *could* be subject to interpretation, depending on the GLC's policy.

For example, section 4.02 (paragraph C) of the Code obliges performers to agree to "the avoidance of any action which may over-excite the audience including any enticement by the performers by word or deed to

● *Continued over page*

INSIDE DOPE

The grassing of America

LAST WEEK, New York became the tenth United State of America to "decriminalise" the use of marijuana (that's "smoking dope" to you).

Jimmy Carter's special assistant on health issues, Dr Peter Bourne, elucidates thus: "What New York does has significant influence. Now other states will follow. If decriminalisation continues at the present rate, I give it five years for the rest of America."

So far, ten states have decriminalised dope to varying degrees: Oregon, Alaska, Colorado, Ohio, California, Maine, Minnesota, South Dakota and, this year, Mississippi and New York. 30 other states have decriminalisation bills currently pending.

In addition, Florida, Alaska and California are planning a further amendment which will allow an individual to cultivate a maximum of six marijuana plants for personal use.

And there's more: following the lead of the abovementioned states, White House approval has been given to national legislation on decriminalisation, which should become law by '78.

Important note: don't start planning to emigrate just yet.

"Decriminalisation" is not "legalisation". Smoking dope will still be an offence — roughly equivalent to driving on the wrong side of the road and letting your dog crap on the pavement.

What's interesting, though, is how this new legislation will affect the U.S.'s relationships with countries that don't take such an enlightened view of The Weed.

Like this one, for example.

Back in Mother England

TONY READ the maverick dope-crusader, or the "Cannabis Crusader" as *IT* calls him, was arrested two weeks ago after smoking one joint too many in public.

He has attracted a fair amount of notoriety for his efforts to make Britain a safer place in which to smoke the weed — by lighting up and toking outside many of Britain's glorious monuments.

Read has "blown his mind" for several months in the vicinity of Buck House, Trafalgar Square, Piccadilly Circus — anywhere in fact guaranteed to draw attention to his attempt to rationalise what he describes as "laws made in ignorance".

He was interviewed for *Inside Dope* by our own Dick Tracy a few weeks back, and has already been hassled by the police for his misdemeanours.

This time he was arrested, or 'busted', on a boat carrying him to Holland where he was *en route* to collect financial help and is now incarcerated against his will in HM Prison, Jebb Avenue, Brixton, London SW2, where he is being held in solitary confinement, lest he prove a disruptive influence. It is rumoured that at his trial (provisionally set for August) the Prosecution will question his sanity.

Anyone who has met Read knows this would amount to defamation of character; in any case, that a man should be kept in solitary for a dope offence puts yet another nail in that quaint notion of British liberty.

Obviously Read would welcome letters of support, or help of any kind at his above, temporary, address.

AS IF TO demonstrate further the fact that the law is an ass, three Appeal Court Judges last Friday ruled that the leaves and the stalks of the cannabis plant should be technically classified alongside heroin as a hard drug, while the rest of the plant is regarded as a soft drug.

Inside Dope reporters:
CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY
MAX BELL
DICK TRACY
STEVE CLARKE

HEY! QUIT KICKING THAT SAND IN OUR FACES!
THAT MAN IS THE WORST NUISANCE ON THE BEACH
LISTEN HERE, I'D SMASH YOUR FACE....ONLY YOU'RE SO SKINNY YOU MIGHT DRY UP AND BLOW AWAY.
SNIFF! SNIFF!
THE BIG BULLY! I'LL GET EVEN SOME DAY
OH DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU, LITTLE BOY!
ALL THIS LOT RIPPED OFF CHARLIE MCATLAST!
DARN IT! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING AN EAGLES FREAK! MARIJUANA'S SUPPOSED TO GIVE YOU A REAL HIGH. I'LL SCORE SOME PUNK ROCK RECORDS AND RISK A REEFER!
DOPE OKAY
STAIRWAY TO BOREDOM
LATER
WHO'S THAT UP THERE, IS IT JOHNNY ROTTEN?
NAW, STOOPID! THAT UNFORTUNATE INDIVIDUAL IS STONED OUT OF HIS SOCKS, FLYING, WASTED AS SNAKES TROUSERS!
GOOD GRIEF HE'S STOMPED ON CHICAGO, EATEN L.A.!!
THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DE-CRIMINALIZE LOCO-WEED! IF THAT APE SHOULD BE CAUGHT SHORT IT'S SHIT STREET FOR ALL OF US!!
NOO YAWK'S BURNING!
PASS ME MY BROWN TROUSERS.
WHEN I'VE HAD A COUPLE OF SPLIFFS ON A SATURDAY
COMPLETELY THOUGHT UP LIKE, BY R. LOWRY THE OLD FART FROM BORNEO AND DRORN BY HIS WORLD FAMOUS TALKING DOG, SPOT. ●← SPOT. WOOF WOOF.

Illustration: LOWRY

AFTERMATH OF A MURDER

"GENETIC GENERATION, *never going to call it quits*" — **"Blitzing At The Ritz", which is the next single from The Radiators From Space.**

"The scandal sheets have sown the seeds of hate in the minds of the ignorant.

"They've distorted and screwed up the facts about punk rock, just to get good stories.

"They've caused Johnny Rotten, Paul Cook and TV Smith to be beaten up.

"They've given an excuse for moronic aggroheads to throw glasses and bottles at punk gigs.

"I knew the logical outcome of their obnoxious work would be the murder of some innocent kid at a punk gig. I never thought it would be *our* gig. — Philip Chevron, guitarist with The Radiators.

Since last week's tragic incident in Dublin in which student Patrick Coultry was fatally stabbed at a punk rock gig *(See NME, July 2, 1977)*, **nobody wants to talk; police have come up against a wall of silence.**

When I made my statement (as did every other person on Belfield University campus on the fatal night) last Friday, the police were bemused as to how the stabbing incident, which must have been seen at close quarters by almost 100 people, had not yet yielded one vital witness. No clues, and no murder weapon yet.

The national press have had a field day here, and one or two papers have already 'tried and convicted' The Radiators From Space.

Some papers made a point of stressing that at least 18 knives were found on the dance floor after the gig. This was denied by one police officer I talked to during the week. He said that a number of knives had been found on the campus, but definitely not all on the dance floor.

As well as this, quite a number of the 'weapons' found were small pen knives that could not have been used. The murder weapon would have been either a knife or stiletto at least 6" long.

Not surprisingly, dances on the university campus have been suspended indefinitely.

Ann Purcell, Vice-President of the Students' Union at the University, who had originally agreed to provide a statement, in the event declined to comment or volunteer a statement of any kind.

Meanwhile the police have doubled their efforts and have decided to issue questionnaires to all those present on the night, hoping that maybe this will give them a lead in their enquiries.

We must wait until the official enquiry for a lot of questions to be answered. Probably the most debated at the moment centres around the argument about security.

All the bands and quite a number of the actual fans at the gig deny that the stipulated 26-35 security men were present at the gig.

Their argument does bear some weight when one looks back and remembers that during The Radiators' set, two and a half hours after the fatal incident, there were five to six fans dancing on the stage who had jumped up from the floor.

The Radiators, having now got over the initial shock of the whole episode, are back together. They are busy writing the final material for their debut album to be recorded later this month. A tour is in the offing for late August/early September and it's hoped that some English dates will be included.

□ MATTHEW NUGENT

THE OUTRAGEOUS NEW BESTSELLER
EVEN COWGIRLS GET THE BLUES
Outrageous, Witty, Zany, Sexy, Sensuous, Penetrating, Bizarre, Exploring, Ingenious, Uninhibited, Philosophical and good clean fun!
Don't take our word for it — just to read it!
THE THUMBS UP LAUGHTER SHOW OF THE YEAR!
A NOVEL BY TOM ROBBINS
NOW A GREAT CORGI PAPERBACK

● *From previous page*

encourage people to leave their seats". Obviously, this one stipulation could, if interpreted strictly, prevent rock groups *en bloc* from playing gigs in London.

Similarly, the GLC could demand additional safety precautions at the concert, which would discourage certain acts from playing London.

In this respect, it is the interpretation of the Safety Code by the individual GLC member responsible for implementing it which is the seential element.

With this in mind, it is worth examining Brook-Partridge's views.

A former administrative director of an opera company, he does not like rock music, period.

But his subjective views on the music and bands come in various degrees.

The Stranglers are a band that particularly appal him.

"On stage they behave like absolute yobboes," he claims, "and quite clearly one of their objectives is to draw attention to themselves."

Having seen the group, he took particular offence to one of them saying "Fuck the GLC" on stage.

"There's no point in angering people to the point where we become more subjective than is proper," he explains. "Don't forget we're human beings too and I don't apologise for that. Emotion is a perfectly proper part of the human condition, not only for the pop star, but for the politician too.

"And so there come occasions when, under provocation from other people, we become less objectively rational than we really ought to be."

It is, Brook-Partridge agrees, a thin line between imposing a moral code of conduct on the band and just ensuring that they adhere to particularly rigorous safety regulations. He also acknowledges that on occasion his judgment could seem to have transgressed this line. He insists that is his right, and explains that groups such as The Stranglers do not have this very same right.

"Not if I'm in charge, they don't," he states.

"Yes, it's totally democratic. My majority was 9,820 in a fair fight and I got 62.9 per cent of the vote against five other opponents. You can't be more democratic than that.

"If the leader of The Stranglers wants to be more democratic than me, he can come and fight me in Romford in 1981 and see who wins."

Although earlier this year The Stranglers were hauled off the Rainbow stage because of the controversial T-shirt (by the theatre management and not the GLC) they are still able to play the London area.

Brook-Partridge, while being totally candid expressing his views on the music and various bands, insists he is only really concerned about the safety of an audience. He is not trying to repress rock in general or New Wave music in particular.

"I don't give a sod," he explains, "if people want to go and deafen themselves and apparently enjoy it at the same time; I wouldn't wish to stop that.

"We are concerned with public safety . . . and that is what the Pop Code is all about.

"And it is a fact, it is an undeniable and unquestionable fact, that the average pop concert will generate a greater degree of . . . shall we agree to call it audience participation for the moment? . . . than practically any other form of activity, apart from copulation, which is not normally performed by 100,000 people at the same time in the same stadium. So it doesn't give rise to the same problems."

To illustrate this point, he firmly states that because of their last disorderly appearance in London, the Bay City Rollers will not be welcomed back by him.

"They will never ever perform in London again if I have anything to do with it," he declares.

"The quick question is 'Well, is it because they are obscene, disgusting and nauseating?' which they undoubtedly are; and the answer is, 'No, it isn't'. They are those things, and I find this exceedingly objectionable, but I can avoid it by staying away.

"It isn't that; although I'm honest with you, I find them all those things and more besides. They'd be vastly improved by sudden death as far as I'm concerned.

"But what we are concerned about is the extent to which the manner in which they perform incites the audience to a standard of conduct which in itself could constitute a danger to all or any of those present."

In short, he is determined that nobody should be in danger of injury at a concert.

"If that means that on occasion we are slightly more draconian than you would be led to suppose . . . all that you might actually be observing is a Public Safety Authority that had done its job efficiently.

"And I don't mind putting it to you bluntly: if I am going to be criticised . . . I would rather be criticised by the minority than by the majority.

"I would rather be criticised," he expands, "by the pop industry than by mums and dads wearing black armbands."

WHETHER the opinions of Brook-Partridge will firstly become policy and then be implemented by the Public Services And Safety Committee and full time GLC officers is by no means certain.

John Branagan, an elderly bachelor, tee-totaller and devout Catholic whom Brook-Partridge counts on as an ally, would not, when interviewed, publicly subscribe to a putative Ban The Pistols policy.

He did express his own personal view of them by saying they were a sore that symbolised a sickness in society.

But Bryan Cassidy is less entrenched in his opinions. Besides being a newly elected GLC member for Hendon North, he also Overseas Director for IPC Business Press (which own *Melody Maker*). He chooses to remain neutral.

"My main concern doing this particular job is to make bloody sure that as far as possible the people who go to concerts are protected; sometimes protected from the results of their own enthusiasm.

"The Sex Pistols, as far as we're concerned, have the right to be treated in exactly the same way as every other applicant for a licence.

"I don't really have any personal views about them, because I haven't actually seen them performing. I only know what I've read in the newspapers.

"But I know enough about it to know that you don't take a great deal of notice of what you read.

"I also know that if, for example, we were to say that there's no way the Sex Pistols will perform in London that would be doing them a fantastic service.

"I don't think the GLC is in business to promote the Sex Pistols. We are not concert promoters.

"If we get an application it will be treated, as I say, in exactly the same way as any other application. We'd have to ask them not to do anything which would be likely to incite the crowd — to use the phrase, 'to leave their seats'."

If you were satisfied that they would meet your requirements would you grant a licensee permission to present the Sex Pistols?

"If they are prepared to meet all our requirements, yes," Cassidy answers firmly.

SO THERE might be a future for the Sex Pistols in London, but of course doubts still exist.

As this report proves, people on both sides are irrationally distorting the situation. Battle positions have been adopted and the invective is heatedly exchanged.

One person at least is standing on the barricades and shouting loudly and sensibly at opposing sides; and that's Harvey Goldsmith.

Hall arrangements are reluctant to accept Pistols bookings, he says, because of the band's controversial image, which has been fuelled by their own management and the press.

Goldsmith suggests the Pistols are doing themselves a disservice, and that they should get on with the music and stop wallowing in their own shit".

But if the Pistols adopt an attitude of restraint, there is still no certainty that Bernard Brook-Partridge will alter his views about them. He has seen the band and the sentiments he expressed still echo in my mind.

"I felt unclean for about forty-eight hours," he said.

□ TONY STEWART

ALL YOU EVER NEEDED TO HEAR FROM FATS

THE FIRST two volumes of UA's "six-part definitive collection of Fats Domino's rescordings" are now on sale. The next two will be released next Friday, July 15th, and the last in September *(Then* we'll review the whole set for your edification.)

This is just advance warning that the 96 tracks do indeed make up as fine collection of the Fat Man's work as is possible, short of a 'Complete Works of . . .' box-set, and that only a full moon on the fateful night could provoke a harsh review.

So if New Orleans-based rhythm 'n' rock 'n' blues 'n' roll is your rainy lady day you might as well ease your cash flow by searching out the first instalments immediately.

Each 16-track volume is approximately chronological.

The first, subtitled "The Fat Man," opens with the title song (from Domino's first recording session in December 1949) and closes with "Goin' To The River" (c. December 1952).

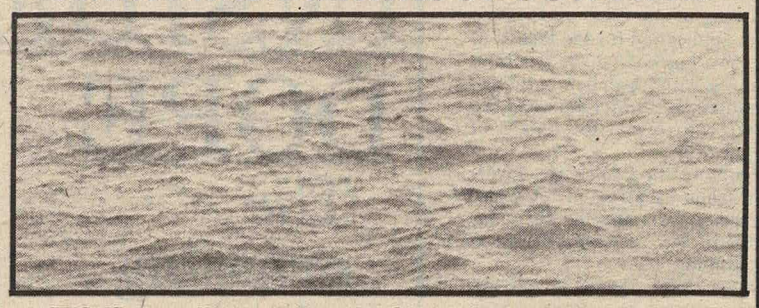
The second, "Ain't That A Shame," leads on with "Please Don't Leave Me" (April 1953) and closes with the title hit (February 1955) that brought him to the attention of a worldwide audience. Especially when it was plagiarized by Pat Boone.

Do not worry that these early volumes contain a lot of relatively obscure material. It was the audience and not Fats who changed radically in the mid-'50s and made him a star. He'd been making good records right from the start.

What dya mean? "So who's Fats Domino?" Buy and find out for yourself already.

□ CLIFF WHITE

GREAT LANDMARKS OF OUR TIME



THIS IS no ordinary chunk of H_2O, no ordinary eau ordinaire.

This is a section of the English Channel — a particularly appropriate landmark for us to include at this time. Wanna know why?

Because it was water from this particular spot — renowned for its invigorating qualities — that filled the swimming pool in which Brian Jones died on July 3, 1969, eight years ago last Sunday. The story is that Brian laid a private pipeline from his pool to this specific spot, highly valued among international aquaphiles.

Incredible as it may sound, water from this same source was also used by some Parisian hotels during 1971 — and it was in the bathroom of one of these, in an amazing coincidence, that Jim Morrison died — also July 3. Now isn't that amazing?

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES (in the style of Jacques Cousteau).

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

The nurd on the left is named Graham Bonnet, who had a hit sometime during the Dark Ages with "Only One Woman" when he was one of a duo called Marbles. The cool guy on the right is Graham Bonnet '77, who has — wait for it — Dylan's "It's All Over Now Baby Blue" out as a Sssssolo Sssssingle. Sign of the times, Innit?

STEPHEN DEES

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PL 12186

His stunning new album is Rock 'n' Roll that's right on target. Featuring the now famous guitar techniques and searing vocals that won him standing ovations on the recent Daryl Hall & John Oates tours. A joyous confirmation of the singular talent of one supporting player who really deserves to be out in front. Produced by Daryl Hall with Stephen Dees

his great new single

Counting On You

PB 9094

RCA

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR DEVELOPMENTS

MY FIRST encounter with *Star Wars* mania came from a gibbering American who claimed the last thing he'd done before leaving New York was to catch the movie at a midnight showing. He said there had been rioting at the cinema as people struggled to get in, and that rather than buy a house he now planned to invest his money in 20th Century Fox stock, which had boomed as a result of the film's success.

***Star Wars* is one of the new breed of '70s blockbusters — financed and shot on an epic scale, stuffed with special effects and smashing box office records wherever it plays.**

Produced and directed by George Lucas and Gary Kurtz (the team responsible for American Graffiti), it is, by all accounts, a sword and sorcery adventure of skill and ingenuity.

Mark Hamill plays Luke Skwalker, the farm boy who sets out to rescue a fair princess (Carrie Fisher) from the evil clutches of Grand Moff Tarkin (Peter Cushing), demonic Galactic ruler.

Overlaid on the simple plot are more than 360 special effects which, for the record, are nine times more than those used by Stanley Kubrick in *2001*. There's a pair of kooky robots named Artoo-Detoo and See-Threepio, laser-sword battles against sundry monsters and a final all-out sequence which has produced a standing ovation wherever the film's played.

The direct cost of the film was about $10 million, which puts the estimated break-even figure in the region of $22 — 25 million.

Suppose then that the worldwide gross was $150 million, taking away the break-even figure and Fox's distribution fee, this would still leave $80 million to be split 60-40 between Fox and Lucas.

Some industry projections put the worldwide gross as high as $200 million, at which point it would begin seriously challenging *Jaws* as the all-time box office champ.

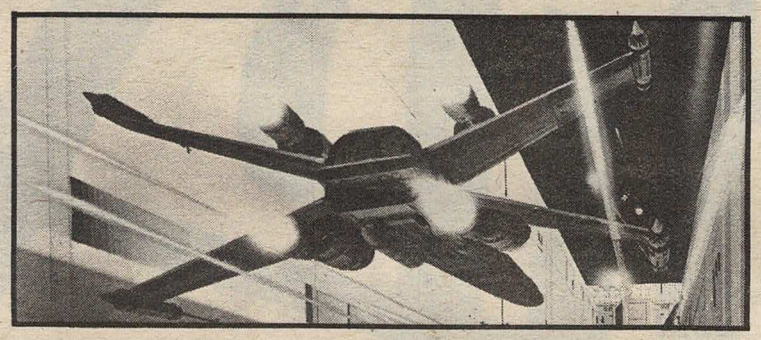
Estimates like these have sent Fox's shares rocketing. 20th Century Records launch an $8.98 double soundtrack album packed by one of their biggest-ever promotions. A major toy company will soon be flooding the market with *Star Wars* playthings and Marvel Comics are already in the market with *Star Wars* comic books.

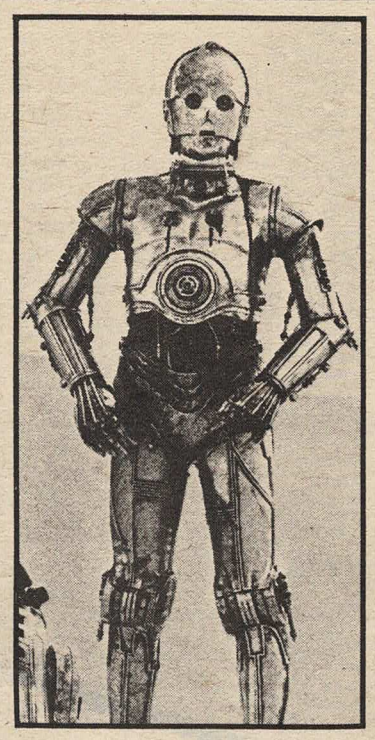
There's inevitably talk of a sequel and maybe a TV show.

The movie has provided the spark which has ignited the science fiction film boom. It now seems certain that for the next 18 months at least, our screens will be saturated with space fodder. Two other blockbusters — *Superman* and *Close Encounters A Third Kind* (the Stephen Speilberg UFO movie) — are already in the works and a whole slew of lesser works are planned, including remakes of the George Pal classic classic *When Worlds Collide* and a comic version of *The Incredible Shrinking Man*.

***Star Wars* will premier in London in November, which gives us all time to dust off our phasers, tune up our jet packs and refurbish our astro-suits ready for the commercial and cultural spacewave it seems destined to bring in its wake.**

□ DICK TRACY





HAVING a natural talent as a three-time loser is no criterion for martyrdom, but up until quite recently, Lemmy had managed to make it a career. By no means a lucrative one, but one that has enabled him to keep working in spite of himself.

Thanks to blind faith or sheer stubborness, Lemmy refused to admit he's licked and return to the proverbial broad factory or carwash.

"I never even made it as far as the bleedin' carwash," he suggests in his usual sardonic manner. "Being in a rock band was the only job I could ever get!"

Though he makes no effort to disguise the years of physical wear and tear, he is emphatic that it's not the worst he's ever had, even though he has never once been out of the red.

Throughout the duration of his traumatic career, Lemmy, or Ian Wills to the police, has been on the receiving end of so many bum deals that it has become an accepted, if uncomfortable, way of life for this lead-guitarist-turned-bassist.

"I'm passed the stage I when started thinking, Jeez, I'm not getting any younger? I just wanna have a good time outta rock 'n' roll, 'cause rock 'n' roll has given me a good time and I know that there's more to come. I've come through too much shit to start thinking about quitting."

LEMMY'S problems first manifested themselves in the mid-60s when, as a mop-topped cornerstone of Rev. Black & The Rockin' Vicars, he and the band were systematically banned from radio and television networks and gigs. Gigs became few and far between and The Vicars were eventually hounded out of existence and into debt.

"The Vicars," he says with bad taste in his mouth, "were the original British punk band and *that's* a fact!"

He laughs at the memory. "Ciggy Shaw (the Vicars' temperamental drummer) was the Johnny Rotten of Bolton Palais."

Defrocked, Lemmy helped put theskids under Opal Butterfly before taking up casual employment with Hawkwind.

The events that lead up to Lemmy

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Rare ancient pic of LEMMY with magic stick

LEMMY TELL YA SOMETHIN'

joining the Sonic Assassins go something like this. Dikmik left Hawkwind to go to India but apparently got no further than Gloucester Road. Pulled by one of Lemmy's many flatmates, for the next fortnight Dikmik resided at Chez Lemmy until cash and marrow ran out. When Dikmik rejoined Hawkwind he took Lemmy along for the ride.

"I was still a lead guitarist," says the bass player, "but at the time, Hawkwind's bassist was being something of a prima donna. He wouldn't turn up for gigs, but his bass did. I lied and told 'em I played bass, was put on six months trial and stayed for four years.

"When they sacked me, I was still not an official member of the band!"

Having emerged from the psychedelic debris, Lemmy's fortunes weren't as he had anticipated, about to take a turn for the better.

In June 1975, he formed Motorhead (Mk 1) which quickly proved yet another episode in an unending stream of personal disasters. The band started out with good intent, but rapidly disintegrated from amphetamine paranoia. Lemmy has no desire to bad-mouth his former aides, but says he found himself in what he describes as 'an unworkable situation'.

To make matters worse, UA were reluctant to release tapes of Motorhead's first album because they were without any managerial direction and support.

Things reached an unprecendented nadir when they suffered at the hands of the press when supporting Blue Oyster Cult at Hammersmith Odeon.

Lemmy agrees Motorhead justified the slagging they received on that occasion: "We just weren't prepared. It was 'High Noon' . . . a Battle Of The Bands. We just didn't stand a chance."

Following the debacle, Motorhead found themselves without a manager, agent, any kind of a recording deal and any prospect of work.

"Motorhead," mumbles Lemmy as he gulps at at another lager. ". . . when you mentioned the name to anyone they automatically replied 'Bad News'. So for the next couple of months we did nothing except all the varied things that out-of-work rock musicians do to earn money."

Couldn't you have subsidised Motorhead with your Hawkwind royalites? I ask in all innocence.

Lemmy nearly chokes on his beer.

"Hawkwind royalties," he guffaws, "Hawkwind royalties . . . that's another story. The most I ever got with Hawkwind was £60 a week plus a bonus every now and then."

At Lemmy's request, we will draw a veil on secrecy over that chapter in this saga.

Then slowly, gigs began to dribble in, for Motorhead (Mk 2) had learned from previous mistakes, and turned itself into a fearsome power-trio.

"There's hardly any good ones left," says Lemmy, "Hendrix has gone. Cream have gone . . . there's a lotta power trios working within bands that nobody really notices.

"Hawkwind had one helluva power trio — me, Brock and King — one of the best I've ever heard. I don't care what anybody says, I know it wasn't just three chords 'cause I was in there playing 'em. At its peak, it was dynamite."

End of Hawkwind discussion and back to Motorhead.

As the work began to trickle in, some small record labels showed interest. However, in the true tradition of All-Things-Lemmy, releasing a single wasn't without its dramas.

A single, "Leavin' Here"/"White Line Fever" was scheduled by Stiff, but unexplainably cancelled.

"White Line Fever" crept onto the "Bunch Of Stiffs" compilation, whilst the original coupling was released in France on Skydog. Chiswick were going to pick up the British rights but instead took Motorhead into a studio with producer Speedy Keen and cut "Motorhead" a song originally recorded by Hawkwind on the B-side "Kings Of Speed" plus "City Kids".

As the results surpassed all expectations, Chiswick decided not to lose one decibel of it's lethal potency by pressing up the initial 12,500 copies as a 12-inch single, and may I advise purchasers to examine any structual faults in their home before playing this record at any volume.

FOR the first time in his life, the future looks vaguely optimistic for Lemmy, but teaching an old dog new tricks just ain't on. A most charitable lady once put him on a course of Vitamin C and as a result he became quite ill.

"It seems as though I was allergic to the stuff," he jokes. "Anyway, I should have been dead years ago," he adds philosophically, "perhaps it's punishment!

"Over the years, I've learned to ruin myself real good. Done it at least four times in my life. And if you want to be completely ruined, just come out on the road with Motorhead for three months.

"Ask Nick Kent. He once came on tour with Hawkwind and after two days we found him clinging to a cement pillar backstage in Berlin babbling to himself. So we had to put him on a plane back to England."

As Motorhead stands — often with great difficulty! — it will take something like £20,000 to enable them to pay of their debts and re-arm themselves for the road.

Lemmy concludes in all seriousness, "Er, I hope this doesn't sound like and open beggin' letter!"

No way.

At least he didn't say, Lemmy a quid 'til Friday!

□ ROY CARR

Dynamic modern LEMMY. Pic: GUS STEWART

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Foreign newsdesk:

While Colosseum II is sited in Naples, it's . . .

ANARCHY IN ITALIA, '77

SENTI CAPO.
The Italians have blown it again.

Efectively ostracised by the rock community for the past couple of years, they've greeted recent attempts at staging major rock concerts in their wonderful country with the familiar anarchic free-for-alls which *invite* police intervention.

Jon McLaughlin's Shakti (hardly riot-inciting material, one would have thought) played Milan last month: the first rock concert since Lou Reed tried to play there in '75. There was trouble on the first night so the *polizia* showed up in force for the second. No trouble.

Jon Hiseman's re-formed (in every sense of the word) Colosseum II have recently completed a European tour. Everything was hunky dory in Germany and Austria, but in Naples the gig was rudely interrupted by a full-scale police riot. That's right. It was the police who went apeshit.

The Italian media, of course, saw it differently. "Vandals disrupt pop concert," they screamed. "Auditorium stormed by autonomous group" (i.e. non-political, haha). Happens all the time.

You see, Europe was a bit slow in picking up on the massive rock boom sweeping this country (and the States) in the late '60s. On the Continent in 1968 it was still down to Johnny Halliday and Sylvie Vartan slashing their wrists and putting out the Number Ones. Either that, or piss-poor imitations of 'real' rock from bar-bands in tourist resorts.

But even when the rest of Europe caught on to this phenomenal explosion of middle-class, drug-orientated rock (ousting the single from pre-eminence, remember?), Italy remained the last stronghold of pop as pap.

As late as 1970, Hiseman was invited, with Frank Zappa, to present the case for rock on Italian TV in a seminar with leading Italian psychologists, sociologists, classical musicians and taxi drivers.

Predictably, the psychologist swore that the 400,000 people gathered on the Isle of Wight that year were there, bugger the music, to plot the over-throw of the British government. This preposterous statement was endorsed not only by the other nurds, but also by the classical musicians.

"It was left to Zappa and myself to explain the idiocy of that line of argument," says Hiseman, wearily. "I think we failed," he adds.

Hiseman is a European veteran. If medals were awarded for successful completions of foreign tours, his chest would be so weighted down he'd fall base over apex.

When the original Colosseum started playing places like Germany in the late '60s, the police with their dogs often outnumbered the audience. And when, with John Mayall, he played Zurich, the Swiss police were there in force.

"They just didn't understand. They had no experience of 5000 people gathering in one place outside of a rampage."

Jimi Hendrix topped the bill that night.

"Hendrix was out of his brain and Mitch Mitchell could hardly stand up. They played for 20 minutes and walked off. The crowd started to break the place up.

"The Zurich police formed a line in front of the stage then marched criss-cross across the hall hitting everything that got in their way. I've never seen an operation like it. The Red Cross came in from the sides, picked up the debris and carted them off in a fleet of ambulances.

"That same year, I played concerts in Prague and Poland and they were fucking marvellous. I never even saw so much as a gun. You can make out of that what you like."

But in Italy there are no rules either way. No-one seems to know what they're doing.

The Communists and Christian Democrats (nice misnomer) have an uneasy alliance, even down to sharing the staid RAI TV service (as the BBC is known as "Auntie", so RAI is "Mama"). This political plurality merely emphasises the contradictions and tensions in Italian life.

The extreme leftists ("Red Brigades") are currently, even as their apparent leaders are on trial in Milan, waging war against the 'right wing' media, businessmen and scholars, with bullets, car bombs and arson.

As John Sams, resident in Milan, recently wrote in the *Sunday Times*: "the Italian is impulsive and will argue to justify his point even if proved wrong."

The local polizia move out for combat duty (above); the daily paper Il Mattino gives splash coverage to the riot, blaming the disorders on the unruly element in the crowd.

On top of this political upheaval, you have the venerable Free Music Movement, the lads who attempt to gatecrash any and all rock concerts. They've been doing it for years, giving the police and the *carabinieri* a chance to flex their muscles. It was them at Naples.

Colosseum's tour manager Alan Hewitt wasn't apprehensive about touring Italy. "We were led to understand that things had quietened down a bit. But there are always difficulties here."

There were already 3,500 inside the Napoli Sports Stadium when the flare-up occurred. Over 2000 people were outside, jostling for free entrance.

"The riot police descended and basically, from what I could see, they were looking for trouble and savagely repressed the crowd. "Fighting started, tear gas started, shots were fired and cars started burning. By that time the Free Music idea had rather got lost and people were just anti-police.

"The police probably hadn't had a riot for a few days and were rather looking forward to it. When they came into the arena, they seemed rather proud."

The show was delayed three hours (waiting for the tear gas to disperse) and when the band played next day in Rome, the crowd was somewhat less than expected. The newspaper and TV coverage of the antics in Naples probably scared off some.

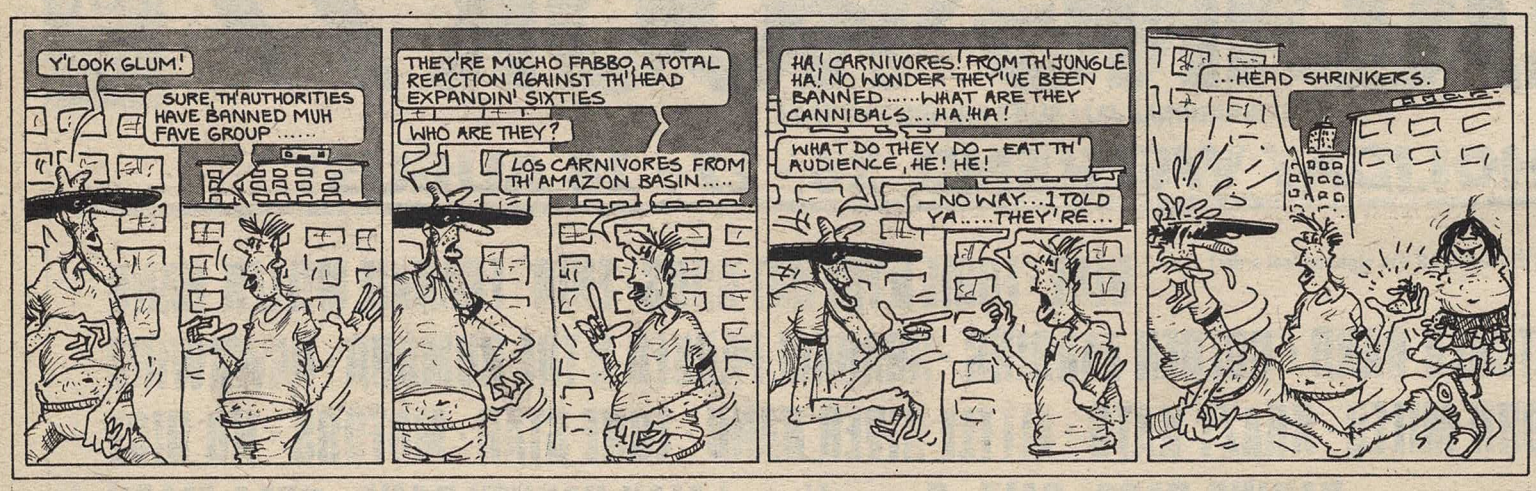
The venue was Tenda a Strisce, a huge circus tent able to project the band's 360 degree sound impeccably. Groups of sullen-looking *carabinieri* were scattered about the grounds' perimeter, but their presence seemed wilfully otiose as the promoter's heavies indulged in stage-door games, letting in people with or without tickets at irregular intervals as if officiating at some mystic rite.

The music — loud, dense free-form rock, immaculately played, redolent of, say, Herbie Hancock at 78 rpm — seemed to bemuse the audience at times, but they responded rapturously to the effectively staged flash-powder explosions (which weren't, needless to say, used in Naples), guitarist Gary Moore's waggling bum (he can play a bit too, turning down Thin Lizzy for this gig) and Hiseman's 'token' 10-minute drum solo (remarkable for its muscle control and the fact that he doesn't take off his cowboy boots).

Don Airey (keyboards) and John Mole (bass) remain cheerfully aloof to the constant shuffling, whistling, groping and smoking in the audience.

● *Continued on page 18*

LONE GROOVER — *BENYON*


Y'LOOK GLUM!
SURE, TH'AUTHORITIES HAVE BANNED MUH FAVE GROUP .....
THEY'RE MUCHO FABBO, A TOTAL REACTION AGAINST TH'HEAD EXPANDIN' SIXTIES
WHO ARE THEY?
LOS CARNIVORES FROM TH'AMAZON BASIN.....
HA! CARNIVORES! FROM TH'JUNGLE HA! NO WONDER THEY'VE BEEN BANNED.....WHAT ARE THEY CANNIBALS...HA!HA!
WHAT DO THEY DO— EAT TH' AUDIENCE, HE! HE!
—NO WAY...I TOLD YA.....THEY'RE...
...HEAD SHRINKERS.

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"THE GROUP PLAYED MORE ENCORES THAN MOST IRISHMEN HAVE LAST DRINKS....." DAILY MAIL

"WITHIN 18 MONTHS OF MAKING THEIR FIRST PROFESSIONAL APPEARANCE IN LONDON THE CHIEFTAINS HAVE ACHIEVED A REVOLUTION IN POPULAR MUSIC WHICH MAY PROVE TO BE ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL OF OUR TIME..... DAILY TELEGRAPH

ILPS 9501

"Well, you asked for it!"

ISLAND

SEE NAPLES AND GET BEATEN UP

● *From previous page*

Hiseman maintains that whistling isn't derisive in Italy.

"It's when they throw things you worry."

So was he worried in Naples?

"I was on stage, which was obviously the safest place to be. At no time was I prepared to pull out. It would only have made the situation worse."

Their next gig is in Milan's Parco Ravizza. It's free and has been funded and organised by the local Communist Party. Hiseman is against free concerts, but has been contracted (and therefore paid) to play eight shows in Italy.

"Of course I'm against free concerts. You receive something for nothing and you don't appreciate it. You can't be selective."

But you don't feel it's an attempt to appease the Free Music Movement?

"Forget about the music, it's not important in this context. They can use a concert as a focal point. What they're complaining about is the fact that the National Opera (La Scala) loses 2,000,000 lire a day for perhaps 10,000 Italians a *year* to enjoy.

"There's no National Health Service here, no child care, nothing. What there is is enormous social inequality, and they're protesting about the fact that the government should not only subsidise classical music but the music for ordinary people, the proletariat.

"They're not concerned with musicians being paid. They think we're all rich capitalists. Little do they know. I lose my *ass* every time I walk out on stage. The only way I could be sure of making money would be to sit at home watching television.

"Don Airey's got a music degree and I teach the drums. so I could make a great case for our receiving an Arts Council grant. But would we get one, do you think?"

"Doesn't the fact that the Communists are putting on this concert for free smack of keeping the proles happy?

"It's bread and circuses, you mean? You may well be right. If that's what we're heading for, then we're heading for decline."

The Italian promoter isn't too bothered about the Milan show (it's free, after all), but he's a mite upset about the diminishing returns in rock music. Tickets for this tour are priced at 2000 lire — hardly exorbitant, about £1.25 or a couple of Monopoly notes.

The last time he involved himself with rock bands was three years ago when Zappa and Traffic toured here. He reckoned he lost about £30,000 through trouble and damage. He now concentrates on clubs and discos, very popular in Italy.

Like most Italians, he blames all the bother on the right *and* the left.

In Milan, I thought, there was bound to be trouble. But the Right Wing didn't show and the police kept a discreet distance. It was like a picnic, a bazaar with stalls flogging posters and pamphlets on Ho Chi Minh, Marx, Lenin, Engels and Togliatti. Don Airey managed to win a bottle of a particularly nasty little wine, presumably by guessing Marx's birthday.

It was all so casually innocent that I half expected to see a few old hippies sitting about in the scud playing bongos. As it was, the scruffs there (about 2,500 of them) had imbibed that much vino they didn't know their Arsinoe from their Elbling.

Colosseum II played their set, which was cut short by the police after midnight — not unreasonably, since Ravizza is a residential area. There was no trouble, but the damage had been done in Naples.

It's the first time John Mole has played in Italy. Does he fancy coming back?

"I don't think it's a question of fancying it," he says, resignedly. "It may well be impossible to come here in a couple of years."

□ MONTY SMITH

"Why, thank you. It makes all those long hours in the studio seem suddenly worthwhile."

FROM PRINCE OF WALES TO DUKE OF EARL?

JUNE 29: His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales was today whomped out to receive the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, Prince Sadruddin Agha Khan, and the UNHCR representative in London, Mr Jean Heidler, in order that he might moove 'n' groove, not to say party exceeding hearty, to the jubilant sounds of soul contained in WEA's charitable compilation, "Golden Soul" (reviewed in NME, 28/5/77), all royalties of which are being donated to the aforesaid organisation.

When UN first approached the palace with the idea of the presentation, a private secretary was alleged to have commented "No way, man", but on return from foreign soil Charles over-ruled the decision with words approximating to, "Sheeet yes, let's take it to the green room, you mutha." Accordingly, the mightiest minds in the kingdom were put to work, devising a commemorative platter that was not only silver-coated but played as well, and the resulting triumph of technology was ceremonially borne to the palace.

The halls of monarchy were scoured for a phonograph, the search eventually uncovering a device that was reputedly one generation younger than a wind-up affair, it's fi barely higher than a corgi's hind leg at full cock. However, our prince listened keenly to one whole side of the disc and was later reported to exclaim, "Good God, I'm happy to lend my name to this cause y'all." Right on with those right ons your highness.

Later in the day, Prince Sadruddin Agha Khan cut a rug with WEA's Derek Taylor and soul supremo Ben E. King, whose bodacius waxing of "Spanish Harlem" is one of the many classic tracks on the "Golden Soul" compilation. During his stay in Britain, Mr King will also be gracing the stage of the Odeon, Hammersmith with AWB (July 22) and has promised to appear at a Capitol Radio/WEA charity concert at the Lyceum on the 25th. Can I get a witness?

THERE HAVE been many claims lately that the MC5 pioneered the present punk rock scene back in the mid '60s.

At the same time, those who make the claim also put down what they call 'old hippy bands' as if, a decade ago, there were two types of progressive music being played. This was really not so: the MC5 were the house band of the White Panther Party and, though they eventually moved away from John Sinclair (noted White Panther person and self employed philosopher — under-12s see below) their music didn't change all that much. They were a hippy band if ever there was one.

I recently turned up the programme to MC5's concerts of May 10 and 11th 1968, in their home town of Detroit. They did everything they could to get the audience involved, describing each song they were going to do and their reasons for doing it. Since this Old Hippy philosophy is shared by many of today's new-wave bands, it might be interesting to dust off the archives and look again at how the MC5 approached their music and their audience. This programme was written by them just after the release of their single "Looking At You"/"Borderline" on A Square Records and before they made an album or joined the White Panthers. They had already been going four years.

Text:

SET THE FIRST:

1. "Borderline": the NOW infamous composition by Wayne Kramer (guitar) currently sharking sides with "Looking At You" on the MC5's latest underground killer single.
2. "Upper Egypt": inspired by the planet shaking "Tauhid" album by Pharoah Saunders. (Impulse-Mono, A9138; Stereo AS9138) Lyrics by Detroit's noted poet / Artisan / Lecturer / Dope & Sex fiend, John Sinclair, "The Pharoah of the (now defunct) Hippies." Sinclair is personal manager of MC5 Enterprises, a division of Russ Gibb Productions.
3. "Stormy Monday Blues"; the MC5 always include one stone blues in their live show because they like it that way.
4. "Ice Pick Slim (5 for Shepp)"; This

THE RUMOUR IS NOT
A TRACK FROM THE BAND
THE RUMOUR IS NOT
AN ALBUM FROM FLEETWOOD MAC
THE RUMOUR IS NOT
A SECRET
THE RUMOUR IS
THE GROUP BEHIND GRAHAM PARKER
THEIR 1st SINGLE OUT NOW IS
"DO NOTHING TILL YOU HEAR FROM ME"
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MIXED BY THE RUMOUR
FROM THEIR FORTHCOMING ALBUM 'MAX'
Album 6360 149 Cassette 7138 088
VERTIGO
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original piece, dedicated to Archie Shepp, features each of the 5 in solo performance.

SET THE SECOND.

1. "Kick Out The Jams, Motherfucker!", An original with lyrics and music by Rob Tyner, arranged by the MC5.
2. "Bad Sign" (Born under a . . .) written by Albert King, a bit of spider music.
3. "Slow Down", ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC. The subversive device used by revolutionaries to dissolve inhibitions, cause fucking in the streets & give you "sickness in the mind."
4. "Ballad To A Thin Man"; Off Bob Dylan's Highway 61 Revisited" album, because of the obvious lyrical considerations.
5. "Tungi" (Toon' jee): A composition from the beautiful "Coltrane" album by John Coltrane (Impulse Mono, A21; Stereo AS21) again reaching into other areas of sound.
6. "Looking At You": (The MC5's latest recording fiasco) "This obviously won't sound like the record, as we recorded it 4 months ago & it was written merely as structure and is different each time we play it. This is due to differing levels of surroundings, personal energy, chemistry, vibration, group consciousness and the amount of toke before show time."
7. "I Put A Spell On You": written long ago by Screaming Jay Hawkins. "A natural progression of events."
8. "Come Together": A little spontaneous generation, written live on stage at the Grande. "It was just one of those things . . . everybody was grooving . . . Fred started this guitar thing & we all took off." It has since grown into a Mad/Filthy/Orgy Ritual Song of the Salty Flesh. An extension of our fucking in the streets program."
9. "I Believe It To My Soul": by Ray Charles.
10. "Black To Comm": (Song of the Planets . . .) To you, for you, about you. Since 1964 "Black To Comm" has been the culmination of the MC5's live show.

The MC5's original bassist and drummer left the band 2½ years ago because of this composition. "In those days it was difficult to relate to new forms. The people could dig exaggerations of existing forms but new founding concepts were intolerable. Even today in some places where we play, it often gives people an excuse to dislike us." □ MILES

US PUNK MECCA: HIPPIE ORIGINS DISCOVERED

ON YOUR left, across on page 18, we present the text of a 1968 concert programme of The MC5 (God, but it's embarrassing) and right, reveal what the former MC5ivers are up to now . . .

THOUGH MOST Detroiters would think the New Wave applies to surfing, not music, it's gratifying to know that the Motor City's two most legendary outfits, The Stooges and the MC5, have finally achieved the cult worship they've deserved for so long.

Both the Sex Pistols and The Damned have recorded Stooges' tunes, and any punk worth his pins is more than willing to lay down upwards of three quid for reissued classics like "Fun House" and "Back In The USA". Amidst this new found adulation, eager eyes are focused on Detroit, and the question that invariably arises is "Whatever happened to those guys?"

By now it's well known that MC5 guitarist Wayne Kramer is serving time on a narcotics rap and James Osterberg, aka Iggy Pop has fully assumed the role of his latest release, "The Idiot". The remaining rockers have survived less spectacularly than Messrs. Kramer and Pop, but at least there are signs of renewed activity in the car and murder capital of the world, and the groups to watch out for are Destroy All Monsters, Sonic's Rendezvous Band and The Motor City Bad Boys (now based, ironically, in New York) — each of which contains veterans from the Stooges and the Five.

Ron Asheton, searing Stooges guitarist, returned to semi reclusion in Ann Arbor in early '77, following the demise of the L.A. based New Order, which also boasted the talents of MC5 ass kicking drummer, Dennis Thompson.

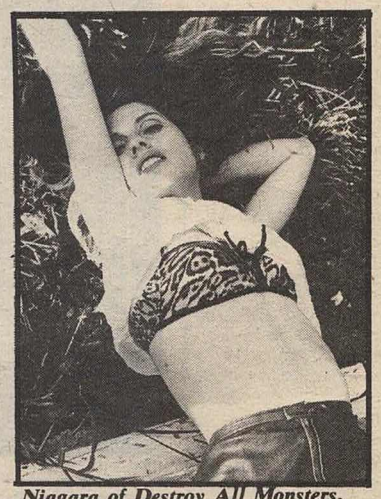
Dennis now holds down the beat for the Motor City Bad Boys, a raucous ensemble that recently staged lead singer Sirius Trixon's wedding at Max's Kansas City.

Ron is back in action as lead guitarist of Destroy All Monsters, a seven piece band that also features the thundering guitar of ex-MC5 bassist, Michael Davis. Cary Loren, who wrote a good deal of the group's repertoire, holds down rhythm guitar and vocal chores, while Larry Miller, guitar, Ben Miller, sax, and drummer Rob King complete the line up, with for the alluring Niagara (vocals and tambourine).

Sonic's Rendezvous Band is fronted by the MC5's Fred "Sonic" Smith, who maintains a distinctive flair for heavy metal guitar work and a knack for writing danceable tunes, though his musical direction has shifted away from MC5's punchy power-rock. Luckily, though, former Stooges drummer Scott Asheton is on hand to bash out the beat, which is invaluably aided by Gary Rasmussen's smooth bass lines. Rounding out the quartet on vocals and rhythm guitar is Scott Morgan, former leader of The Rationals, once the champs of Detroit's R & B based rock scene in the middle '60s.

Last, and arguably the least of the survivors, is Rob Tyner, the fellow who belted out the immortal J. "Kick Out The Jams, Motherfucker!" in the MC5 song of the same name. Much to everyone's chagrin, Rob, perhaps taking the rumours of comebacks by Mitch Ryder and ? and The Mysterians too seriously, is fronting the New MC5, who play the old faves in the Detroit club circuit.

□ JOE MANIC



Niagara of Destroy All Monsters.

!FAIRPORT!

CONVENTION

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2.30-5.30
Robin Hall & Jimmy Macgregor,
The Sussex Weavers,
The Merrie England Mummers,
Chanctonbury Ring Morris Men.
Admission: Adults 80p, children and OAPs 60p inclusive of Wildlife Park.

6 PM
The Meadows,
Old Heathfield—
Fairport Convention.
Admission: Adults £2, children and OAPs £1.

ADVANCE BOOKINGS
Tickets in advance for Fairport Convention only, price £1.50 for adults, and 80p for children and OAPs can be obtained by sending postal/money order and sae to Tower Office, Heathfield Wildlife Park, Hailsham Rd., Heathfield, E. Sussex TN21 8PB.

Heathfield Wildlife Park and Leisure Gardens are fifteen miles south of Tunbridge Wells, just off the A265. Open 10am-6pm seven days a week, all year round. Free parking. Telephone Heathfield 4748/4656 for details.

The Festival programme will proceed, wet or fine.

Whilst every effort will be made to ensure that advertised facilities within the park are available, it may be that owing to unforeseen circumstances, some facilities may have to be withdrawn.

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UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS ®

SHOW YOU THE WAY TO THE INFIRMARY

MICHAEL JACKSON proves you don't have to be a punk to get the benefits of the health service

WHAT DO you say to an 18-year-old who's already a veteran superstar and has presumably suffered more interviews than the average middle-aged entertainer, yet has had so little to do with the mechanics of his career that he might as well be Elvis Presley?

I suspect that Presley would turn out to be as enthralling as a sheet of damp cardboard if he was ever properly interviewed; I had the same qualms about wasting Michael Jackson's time.

However, here I was in Fort Worth, Texas ('Cow-Town' to its close neighbour, Dallas) and there was winsome Mr. Jackson, sitting politely in a neutral hotel room waiting for my first question, half-an-hour before he had to cross the road for a performance in the local arena.

Now don't get me wrong here. I've nothing against The Jacksons in general or Michael in particular.

On the contrary, I think that the group have already been featured on more classy pop records than it's given to the majority of groups to make and that Michael is as flush with talents as others of his age are with acne.

But is he a driver, a passenger, or just a vehicle for slick merchandising in one direction and the retrieval of abounding booty in the other?

Whichever, I found him to be friendly, but distant to the point of haziness, and as simultaneously insubstantial and impenetrable as a midnight fog.

All in all, we didn't have a lot to say to one another.

I didn't think you'd want to know his taste in girls, his size in shoes, his zodiac sign or what he had for breakfast, so I edged in sideways with a comparison between the traditional pop razzamatazz surrounding The Jacksons and the backlash against all things glossy that's currently sweeping Britain.

I might as well have offered Impressionism to a Victorian Art Critic as a viable alternative to Renaissance masterpieces.

It's not so much that we discussed the respective merits as that he didn't seem to believe that anyone could be so crass. And when I expounded on the numerous reasons why Barry White offends me, he obviously marked me down as one of those limey eccentrics that used to inhabit Hollywood B movies.

Ah well, back to more mundane matters.

Has recording in Philly been much different to the Motown sessions?

Marginally, it seems, it has. Marginally.

"We rehearsed the songs for a whole week before we ever recorded in Philadelphia. With Motown we learnt the songs in the studio or in an office the same day we recorded them.

"The producers in Philadelphia give more freedom. They don't even sit in the producer's chair; they just sit back like anybody else in the studio so you never know who the producer is.

"It's not good for a singer to be told to do it like this or do it like that. Of course we were so young when we started at Motown, we needed direction. Later on we wanted to do it our way, which we did. Sometimes we didn't."

Ahem. Quite so. So the Corp still hasn't fully exploited its vaults then?

"There were some great songs that they haven't used which Stevie Wonder recorded with us; they can release those whenever they want to. He recorded about six songs with us. There's an artist that's a zillion light years ahead of everybody else. His sound is like what all the groups will be doing ten years from now. He's a genius."

I'd have begged to differ but the mists of misunderstanding were wafting close by so I let it pass. Anyway, I was in Fort Worth to discover Michael Jackson, not Stevie Wonder.

Being the undisputed heart-throb of the group, perhaps the part of his career he's been most actively involved in has been the interaction between himself and the seething masses of nymphettes that are apt to shriek hysterically and fall about limbs akimbo, every time he so much as opens his mouth.

Almost all entertainers in such a position are bound to be desensitized to some extent, many finding it increasingly difficult to think of their fans as individual humans rather than a collective meat market.

I don't think Michael Jackson is that far removed from everday people yet, but there was a definite blurring of his already hazy personality when he described a couple of recent incidents involving The Jacksons and their fans.

"As the ambulance took her away she said she felt happier than she'd ever felt in her life" — MICHAEL JACKSON.

Giggling nervously while explaining his concern, he referred to the promotional appearance the group had just made in Dallas.

"It was an in-store thing. We had to go in to sign autographs so they made a corridor for us to get through the people, because the kids were pulling and snatching."

"When we got inside we were all scratched up and everything. We started signing autographs but too many kids were jammed in there and they started taking our albums out of the store, stealing them, so we had to get everybody out again. We didn't get to see everybody, it was getting rough, we had to leave.

"That one wasn't too bad though. We did one in San Francisco in February . . . it's not funny at all what happened, I don't know why I laugh because it was so bad. We got inside and there was this big window and all these people started pushing up against the glass. It's not funny," he reminds himself again, "the whole glass came down.

"See, the thing is, they tell them to get back but they just won't. The policemen and the people were all pushed up against this thing and suddenly it just came crashing down. It sounded like an earthquake.

"Three girls got their throats cut and a boy got his head cut. There was blood all over the place, it was so bad. It's dangerous and frightening when it gets like that. I don't want things to get that bad . . . little children getting hurt and everything.

"Like we did a concert last week and one of our speakers fell on a girl. She was brought backstage and she was laughing.

"There was a big hole in her nose, she was bleeding all over, yet she said she was glad she got hurt because it gave her a chance to meet us. As the ambulance took her away she said she was feeling happier than she'd ever been in her life.

"I kinda feel sorry for kids like that."

I refrained from answering his comments either way, perhaps because I'm unsure of my own attitude. It is a tricky situation for any supergroup to negotiate.

Either they stay accessible to their public and get accused of irresponsibility or they withdraw and get accused of old-fart elitism.

What really bothered me was Michael's attitude to The Jacksons music.

"We want to give the people what they want," he summarized. "We just flow with the sound, the style."

Thank you and goodnight. Show me the way to go, please.

□ CLIFF WHITE

POETS CORNER

IDI AMIN
By ROBERT CALVERT (of Hawkwind)

WHERE DAT IDI ID

ID DAT IDI DEAD

DID DEY DO DAT IDI IN

IDI IN HEBEN

OR IDI IN HELL

OR IDI JUST NOT FEELIN WELL

WHERE DAT IDI IDI ID

AMIN

Awarded 'Best New Talent' and 'Best Keyboard Album' last year by Contemporary Keyboard Magazine. Patrick Moraz releases his second album 'Out In The Sun' on Charisma Records and Tapes

'The album that puts others in the shade'.

PATRICK MORAZ

OUT IN THE SUN
CDS 4007

CHARISMA

SINGLES

MIGHTY DIAMONDS: Sneakin' Sally Through The Alley (Virgin). Allen Toussaint production on one of his least memorable songs. Despite the aild-out pleasantries of the lyrics and the Diamonds' ability to carry off a good melody and brand it with ethnic taste I'm not impressed. Better than Robert Palmer's version (that's not saying much) but if you're hooked on the Toussaint sound then his "Southern Nights" makes for more compelling listening.

TED NUGENT: Cat Scratch Fever (Epic). Classic moments in rock'n'roll history. I'll always remember Ted improvising this at Hammersmith when the PA packed up. Chances are you've missed the point with Nugent, who is first and foremost a highly entertaining nutter and a wizard HM guitarist. He makes suitably unpleasant noises here but he doesn't mean it. If you think Ted Nugent is just some raving madman who likes to drive his audiences close to breaking point with a horrific aural holocaust you're also right. Yeeargh!

FLEETWOOD MAC: Dreams (WEA). The brouha surrounding Fleetwood Mac of late put me off listening to any of their much-vaunted product. Can't say as I've missed much. This kind of super-sophisticated ballad schmaltz sends me to sleep. The blurb reckons that the yearningly sexy voice of Stevie Nicks shades every word with delicate emotion. Balls. More like the sort of record that hamburger joints use to get rid of their customers.

HEART: Barracuda (Portrait). More girls. This is worse than Fleetwood Mac. Why all the fuss over such a twee Canadian combo? Couple of lookers, some competent heavy riffs and you can fool the entire solar system. Rather like the over-blown pretensions of our own dear Queen. The last female singer who turned me on was in Shocking Blue. Even the mature Grace Slick makes mincmeat out of the Wilson wimps. So there.

THE JAM: All Around The World (Polydor). Paul Weller's latest 70's mod anthem leaves me cold. Allegedly Weller leads the progressive punk faction and his boys play all right but the music is nothin new. Reminds me of Love's "My Flash On You" in fact. Glossy production and coverwork, they even tell you who cuts their hair(!) and there staring you in the face is the message, Direction, Reaction, Creation. Owes a lot the The Who of course, too much to be truly original. I'm still no clearer as to where The Jam's intentions really lie.

JAMES TAYLOR: Handy Man (CBS). Was this one made before or after his lobotomy? Can't you just see James putting the finishing touches to the new white wood cupboards and adding the outside sun room while Carly scrubs the carrots and de-fleas the budgie? Sounds like Val Doonican and the Yodelling Sloths. Taylor guffs! *'Here is the main thing that I want to say, I'm busy 24 hours a day.'*

THIS WEEK we introduce a new section to the singles coverage. As you will have noticed, there are dozens of worthwhile singles released each week through smaller outlets; some American, some European, mostly new wave but not always. To emphasise that these records exist, even if you have difficulty obtaining them, Status Singles will concentrate on off-beat ventures and will run alongside normal coverage every few moons. Records that are readily available via large distribution companies will remain in the main-drag. Do not adjust this page. For where to obtain singles from smaller outlets, see the RRM page.

STATUS SINGLES

For the discerning client . . .

THE PSYCHEDELIC REVIVAL STARTS HERE

THE ONLY ONES: Lovers Of Today (Hit). It is a fact that the best of the records in this section are immeasurably superior to the best of the normal batch. The Only Ones are a genuinely interesting band even though I advise the lead singer to drop his Lou Reed, third Velvet Underground album voice. Far too affected. Never mind, both sides are lovingly crafted with echoes of a fine British tradition, Kinks, Pink Floyd and a 60s sound with 70s application. Great harmonies, stunning riffs and the class in ideas that we usually expect from such as Television and The Talking Heads which could fill the gap left by Roxy Music. Sorry to be so derivative but it isn't faint praise, The Only Ones are third generation rockers.

THE DAMNED: Stretcher Case Baby; Sick Of Being Sick (Stiff). Free to the chosen ones, *NME* freeloaders and patrons of the Marquee. They call it a first anniversary gift, how sweet. Fine cover, inner city menace executed tongue in chic and full of the fresh breath confidence that comes with duffing up the earlobes of CBGB's ritzy clientele. Funny peculiar music, nice boys, but not my cup of spiked orange juice.

DE-EVOLUTION: Mongoloid (Booji Boy Records). Akron, Ohio's answer to the Mothers, Tubes, Deviants. In other words a bunch of weirdos who might not be as weird as they think. "Mongoloid" depresses me, expressing social comment by picking on people disfigured through no fault of their own is not just sick, it's evil. "Jocko Homo" fuses Eno and Sparks with more ingorance is bliss lyrics. Bet your life these creeps are products of the spoon-fed American dream with college educations and daddy paying for the John Cale costumes.

MODELS: Freeze (Step-Forward). More Hot Rods than Pistols. High energy, fast, loud, you don't have to think about it. When you're really wasted you can play it at 33⅓ and pretend it's The Stranglers. Rather this than Led Zeppelin.

ALEX CHILTON: Free Again; The Singer Not The Song; Take Me Home And Make Me Like It; All The Time; Summertime Blues (Ork). Alex Chilton cut his finger picking with The Box Tops and Big Star. I'd like to like this 'cos he's one of me heroes but this debut E.P. for William Terry Ork's label is patchy even by garage standards. "Free Again", written with rock scribe Jin Tiven, fails to deliver and the old Stones number "The Singer Not The Song" bash lacks the sleaze of The Gimmer Twins and Dirk Bogarde's leather panted camp (in the film of the same name). "All The Time", though, is pure Big Star, essential vinyl propelled by Rich Rosebraugh's demented skin scratching and Chilton's krazy Fender vision.

SPORTS: (Right) Thru Her Heart; Twist Senorita; In Trouble With The Girls; Red Cadillac & A Black Moustache (Zak). This was sent in by a fan in Melbourne, Australia and blimey it is ace. If you got crooked by AC/DC, The Saints and Frank Ifield don't think that all the bands down-under are out of date. Steve Cummings out-Jaggers Jagger and nearly matches Lowell too, I kid you not. Featish slide from Ed Bates, touch perfect keyboards from Jim Niven, and a fair dinkum rhythm section courtesy of Paul Hitchins and Robert Glover. You can tell where they're coming from but so what. The Sports are a gen-u-wine rock'n'roll discovery. Move spheres to get this.

SNATCH: I.R.T. (Bomp). *"If you read the adverts stuck up on the walls, you miss the perverts playing with their balls".* **Judy Nylon and Pat Palladin cut their New York obsessions in London, semi-acoustic. Very odd, but I don't care for sub-Velvet insights into Big Apple decadence. Hellen Robbins will send these women scurrying for cover before the summer is out. Tasty cover though.**

WHITE BOYS: I Could Puke/Disco Elephant (Doodley Squat). At last, the quintessential vomit song. No holds barred on this three-minute chunder which is America's fastest selling new wave disc. No sound effects either, this is the real thing. The best puke record ever made.

FOREIGN INTRIGUE: The Wanderer (Phillips). Not the original but an outrageous send-up with Boris Pickett meets Paul Williams connotations. Definitely session men wasting the odd hour. Reminds me of "Phantom Of The Paradise". Neat if you could never work out the words beyond *'Well, I'm the type of guy'* with the singer executing a superb Marlene Dietrich piss-take. The flip is an obvious sickie, "Blind Date". Freak hit.

PUNKS etc.

STINKY TOYS: Boozy Creed (Polydor). Disastrously dumb. I'm bleeding fed-up with surrogate Patti Smiths, especially French ones. Vocalist Elli Medeiros seems photogenic enough but she sounds like a six-year-old gerbil throwing a tantrum. Only memorable for it's shaky grasp of the English language. F'rinstance *"But I know lots of things that make us happy. Give us gallons of beer and let's play at top volume".* Certainly not. I suppose these Frogs don't realise we're in the middle of an economic recession. Anyhow Napoleon was a punk and look what happened to him.

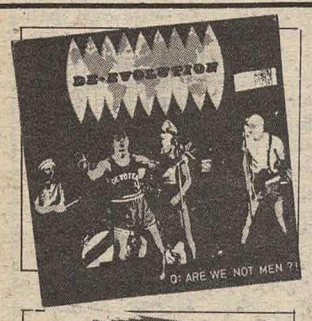
THE RINGS: I Wanna Be Free (Chiswick). Twink and finks burn out a Punk Fairies OD statement of intent. All this prostitution, revolution nonsense is just as bad as moon in June brain rot. Presumably it is a joke. Yuk, yuk. Trouble is that the vocals come over like parodies of all the other new wave singles in the pile. Dud idea, but the guitarist gets it on(man). Should be big in Dingwalls.

CECIA AND THE MUTATIONS: Mony Mony (UA) A complete hatchet job on Tommy James' unrepeatable classic. Celia looks luscious and that's about all. Backing is by the barely disguised Stranglers branching out into writing for subsidiary scene talent. The flip, "Mean To Me" is all right. The Stranglers are a great band, best in London right now, and they don't disguise their middle class origins. Celia is super and very posh.

JOHNNY MOPED: No One (Chiswick). A Slimey Toad original with manic rivum section propelled by Fred and Dave Burk. Moped has his name scrawled all over the phone booths of Victoria Station thus giving him instant credibility. Even so this is nearly record of the week on the strength of S. Toad's flip, "Incendiary Device" which is marked by the delicacy of the lyric —*"Stick it in her lughole, stick it in her other parts"* and Moped's subtle delivery. Fast 'n' flash.

JOE WALSH: Rocky Mountain Way; Turn to Stone; Meadows; Walk Away (ABC). THE MAMAS AND PAPAS: Monday Monday; Dedicated To The One I Love; California Dreamin'; Creeque Alley (ABC). ALICE COOPER: Welcome To My Nightmare; Department Of Youth; Black Widow; Only Women Bleed (ABC). Three of a new series of singles which are actually EPs disguised as albums. Let's start with four tracks of the inimitable Joe Walsh whose "Rocky Mountain Way" is being milked once too often. Last time I did the singles this one was on the heap and there's no way Walsh

REVIEWED THIS WEEK by MAX BELL



ROKY ERICKSON: Mine Mine Mind; Click Your Fingers Applauding The Play; Two-Headed Dog; I Have Always Been Before (Sponge). Erickson was former acid-prophet with Texan hallucinogenic planet disturbers The Thirteenth Floor Elevators. His last Virgin single, like The Elevators' "You're Gonna Miss Me", was a classic Walk With The Gods experience. This is Roky on a French label, dating from the Doug Sahm sessions which also spawned the Mars record "Red Temple Prayer" a.k.a. "Two-Headed Dog", and proves he's been in fair shape for a while. Brain cells intact, there's no reason why Erickson can't shake off his cult tag.

afficianadoes won't already own these cuts. Perhaps this is aimed at the unfortunates who have come to Joe since his abortive link-up with the fallen Eagles. Brilliant but irrelevant. Hey Joe, get out while there's still time, Hotel California is overbooked.

Talking of California The Mamas and Papas are always a safe bet for recycling but the kids today will find these evocations from ten years back pretty lame compared with da Ramones. They recall a period when pop music was rampant and singles created with affection. Dated, although you'll be able to remember the words.

I've always reckoned Alice Cooper was an old ham and this selection from "Welcome To My Nightmare" confirms that. Cooper had dispatched his snake by 1975 and was moving away from ripping off Jim Morrison to advertising Budweiser, a particularly innocuous beer. This nightmare schtick is highly tedious and about as sincere as Richard Nixon. The whole Cooper era recalls a nasty-tasting lapse in rock when teenyboppers were legion and half-assed theatrical props stood in for muscle. Of zero importance.

ATLANTA RHYTHM SECTION: Neon Nights (Polydor). A rock'n'roll alternative? The Bute, Cobb, Nix outfit has been highly touted on both sides of the Atlantic but they don't make good singles. This might stick on an album, but here it's deficiencies are obvious. Reminds me of that bit in *Performance* where Harry Flowers switches on the muzak machine. Leastways aging trendies will pass their lunch-hours putting the ARS on the wine-bar jukebox.

CAPTAIN & TENNILLE: Come In From The Rain (A&M). Absolute mouthwash. Soppy rain noises, banked strings and wall to wall slush set the scene on this Daryl Dragon monstrosity which I expect to see Shirley Bassey cover for the Morecambe and Wine show. Symbolic of everything wrong with Western society. A pity, because Dragon played excellent keyboards with The Beach Boys four years back and got a loud name-check on "Holland". There must be more money in this AM rubbish.

DENIECE WILLIAMS: That's What Friends Are For (CBS). I believe Deniece (silly name) Willaims will be touring with Boz Scaggs soon. CBS are hyping her minor talent something rotten as Ms Williams limbers up in the same stable as Earth, Wind and Fire. Unfortunately her vocal ability disguises the fact that the song is a large turkey. Maybe her best friend didn't tell her.

TONI WINE: The Heart (Monument). Helluva lot of women making rotten records this week, most of whom are smart enough to use a pseudonym. Chips Moman and Bobby Emmons had a hand here but should have stuck with Billy Swan. More stray violins buzz and fart while Toni whines. Could have stayed on welfare and done us all a favour.

NEW YORK PORT AUTHORITY: I Got It (Pt. 1) (Invictus). Gotwhat? They never let on. Some hired hands reach mutual orgasm in the background so you know this is your standard disco fare. Hot to trot, alas, they do not get it up. No wonder New York City is bankrupt if this is how their employees operate the shifts.

BLUE: Another Night Time Flight (Rocket). Produced by Elton John blah, blah. Last hit single in the American charts rhubarb, drone. Due to appear at the Reading Festival, yawn, snore. No doubt Tony Blackpool's record of the century. Why don't W. H. Smith's ban this sort of brain rot?

BROTHERS JOHNSON: Strawberry Letter 23 (A&M). Medium slow leg break on Shuggie Otis' very pleasant love song. The Brothers Johnson are more than adept with this Quincy Jones production and have Dave Grusin to provide bubbling jazz overtones. Sharp guitar middle eight and plenty of inventive playing elsewhere rather in the manner of early Todd Rundgren, the obscure 13th century Swedish nuclear physicist. The Karamazovs, the Grimms, the Charltons and now the Johnsons, an illustrious pedigree. Anyhow 'tis a legit hit. Or probably not.

BOBBY PICKETT
Bassist from Sugarloaf, Etta James & Greg Allman association.

TONY KAYE
Original keyboards man from Yes, Badger (his own band), & Bowie's touring band.

MICHAEL DES BARRES
Vocalist from Silverhead.

JON HYDE
Drummer, Boston-bred.

MICHAEL MONARCH
Original guitarist from Steppenwolf.

"Third Generation Rock and Roll.... They're your Heavy Metal Godfathers and you shall have a ball! Detective are big already, it's just that a few million people don't know it yet..." SOUNDS (Pete Makowski)

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'DETECTIVE'

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Produced & Recorded by Andy Johns, Jimmy Robinson and the group.

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

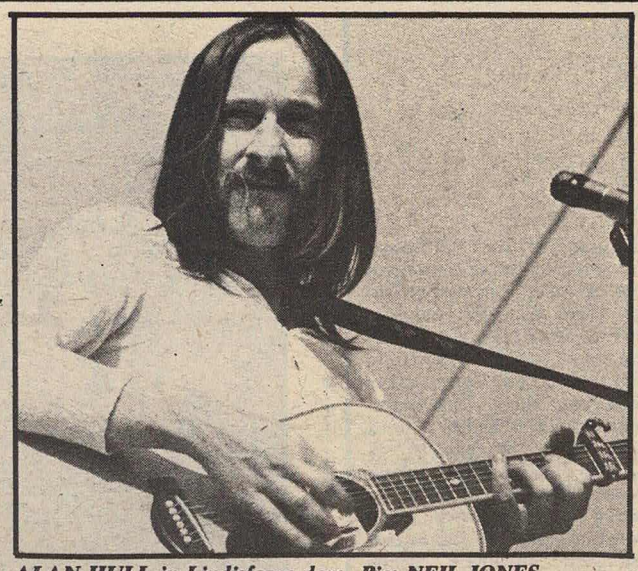
Artist creates Madmen And Loonies

(CAN YOU tell me what has happened to ex-Lindisfarne members Alan Hull and Ray Jackson? Has Hull made any albums since "Squire"? **DENIS MALONE, Cabea, West Dublin 7, Ireland.**

● **Ray Jackson is currently playing with Harcourt's Heroes, a band he fronts in conjunction with former Lindisfarne guitarist Charlie Harcourt. The other members of this outfit are Les Dodd (guitar), Barry Spence (bass) — who used to play with chuckies — Marty Craggs (sax) and Colin Mason (drums). Meanwhile, Hull, who hasn't had an album released since "Squire" (May, 1975), has just completed a newie — tentatively called "Madmen And Loonies" — for Rocket. He now leads a band that features ex-Lindisfarne members Ray Laidlaw (drums) and Kenny Craddock (keyboards), plus Terry Poppell (drums) and Colin Gibson (bass) both formerly with Snafu, and Pete Kirtley (guitar), who used to work with Alan Price. A single, probably a song called "Make Me Want To Stay", will be released later this month and the band will play a number of college dates between now and the end of August. A national tour will follow in September, this tying in with the release of the album, after which Hull and Co. will head for the States, where they're set to play an impressive number of dates.**

SOME TIME ago, you stated that Thelma Houston's "I've Got The Music In Me", an album recorded by the direct-cut method, was available from a firm called Regent Acoustics, who operated from an address in London's Regent Street. But this company no longer seems to be operational so could you tell me where else I can search for a copy of this disc? — **JEAN BARKER, Kingston On Thames, Surrey.**

● **We've had a couple of letters on this subject since**



ALAN HULL in Lindisfarne days. Pic: NEIL JONES

Thelma booked a place in the charts with "Don't Leave Me This Way", and the news is that Beggar's Banquet of 8 Hogarth Road, Earls Court, London S.W.5, is about the only shop handling all the Sheffield Lab direct-cut recordings right now. Only snag is the price — a hefty nine quid a time, plus 25p to cover postage and packing!

WHICH OF B. B. King's ABC albums are currently available? Can "Back In The Alley" be purchased in this country? — **J. PRUETT, York.**

● **Most of King's ABC releases are available once more, since Anchor began their own import service a few months ago. The current catalogue now includes: "Mr Blues" (AB-456), "Confessin' The Blues" (AB-528), "Blues Is King" (AB-704), "Blues On Top Of Blues" (AB-709), "Lucille" (AB-712), "Indianola Mississippi Seeds" (AB-713), "Live In Cook County Jail" (AB-723), "Live At The Regal" (AB-724), "In London" (AB-730), "L. A. Moonlight" (AB-743), "Guess Who" (AB-759), "The Best Of . ." (ABCL-5026), "To Know You Is To Love You" (AB-794), "The Electric B. B. King — His Best" (AB-813), "Live And Well" (AB-819, "Friends" (AB-825, "Completely Well" (AB-868), "Back In The Alley" (AB-878), "Lucille Talks Back" (ABCL-5149), "King Size" (AB-977) and "Together For The First Time" — with Bobby Bland (ABCD-605).**

All of these discs can be ordered from any local retailer, who can obtain them through Anchor's Distribution Service at 138-140 Wardour Street, London W.1.

IN "INFO City" (11/6/77) you stated you were unable to track down the song titles used in Kenneth Anger's *Scorpio Rising* film. However, *Visionary Film*, a book published by N.Y. Oxford University Press, claims that there were 13 songs in all and names "Hit The Road, Jack", "Wind-Up Doll", "Heat Wave", "He's A Rebel", "Party Lights", "Torture", "The Point Of No Return", "I-Will Follow Him", "Dream Lover", "Wipe Out", "Devil In Disguise" and "She Wore Blue Velvet". The book also notes that, apart from the musicians already named in *NME*, Ricky Nelson was also heard in the film. Anyway, we at the Collective thought it was a jolly good movie and hope that you might wish to pass this info on to your readers. Incidentally, we at the Combine make pretty good films ourselves. — **D. NIGEL AYRES, Wildlife Art Combine, A.A. P.A. Collective, Corsham, Wilts.**

● **Ta nicely for clearing up the matter — but I must admit I've been disillusioned by the whole movie scene since bumping into Sylvia Kristel at a time when she was wearing multi-coloured, plastic hair-rollers!**

ON WHICH album do Bob Dylan and Earl Scruggs play a live version of "Nashville Skyline Rag"? Is this record still available and if so what is its catalogue number? — **J. SIMON (No, not that one!) Reigate, Surrey.**

● **I think the album to which you're referring is "Earl Scruggs Performing With His Family And Friends" which was released on U.S. Columbia C30584 but has since been deleted. The elpee which documented performances emanating from a Scruggs T.V. special, also contains versions of "My Home's Across The Blue Ridge Mountains" and "Love Is Just A Four Letter Word" sung by Joan Baez and cut in Joan's Californian home, plus two Byrds items, "You Ain't Going Nowhere" and "Nothin' To It", recorded at the Doug Underwood Ranch, near Nashville. The Dylan section, which features Dylan (guitar), Earl Scruggs (banjo), Gary Scruggs (bass) and Randy Scruggs (acoustic guitar), was taped at the home of Thomas B. Allen in Carmel, New York.**

PLEASE SETTLE an argument and tell us which artist has sold the most records in the world. — **MICK, MARTYN AND PAUL, Sheffield S2 1BL**

● **Reference to The Guinness Book Of Records reveals that the world's most successful recording artist is Bing Crosby, who'd sold 400 million discs by July 1975. And this figure doesn't include the bootlegs which have been on the market since the '40s, the most famous ones being the studio out-takes on which Harry Lillis forgot all about being Father O'Malley (the role which won him an Oscar) and used expletives in the best Johnny Rotten manner.**

PLEASE LIST all the albums Maria Muldaur has appeared on, stating their availability either as British releases or as imports. — **S. HARRISON, Alfreton, Derbys.**

● **All the albums Maria's *appeared* on ???? I mean, that's taking things a bit too far! What I will do though, is to list the three Reprise elpees that have appeared bearing her name — these being "Maris Muldaur" (K44255), "Waitress In A Donut Shop" (K54025) and "Sweet Harmony" (K54059) — then add some of Maria Grazia Rosa Domenica D'Amato's more interesting appearances on discs headlined by other people, these albums including "Jim Kweskin Jug Band — Greatest Hits" (Vanguard VSD 13/14 — import only), a release which documents her activities during her kazoo-blowing era; the "Steelyard Blues" soundtrack (Warner K46267 or BS2662, both of which are now delated though they frequently turn up in cut-out racks), for which Maria wrote or co-wrote three songs; and Mud Acres" (Saydisc/Matchbox 213 or Rounder 3001, available from Continental Record Distributors), this being a rural jam with Eric Kaz, Bill Keith, Happy and Artie Traum and others. The Reprise solo albums, by the way, are still on catalogue.**

IS THERE a fan club for The Heavy Metal Kids? — **C. EATON, Ilkeston, Derbyshire.**

PLEASE can you provide me with an address for Smokie's fan club? If they haven't got one, perhaps you can provide me with the name and address of their manager as I seem unable to find any info on the band. — **MRS CAROLE DYER, Chilwell1 Nottingham.**

DO THE Feelgoods have an offical fan club? If not, is there any address I can contact to receive information and literature etc? — **DAVID HARVEY, Mexborough, South Yorks.**

● **Suffering succotash, it's fan club alley time again, kids! Well according to Richie The Og, who publicises all three bands by writing on walls and suchlike, neither The Heavy Metal Kids nor the Feelgoods have official fan clubs, though T-shirts, programmes and other paraphernalia appertaining to the latter band can be obtained by writing to Feelgood House, Central Reservation, Canvey Island, Essex. Smokie *do* have a fan club, but it's situated somewhere in Europe and their manager Bill Hurley says that there are no immediate plans to form such an organisation in this country. But if you wish to revile/congratulate/ threaten/singalong-with or merely contact Hurley, then letters should be sent c/o RAK Records, 2 Charles Street, London W.1.**

THE ADDRESS you recently listed for "Strangled" fanzine was incorrect — you listed the location as being Leigh, Essex, when the full correct address should have read: 40 Woodyates Road, Lee, near Lewisham, London S.E.12. — **TONY MOON, London S.E.12.**

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THE BEST SINGLE YET
FROM THE BEST BAND YET

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SOUNDS.

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Compere—John Peel

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Show starts 3pm
Ticket Price £4.75

Ticket Application to:
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Cardiff Castle
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Cardiff

Enquiries: Cardiff 397702

MANCHESTER
Belle Vue
24 July
Gates open 1pm
Show starts 3pm
Ticket Price £4.75

Ticket Application to:
Beach Boys
Belle Vue
Hyde Road
Manchester

Enquiries: Manchester 2927

DUBLIN
Dalymont Park
1 August
Gates open 1pm
Show starts 3pm
Ticket Price £5.00

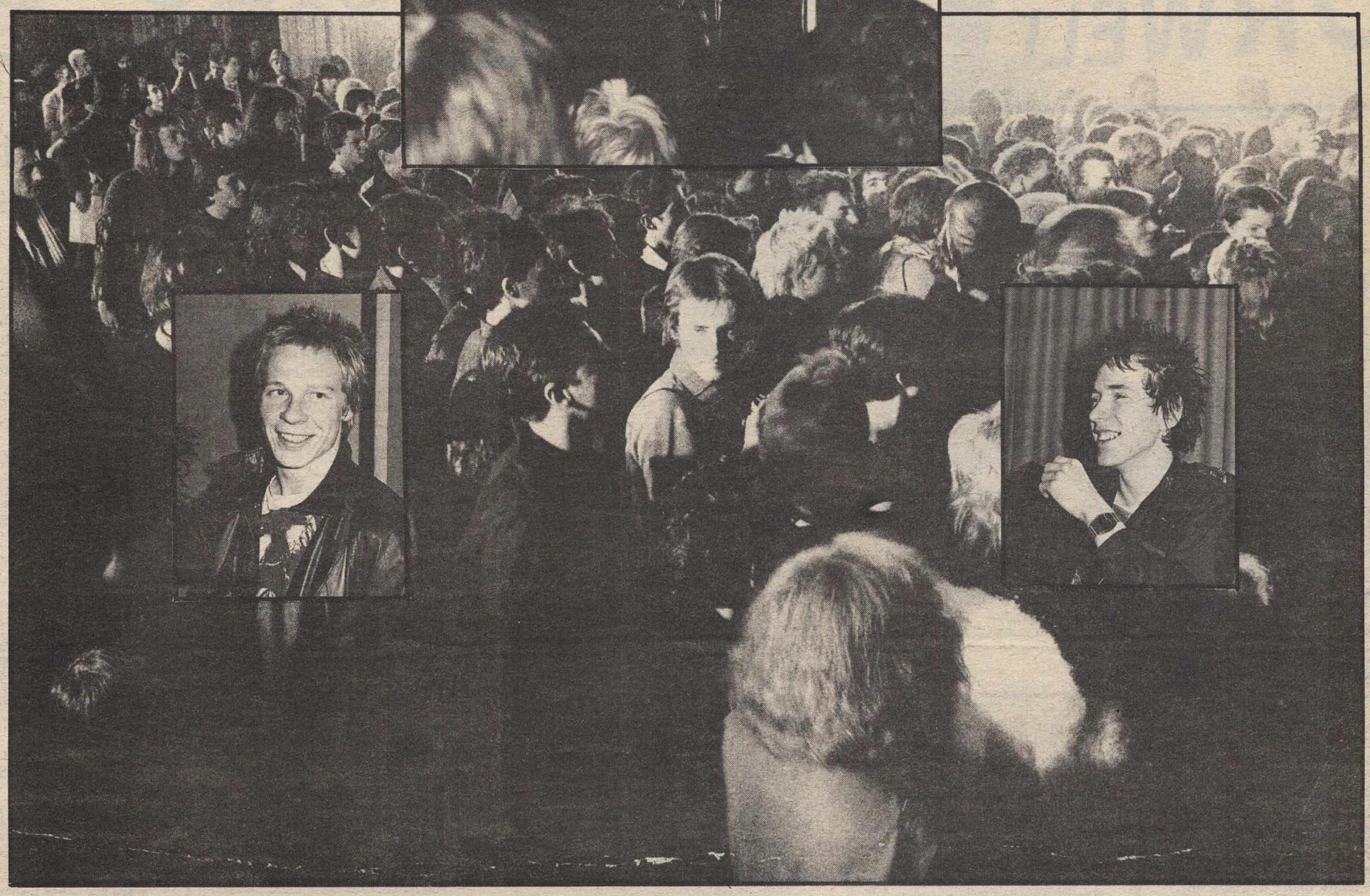
Ticket Application to:
Beach Boys
P.O. Box 920
Dublin

For Beach Boys Concert at Wembley on July 30 — Tickets £4.00

Postal Applications to: Wembley Stadium Box Office, Empire Way, Wembley Tel: 01-902 1234

Cheques and postal orders payable to Beach Boys Concert enclosing s.a.e.

(Top & right) JOHNNY ROTTEN: (left) PAUL COOK.



"We didn't know it was loaded . . .

PANIC ON THE TITANIC (Part 77)

Rock 'n' roll has been unashamedly flirting with violence these twenty years past. It's not surprising, says CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY, that some people can't tell the difference between theatrics and the real thing.

Are you part of the problem or part of the solution?

"KIDS FLASH guitars just like switchblades
Hustling for the record machines
The hungry and the hunted
Explode into rock and roll bands
That face off against each other in the streets
Down in Jungleland . . ."

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
"Jungleland"

"WALDEMAR is a convinced anti-Nazi — but perhaps chiefly because that is the way the people whose opinions he respects happen to feel. If he had ever been exposed to the influence of a personable Big Brother type of Nazi youth leader, I wouldn't care to answer for the consequences. As for himself, he has grown accustomed, like every other Berliner, to brown uniforms, mass meetings, police raids, street fights and beatings; to him, they come under the heading of 'politics' — the manner in which things get done.

"He is a good-natured, happy-go-lucky, easy-going boy, and I don't think that he is personally capable of serious cruelty; but it is obvious that brutality in others doesn't particularly shock him. Again and again I have noticed in boys like Waldemar this rather sinister acceptance of sadism; they don't have to read one page of Krafft-Ebing or even know what the word means. I'm sure that Waldemar instinctively feels a relation between the 'cruel' ladies in boots who used to ply their trade outside the Kaufhaus des Westens and the young thugs in Nazi uniforms who are out there nowadays pushing the Jews around.

"When one of the booted ladies recognised a promising customer, she used to grab him, haul him into a cab and whisk him off to be whipped. Don't the S.A. boys do exactly the same with **their** *customers — except that the whipping is in fatal earnest? Wasn't the one a kind of psychological dress rehearsal for the other?"*

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD
"Down There On A Visit"

"EV'RYWHERE I hear the sound of marchin' chargin' feet, boy,
Summer's here and the time is right for fightin' in the streets, boy
But what can a poor boy do 'cept sing in a rock and roll band,
'Cuz sleepy London town just ain't no place for a street fightin' maaaaaaaan . . ."

MICK JAGGER and KEITH RICHARD
"Street Fighting Man"

STEVE HILLAGE WAS ON TV the other night, filmed at last summer's Hyde Park freebie.

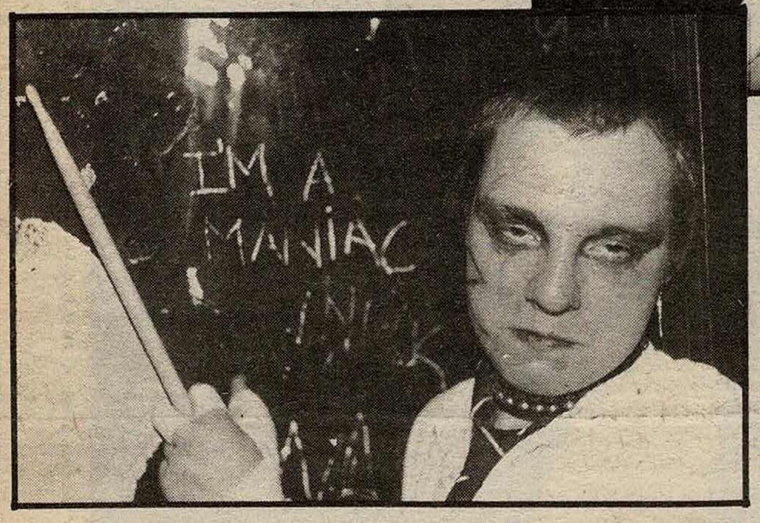
He was singing about "the love that is all around you" and I just had to laugh because of the blatant incongruity of Hillage's daft — albeit charming and well-meant — hippie-dippie noodlings juxtaposed against the current state of the game: more

■ *Continues over*

Which side are

"We are all of us in the sam carving up fellow passengers damn thing at all."

THESE YOUNG WORKING-CLASS PEOPLE ARE TRYING TO ATTRACT YOUR ATTENTION.



"We mean it, maan."

■ *From previous page*

and more of the players being carried off the pitch with minor flesh wounds.

Rock and rollerball. Damn right this ain't the summer of love.

Right now, rock and roll is under heavier attack than it's been at any time since they fired the starting gun in the mid-'50s. For the first time, a record has gotten to number one in the face of a universal straight-media blank-out on political grounds.

Two members of the band who made that record have been attacked in the streets by *citizens*.

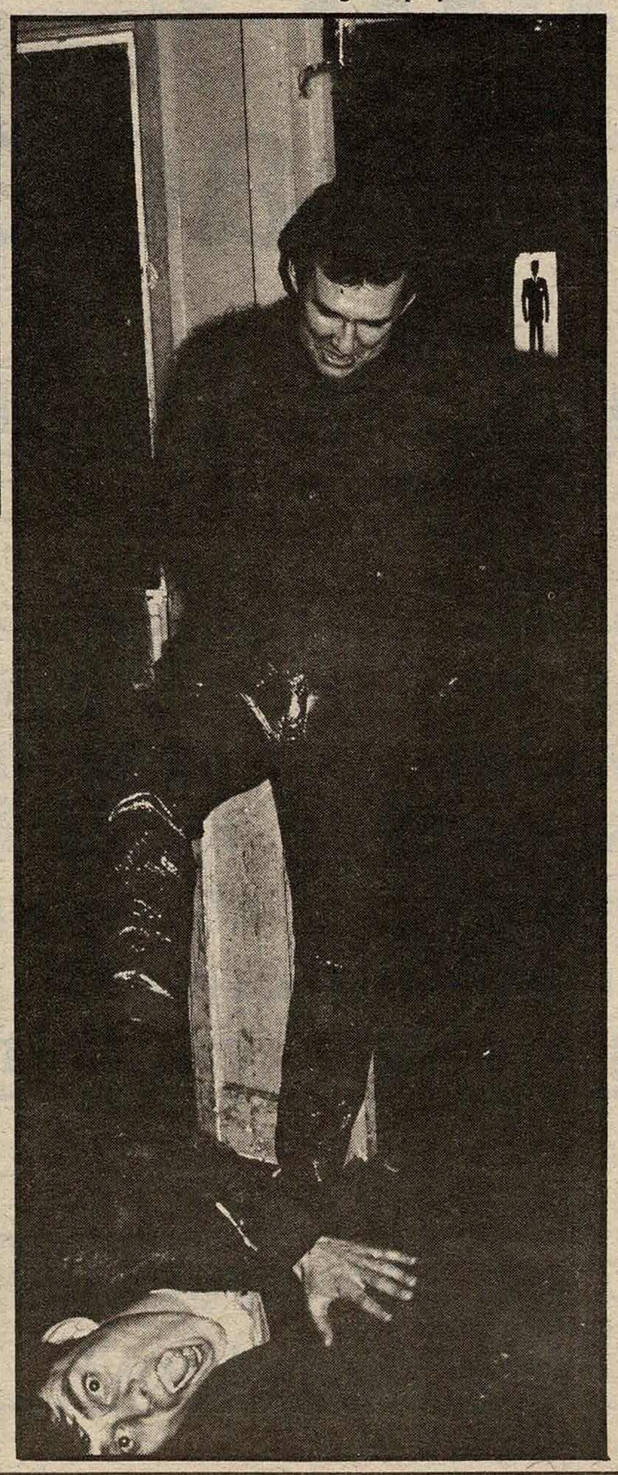
The group and their adherents have been the victims of a police riot — sure, the barney between John Rotten's brother and the French photog was the flashpoint, but would the Guardians Of Our Liberties have reacted in the same way if the occupants of the launch had been — say — a bunch of rich tourists who'd had a tot to much to drink?

Effectively, the Sex Pistols are outlaws; they're fair game. If Johnny Rotten had been killed the other week, a lot of people in this country would've just shrugged their shoulders.

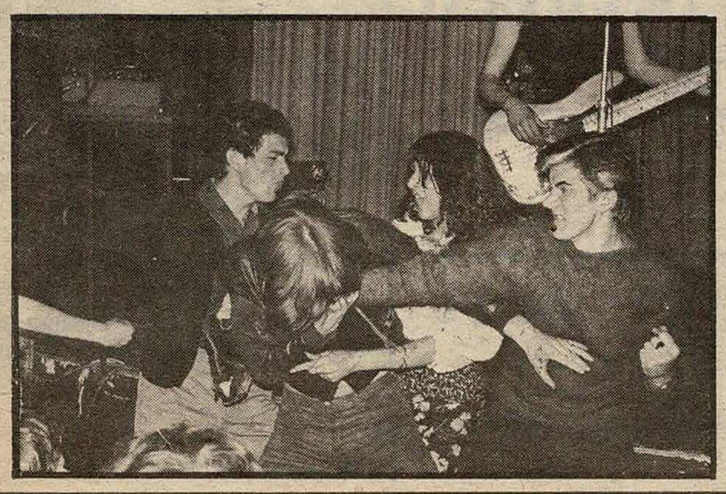
In the wake of the attacks on Rotten and Pistols drummer Paul Cook — the fact that anyone could want to beat up a sweet geezer like Paul Cook is simultaneously absurd and horrifying — there've been attacks on TV Smith of The Adverts, Dave Vanian of The Damned, Jean Jacques Burnel of The Stranglers, Rob Geldoff of The Boomtown Rats, *all* of The Boys and their manager, Leee Black Childers, manager of Johnny Thunders And The Heartbreakers — who're currently awaiting deportation, the bottling a few months back of Generation X's guitar player . . . the beat goes on, and it's either something very organised or else the first signs of a mass reaction against punks and punkery that transcends that which can be articulated.

PEOPLE GET VIOLENT for many reasons, sure; but there's a complex web of different factors coming into play here.

SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS. PISTOLS, CHELSEA . . . and some blood.



THIS KIND OF THING NEVER USED TO HAPPEN TO ROCK STARS.



First of all, people get violent when they feel themselves to be powerless; lacking the power either to articulate their rage or to make their feelings, their attitudes or even their existence known in any other way.

Just as graffiti is a message to the world from someone who doesn't have access to public media or the bread to buy himself a legal billboard like the big companies do, street violence is a message from someone whose hatred is consuming to such an extent that he must let it consume its object before it consumes him.

When you are hated by a large amount of inarticulate people who feel that there is no accessible outlet for their feelings and views, then you either have to stay off the streets or learn to live with the fact that at any moment someone — or someseveral — is going to brace you in an alley and take a swing at you. Or worse.

Yet Johnny Rotten isn't the enemy of a suppressed and inarticulate minority; Johnny Rotten — the most prominent and archetypal of punkrockers, musicians and fans alike — is a national scapegoat.

MPs and journalists rail at him, broadcasters refuse his advertising and ban his records, local government odium bars him from public stages . . . and he gets attacked in the street.

The mass of this country's population and the information / entertainment complexes that service them haven't *ever* been as scared of a youth-culture phenomenon as they are now.

Teds, beatniks, mods, rockers, hippies, skinheads, glitterkids . . . no competition.

To the outside adult eye, Punk Rock is the weirdest, ugliest, nastiest, scariest, most thoroughly repulsive and flat-out *incomprehensible* variant on the Teenage Wasteland formula they've ever seen. It's certainly the most frenziedly vilified.

Ten years ago, the hippies also rejected the Mum And Dad virtues which Fleet Street and the electronic media seem to regard as the only barrier between us and barbarism, but their rejection was more comprehensible because they actually seemed to be *in favour* of things (i.e. Free Love, Stop The War, Legalise Dope, Abolish Money, A Better World For You And Me Tra-La, etcetera, etcetera.)

Punks, on the other hand, represent Teenage Frankenstein Unleashed at his most destructive and unreasonable: rejecting it all with a snarl.

GROWNUPS — at least — understood that in their strange way, hippies were having a lot of fun.

Every hippie, it was secretly suspected, had turned his brain into rainbow custard with the aid of a whole battery of psychedelic drugs; plus there seemed to be a whole lot of screwing going on all over the place, and if there's one thing Fleet Street understands it's chicks with their tits out and a great big golden opportunity to condemn people who look like they're having a better time than they ought to.

But — by and large — punks ain't that sexy and they do more booze than anything else (though the *Daily Mirror* discovered The Amphetamine Menace shortly after Keef's trial in Aylesbury) so it wasn't as if they were partaking in Strange Unholy Pleasures that a Godfearing society has no option but to stamp out. They certainly didn't seem to be having a better time than the law allows.

Hippie pleasures were middle-class pleasures: the pleasures of kids who'd have had it made if they only accepted the Best Of Everything that their parents had planned for them. Instead, they dropped out.

Punks are working-class: they don't have anything to drop out *from*.

"BABY, this town rips the bones from your back,
It's a death trap, it's a suicide rap,
We gotta get out while we're young,
'Cause tramps like us, baby, we were born to run."

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
"Born To Run"

HIPPIES rejected society; society has rejected the punks. And society has always hated, suppressed and tried to destroy the people who bear most blatantly the scars inflicted upon them by the system under which they have to live because those scars remind the authorities of their own guilt and failure.

"I AM the world's forgotten boy,
The one who searches and destroys
. . ."

IGGY AND THE STOOGES
"Search And Destroy"

THE VIOLENCE of punk rock has shocked this society's most eminently shockable elements precisely because it is simply a gruesome reflection of the violence of society. And as nothing is such an efficient begetter of violence as violence itself, the whole thing is beginning to escalate.

The trouble is that punk violence — like most rock and roll violence — is more of a metaphor than an actuality, but the violence with which it is being met is all too real. In this respect, punks are far more sinned against than sinning, but try telling *that* to the *Sunday Ghoul*.

There's far more of the true dialectic of violence in the stage act of early Who and Hendrix, in The Rolling Stones performing "Midnight Rambler" or in Alex Harvey's Hitler routine in "Framed", but somehow that's distanced and presented in such a way that no-one who wasn't a flat-out psychotic would take it as an index of the personal behaviour of the artist concerned.

Mind you, there *are* people out there who think that *Coronation Street* is real, and after Michael Winner's *Death Wish* opened in New York, a whole bunch of creeps went out on the streets with guns just like Charles Bronson and started blowing away perfectly innocent spades, longhairs and Puerto Ricans under the impression that they were vicious evil junkie muggers.

Life is most likely to imitate art, it seems, when art begins to deal with the evil and the grotesque.

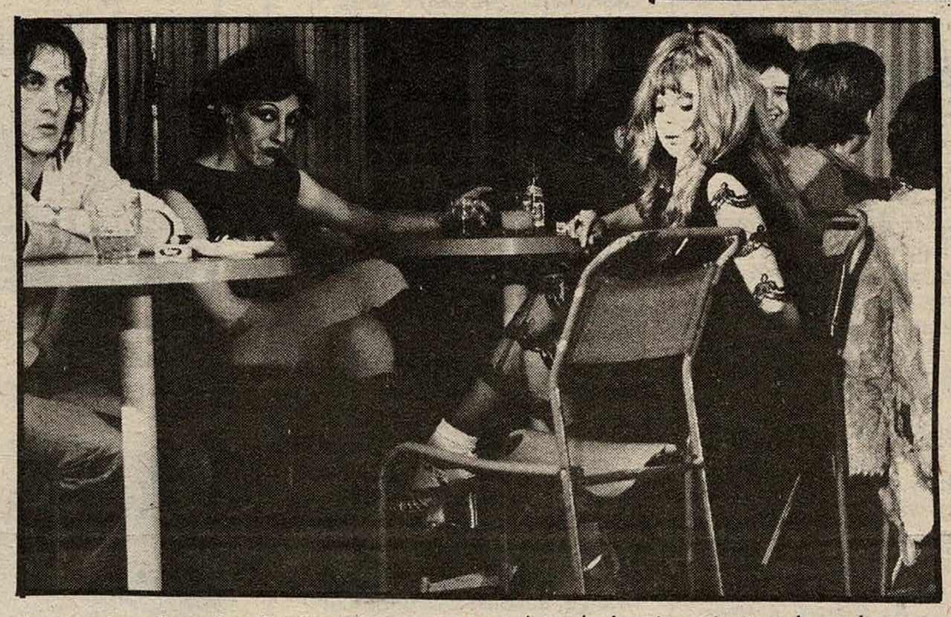
Rock and roll is a more influential art form than most in this respect because the artist appears *as himself*. Clint Eastwood appears as Dirty Harry, Christopher Lee appears as Count Dracula: no-one believes that Clint Eastwood goes around blowing people's heads off with a ·44 magnum anymore than they believe that Christopher Lee chomps on folks' arteries for fun and sustenance (I've seen him during the day, so I know it's not true).

But Mick Jagger and John Rotten appear as themselves, and therefore the private person is held to be accountable for the activities of the public person, which is why Mick Jagger *frissons* over assassination fantasies in the back of a limousine and good patriotic citizens razor John

you on?

e sinking ship, and doesn't achieve any ' — CSM

The men don't know, but the little girls they understand. Punk chicklets on parade.



Rotten on the street.

THIS KIND of thing never used to happen to rock stars.

They might get busted if they were notorious dopers or if they got pissed and drove their cars too absurdly, but their appearance on the street wasn't a cue for retards to come and turn them over.

The reason that most of them can't go out on the street for a drink or to browse around in a bookshop or whatever is that the people who dig 'em would crowd around and follow 'em and make it impossible for them to do what they came out to do.

We have a new kind of rock star now, and — like all other new kinds of star — it arose out of an attempt to break down the star system.

The reason that we *have* a New Wave in the first place is that there were sufficient people who felt bored by and alienated from the traditional occupants of the Rock And Roll Pantheon to form a whole gaggle of new bands and to provide audiences (An Audience?) for them.

The vibe was extremely anti-star for the simple reason that most orthodox rock stars were failing their ethics exam.

Strictly speaking, this wasn't really their fault (though some behaved far more badly than others) simply because stardom is an abnormal condition and it has an abnormal effect on people.

It carries an infinity of temptations: a veritable Pandora's Box of all the things that shy, repressed kids are conditioned to want. Fame, prestige, money, public admiration, all the attention that someone who'd been ignored and put down in adolescence could possibly desire.

Man, stardom blows an awful lot of minds in a lot of different ways: some people turn into rank assholes, others can't handle the pressure and flip out. They get cataclysmically messed up on booze and dope, their work suffers, they get paranoid and go megalonova.

Others step back from the whole thing and try to be anti-star themselves, but it takes a huge amount of charisma to deliberately discard all the appurtenances of stardom and still be a Giant Shadow Hovering Over Our Culture or whatever. Maybe you have to be Bob Dylan to pull that one off.

So it's not surprising that people got pissed off with their Stars, except that it was exceptional naivety to believe that those folks who hit the Stardom Jackpot wouldn't get affected by it.

BESIDES, you cannot have mass communication without having stars.

Radio, television, movies, rock and roll, politics and sport alike all create stars by their very nature: stardom is implicit and unavoidable. To talk of destroying the star system is completely and utterly utopian: if you're gonna have movies you'll have movie stars, if you have rock and roll then you're going to have to have rock and roll stars.

If you're a rock and roll success then you're a rock and roll star. The only thing that can be done if the stars aren't carrying themselves the way they should is to register a massive vote of no confidence at the record-shop counter and the club or theatre box office until the recalcitrant star is either induced to get his act together or else is summarily deposed.

If the latter you replace him with somebody else.

Stars are normally created by the people who love them: it's usually the people's affection and respect that makes an artist into a star.

In the New Wave, the amount of mass media attention that has fattened the scene up to the point where national — or even international — stars can come out of it has been almost universally condemnatory. Media that love scandals have turned punk rockers into a national scandal, made them a larger and larger target simply in order to have the pleasure of seeing them shot down.

John Rotten is Public Punk Number One.

His name and his appearance are synonymous — as far as the mass of the population are concerned — with the movement in general. He has been made a star at least as much by the people who hate him and all of what they think he stands for as by those who dig him.

He's the personification of What Is Wrong With This Country, and he's taking his lumps for it in a manner that no rock star before him has ever had to do. Mick Jagger, Jimi Hendrix and all the other Wild Men Of Rock were at least able to get themselves and their music onto radio and television and into the shops and they were able to perform their music live.

Other punk rockers have been able to benefit from the attention that's been focussed onto the scene without incurring nearly so much odium. The Damned are in a position to celebrate their first anniversary with a four-night season at a well-known London venue, to give away a freebie single to those who show up and to go on *Supersonic*. The Jam and The Stranglers can go on *Top Of The Pops* and get played on the radio.

Obviously, there's nothing wrong with that — but the Pistols spearheaded the whole thing and, being the most prominent targets, have suffered most.

Maybe that's what goes with the New Stardom, and no-one can deny that new stars have emerged out of the movement that was to destroy the whole Stardom Scam. Jean-Jacques Burnel, Rat Scabies, Joe Strummer and their peers are stars now, and faced with all the rewards and problems that have always beset stars.

But stardom '77 style means being set up, and Johnny Rotten — more than anyone else — has been set up. Not — as used to be opined — by Malcolm McLaren, but by all the hysterical *Punk Rock Shock Horror Youth Cult Probe* shit that's been peddled by media fools who love nothing better than to create a new target out of the nearest available human material, stir up hatred for and fear of it and then lead the attack.

A bunch of kids, who have committed no crime that wouldn't be excused in others, are now victims at large. Famous and obscure punk rockers alike are now fair game for violent fools whose only means of asserting themselves is to do some damage — and Sid Vicious' pernicious gabble about people who deserve "a good kickin'" is, I hope, turning to ashes in his mouth after the events of the last few weeks.

Violence does breed violence, and the inability to distinguish between violence as pose, violence as metaphor, violence as theatrical device and the real, ugly truth of the matter is coming home to roost with — may I say it? — a vengeance.

IT'S ALWAYS been a staple theory among artists and critics that stylised, dramatised violence has a primarily cathartic effect: i.e. the spectacle of Sam Peckinpah movies or Pete Townshend dismembering a Stratocaster exorcises and relieves the urge for violence in the audience. Kids — it is reasoned — who have witnessed Alice Cooper performing ritual murder and undergoing ritual execution are less — rather than more — likely to indulge in personal violence of their own.

It doesn't seem to be working like that any more. This country is up shit creek at the moment — and it's more the fault of Jim Callaghan and Maggie Thatcher than John Rotten.

And the fact that everyone's feeling the pressure right now means that they turn to the nearest available target in the vain and ugly hope that by destroying an irritant they'll somehow make things better and obtain some satisfaction.

It's this blind, maimed rage that made the occupants of black America's urban ghettoes burn down their own turf rather than razing Wall Street to the ground. It's this same thing that makes disenfranchised teds bottle Kid Reed of The Boys in a bus queue.

For the sake of every last little thing that matters — who gives a shit whether your music is Jerry Lee Lewis or Black Sabbath or Joni Mitchell or The Damned? We are all of us in the same sinking ship, and carving up fellow passengers doesn't achieve any damn thing at all. Are we so colossally screwed up that we turn on each other while Moloch and Mammon carry on unscathed?

Are we going to be so dumb all our lives that we let them get away with tricking us so blatantly?

Are we *really* so easily manipulated?

I QUOTED Christopher Isherwood earlier on: not because I want to launch into any kind of diatribe about Neo-Nazism (I'm reasonably confident that we're not going to fall for the genocide scam again — touch wood) but because we seem to be misunderstanding the stylised violence in the music.

Life is imitating art, but it's getting it wrong and totally missing the point.

If we allow a situation to develop where Warhol's dictum about "In the future, everybody will be famous for fifteen minutes" gets twisted into "In the future, everybody who gets to be a certain kind of star will have the shit kicked out of them for fifteen minutes", then those who hate us will have won.

If we lose our perspective sufficiently to start mistaking the nearest target for the biggest one, then those who hate us will have won.

And if we do not hang together, then most assuredly we will be hanged separately.

Listen. Which side are you on? What do you believe in?

Are you part of the problem or are you part of the solution?

And again: what we gonna *do* about it?

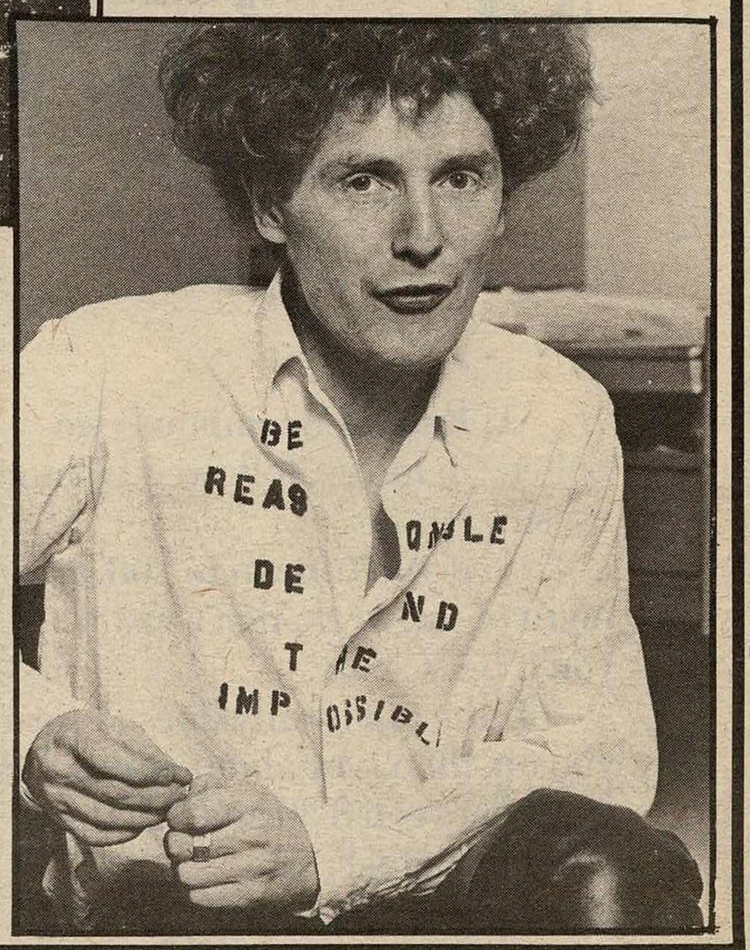
"OUTSIDE the street's on fire
In a real death waltz
Between what's flesh and what's fantasy
And the poets down here don't write nothing at all
They just stand back and let it all be
And in the quick of the night
They reach for their moment
And try to make an honest stand
But they wind up wounded
Not even dead
Tonight in Jungleland . . ."

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
"Jungleland"

THESE YOUNG WOMEN ARE TRYING TO ATTRACT YOUR ATTENTION ALSO.

They said we weren't commercial. (MATLOCK PISTOLS, VICIOUS PISTOLS, MR. McLAREN)

THESE YOUNG ROCK STARS ARE TRYING TO...



SILVER SCREEN

The dirty mac is not compulsory

The Streetwalker (X)

Directed by Walerian Borowczyk. Starring Sylvia Kristel and Joe Dallesandro. (New Realm).

ONE ASSUMES it was Borowczyk's decision to relocate in Paris his film version of Andre Pieyre de Mandiargues' prize-winning Spanish novel *La Marge*.

Also, that it was he who chose the extraordinarily diverse music score (from Chopin to European pop, from Pink Floyd to Sailor, by way of 10cc and Elton John).

You can be sure, though, that it was purely the distributors' decision to change the film's title from *The Margin* (as in 'someone living in . . .') to the catchpenny *Streetwalker*. But the resolutely seamy depiction of Paris as a pimp's paradise — with groups of trollops prowling the streets like painted predators or drawn to lighted doorways like randy moths — in many ways justifies the re-titling. Even a couple of stray dogs on a building site are cheap hustlers.

The dirty mac brigade, God bless 'em, will not, in all probability, be disappointed with the goods on show. Since most of these belong to the lean, lanky, languid Sylvia Kristel, neither was I. She is Diana, an aloof whore who enters a strange, strained relationship with a young businessman visiting Paris (as personified by the perpetually frowning Joe Dallesandro, this po-faced character fully lives down to his moniker of Sigismond Pons).

That their sexual encounters (the first is accompanied by 10cc's "I'm Not In Love", the second by Elton's "Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting") will lead to despair and tragedy is obvious from the funereal pacing and the fact that, following Joe's example, *everyone* is frowning.

Borowczyk has long since forsaken the bitter satire of his early animated shorts and, since living in France, has made several ornately baroque, elegantly mounted erotic melodramas *(Blanche, Story Of Sin, Immoral Tales)* which are nevertheless perversely moral.

His individual compositional sense and fondness for peculiar framing (petal-flecked pubic hair in a bathroom mirror) remains an integral part of his disturbingly surrealistic world, although here he makes so much of reflected images that, in common with many of the characters, you don't know if you're coming or going.

A sombre, joyless film. But it has its moments. Like Floyd's admirably dramatic "Shine On You Crazy Diamond" accompanying one of Joe's blow jobs.

Monty Smith

Three Women

Written, produced and directed by Robert Altman. Starring Sissy Spacek, Shelley Duval, Janice Rule (20th Century Fox).

LIKE *Charley's Angels* scripted by C. G. Jung, Robert Altman's latest movie tells an outwardly simple tale of how three womens' lives intersect, while delving deep into the strange, unconscious undercurrents that lie beneath their relationship.

Once again Altman is working in the outlands where few directors dare venture, between the mainstream American commercial cinema and the rarified heights of the European art flic. In fact it appears he is working at a synthesis — filming America through a European lens.

He actually dreamed this movie complete, scribbling down all he could remember when he awoke, and carrying the project through with the help of the creative, improvisational teamwork of which he is so fond. The result is disturbing and, by its very nature, difficult to describe.

The basic building blocks of the film are the three women themselves.

Sissy Spacek is Pinky Rose, a freckly innocent on the migration trail from small town Texas, in search of something in the Californian desert. Giggly and excitable, invariably dressed in frilly pink dresses, she nevertheless hints at a deeper derangement.

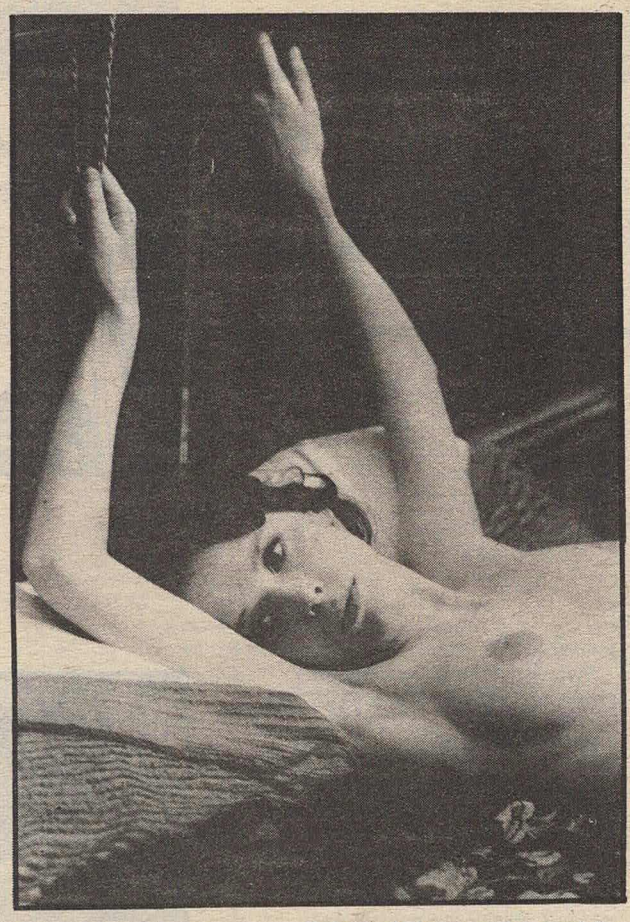
She finds work at a geriatric spa resort, leading human hasbeens in and out of saline baths, tutored in her tasks by Millie Lammoreaux (Shelley Duval) who she quickly idolises.

Millie, whose clothes, car and apartment are an obsessive canary yellow, is ultra-capable at her job but a social misfit. Like a shapely stick-insect with Bambi eyes, she lives inside her head, trapped in a strange consumer utopia, endlessly chattering about the good things of life, totally unaware that no-one is listening.

Pinky loves her though, and when she discovers Millie needs a flatmate to share her small apartment at the singles complex, she grabs the chance.

Then there's Willy (Janice Rule), the mysterious pregnant artist who never speaks, constantly absorbed as she is in creating haunting murals, swirling images of hooded women with long red nails locked in combat with tortured men proudly displaying large genitalia.

Willy and her husband Edgar run Willie's Roadhouse Bar, a dilapidated Last Chance Saloon in the desert. Outback, the men are constantly dirtbiking or gunning down cardboard heads on the shooting range.



Sylvia Kristel in The Streetwalker. And there's also a track by Elton John . . .

Sylvia entertaining Joe Dallesandro.

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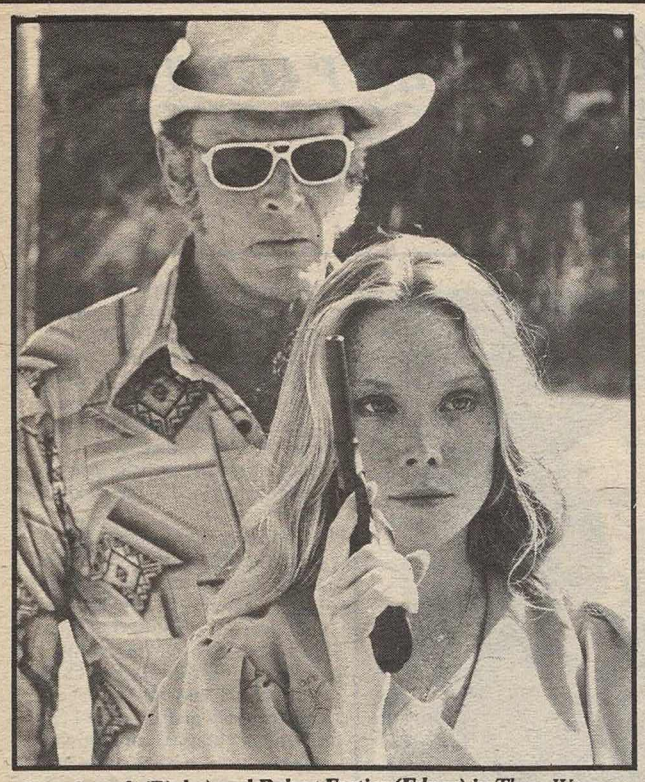


Sissy Spacek (Pinky) and Robert Fortier (Edgar) in Three Women

Sissy Spacek 'n' Shelley Duvall

Edgar is the key figure of this macho world, a tanned, chuckling hard guy, one-time stand-in for Hugh O'Brien on *Wyatt Earp,* gun-mad, girl crazy.

Such a filmdream with symbolism by the ton is open to wide interpretation. Perhaps the three women stand for the ways in which we categorise women, either as children, dippy beauties or earth mothers. Perhaps not.

It's the experience not the explanation that matters. Defying categorisation, *Three Women* attacks the subconscious forcing a response. What Altman has done in this movie is to further demolish the cosy critic's definition of what a film is while at the same time presenting a string of subliminal ideas and images in a controlled and powerful fashion. Mark it — disturbing viewing.

Dick Tracy

Would You Kill A Child? (X)

Directed by Narciso Ibanez Serrador. Starring Prunella Ransome and Lewis Fiander. (Crawford International).

A STRAIGHTFORWARD horror film. Would that it were. The pretentious credits give away the game before the film's even begun.

Various newsreels depicting worldwide atrocities (concentration camps, Viet Nam, Biafra, the India / Pakistan test series, sorry, 'civil' war) are accompanied by a Jack Webbian voice-over telling us that the ones who suffer most from Man's follies are, gasp, children.

The kids themselves join in by singing wordless nursery rhymes and giggling self-consciously. The cut to a sun-kissed beach choked with affluent obesity is not only glib, it's offensive.

But by now, the film proper has started and our hero and heroine (a young English couple) are heading from Almanzora, a remote island near the Balearics. When they find the island to be populated solely by squinting, scowling, sour-faced kids they would surely have rapidly turned tail for the mainland (particularly as the lady is prominently expectant). But this is a horror movie with over an hour to go, so of course they don't.

With this setting (deserted village with high, bright sun) and circumstances (naughty children playing games or evil personified in pint-size form), much could have been made of the traditional horror genre cliches being turned upside-down.

But the flashily threatening camerawork (replete with meaninglessly portentous angles), absurdly melodramatic score (by Waldo de los Rios) and irritatingly nudging

An evil kid proving it in Would You Kill A Child?

direction merely put one in mind of an inferior *Avengers* episode.

Try as it may, the film fails to shock. When an old man is bludgeoned to death with his own walking stick by a giggling girl, the effect is more Pythonesque than disturbing. I preferred *Village Of The Damned,* a far more subtle treatise on a similar theme. And anyway, doesn't Sam Peckinpah suggest that children are hereditorily evil with small sequences in each of his films?

Monty Smith

Le Gang (AA)

Directed by Jacques Deray. Starring Alain Delon and Nicole Calfan (Columbia-Warner).

ALAIN DELON knew he was on to a good thing when he made *Borsalino* seven years ago with Jean-Paul Belmondo and director Jacques Deray. An affable gangster-movie pastiche set in the Marseilles of the '30s, it was successful enough to spawn a sequel, but Delon (as producer and leading man) is pushing his luck by going for the hat-trick with *Le Gang.*

The jaunty theme music introducing the various members of 'the gang' is rather too similar to Claude Bolling's *Borsalino* score and the meticulous period detail (immediate post-War France) together with Silvano Ippolito's pretty-pretty photography means this movie is as vacuous a *divertissement* as its forerunners, albeit singularly lacking their sporadic charm.

Delon, as leader of the Front-Wheel Drive Gang (yes, notorious hoods that they are, they're allowed to use the same vehicle for all their 'daring' escapades), is decked out in a grotesquely unconvincing curly-wig.

Although rather too much grinning, winking and gum-chewing goes on, there's some good ensemble playing from these louts and the set-piece (a massive police operation that fouls up) seems to belong to another film, so seriously is it taken and gradually built upon.

But earlier 'jokes' have turned sour also, like Delon's outburst in a squalid police station packed to the gills with undesirable Algerians.

Unsurprisingly, in the light of M. Delon's various encounters with the law over the mysterious circumstances surrounding his bodyguard's death, the police are depicted throughout as venal and ignorant.

Monty Smith

AROUND THE CIRCUITS

LONDON

THE OUTLAW JOSEY WALES (AA) / MAGNUM FORCE (X)
Dynamite Eastwood doubleheader. Selected ABCs in the London area.

MR HULOT'S HOLIDAY (U)
Jacques Tati 1952 classic. Well worth seeing, though — Hulot's humour is still topical. (Selected Odeons/Gaumonts)

THE LATE SHOW (AA)
Art Carney meets Lily Tomlin under the watchful eye of producer Robert Altman and writer/director Robert Benton. (To be reviewed). (ABCs: Ealing 3: Edgware 2: Ilford 2: Romford 3)

EARTHQUAKE (A)
If the cinema has the full Sensurround gear, it's worth a visit. Lame plot, weird experience — but take your Anadin. (ABC 3. Mile End).

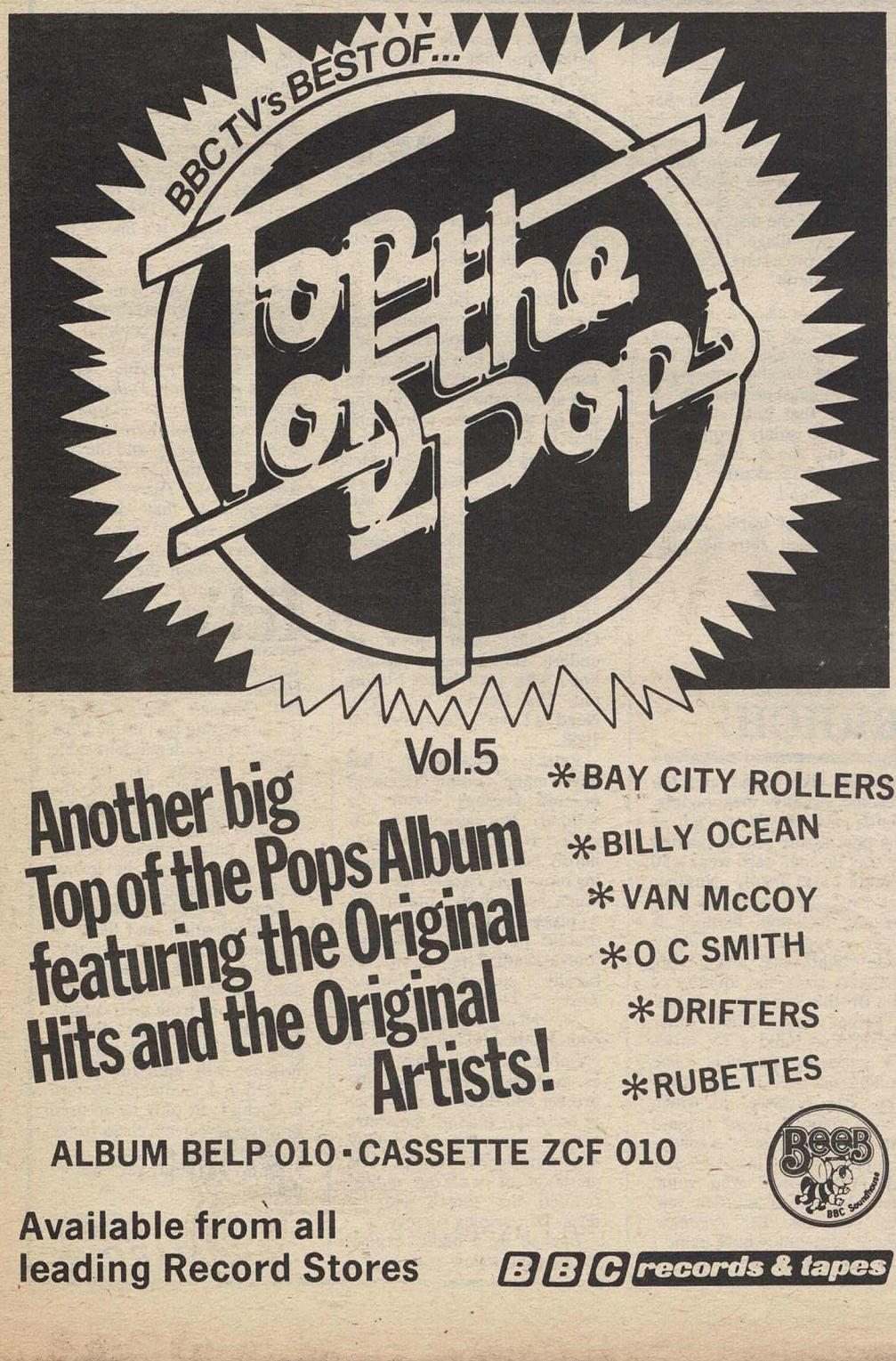
STRAW DOGS (X) / SOLDIER BLUE (X)
The Peckinpah psychopath meets Red Indian massacre, wall to wall gore. (Embassy 3. Waltham Cross)

PROVINCIAL

ROLLERBALL (AA) / JUGGERNAUT (A)
Manic ball game collides with giant liner. (Selected Odeons-/Gaumonts)

THE CAR (AA) / DAY OF THE ANIMALS (AA)
Demonic-driven roadster hitched to agressive animals epic. (ABC: Chatham 1: Gravesend 1: Maidenhead: Friar St Reading 1)

OUT ON the ABC subruns are Meyer Mammalian epic **SUPERVIXENS** (Southampton/Luton), George C. Scott/Hemingway newie **ISLANDS IN THE STREAM** (to be reviewed) (Oxford-/Cambridge) and **SWEENEY** (Basildon)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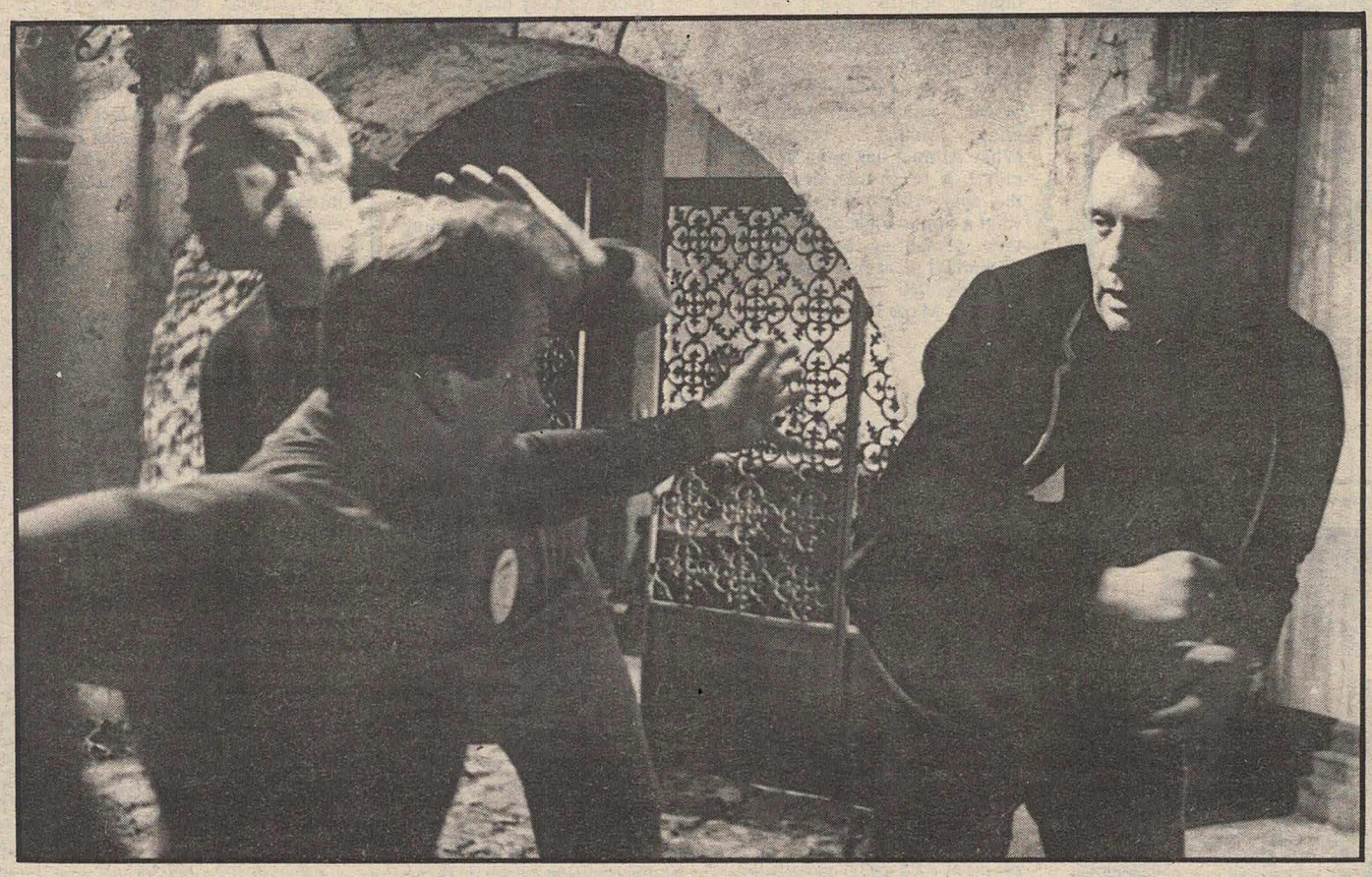

PATRICK McGOOHAN having a fight with himself (y'see, the guy really does have problems).

I am not a number. I am a free man.

"SO THEN I'm free," said K doubtfully. "Yes," said the painter, "but only ostensibly free, or more exactly, provisionally free. For the judges of the lowest grade, to whom my acquaintances belong, haven't the power to grant a final acquittal, that power is reserved for the highest court of all, which is quite inaccessible to you, to me, and to all of us." — "The Trial" by Franz Kafka

IN THE late '60s paranoia almost replaced sex as the favourite indoor sport of a large section of the community. It was hardly surprising really. The particular sections of the community about whom I'm talking had just started ingesting massive doses of mind-sapping chemicals. This single fact alone elevated paranoia from the mundane and nagging "Did I leave the gas on/Has the cat caught fire?" to an intricate game of twisted logic.

The fact that the mind-sapping chemicals were also illegal added an extra dimension to the game. It was a time when the penalties for the uncool and unwary had malicious teeth. It wasn't all that uncommon for the unsuspecting hippie cracked for a half ounce of best black dope to descend into one of H.M.'s more unpleasant holiday camps for a six month stay.

In this kind of climate it was all too easy to weave a world of Kafkaesque semi-fantasy where phones were always tapped, every unknown freak was an undercover narc and the man standing on the corner opposite your house just had to be watching you.

And this was only the domestic end. When it came to global scale paranoid scenarios not even the sky was the limit. Scare stories came thick and fast. The US government were supposed to be refurbishing the Californian concentration camps, used during World War II for interning Japanese, to house all the hippies, freaks and peace creeps

Another legend at the time was that the US air force had an undamaged UFO plus some dead aliens hidden away at a secret base.

Even the news added fuel to the fantasy. The J.K.F. assassination was the big one. The theories that erupted, almost before Oswald's gun was cold, filled dozens of fat paperbacks. Odd little facts like the death of some 19 witnesses, Jack Ruby et al., served to turn nagging suspicion into rabid theorising.

When Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, Bobby Kennedy, Che Guevara, Patrice Lumumba, Marilyn Monroe and a couple of dozen Black Panthers were all dispatched to the happy hunting ground, all it took was some spare days and a fevered imagination to suss out that the killing were the result of a global conspiracy masterminded by the 11 immortal intellects in a Tibetan hideout (who were of course taking their orders from the Galactic Council on Alpha Centauri IV). The 11 naturally had total, if covert, control of the FBI, CIA, Pentagon, IT&T, IBM, the Mafia, the Kremlin, Chairman Mao and the guy who ran the paper shop on the corner.

Also in the master plan were Adolf Hitler, working from his pied-a-terre in the Argentinian jungle and Walt Disney in his cryogenic deep freeze.

Once you had put all this together it became quite clear that E. Howard Hunt had fixed the brakes on Bob Dylan's motorcycle, but botched the job.

If all this made your brain tired, you could relax and listen to "Sad Eyed Lady Of The Lowlands" 20 or so times and try and figure out the great hidden meaning.

Into this climate of mental overload came a TV show called *The Prisoner* (which, if you'd been wondering, is what this piece is really about).

Approached on the most mundane level, *The Prisoner* was simply the terminal spy show. Spying was big media business in the 60s.It had mutated from the simple upper class thuggery of J. Bond through to the shadowy world of seedy double, treble or even quadruple agents of Le Carre, Deighton and Callan. Simplistically, *The Prisoner* was the final stop along the road.

There was nothing simple about *The Prisoner,* however. It took the kind of left - hand - not - knowing - what - the - right - hand's - doing, all - is - not - what - it - seems, to complex, cat's cradle, fine de siecle elegance. The layers of intrigue and deception lay so thickly over the story that the viewer found himself enmeshed in a guessing game of such zen proportions that it made *The Big Sleep* look like a simple anecdote.

The basic plot is that Patrick McGoohan, an espionage Agent, who seems to be an extension of the character he played in the highly successful *Danger Man* series, attempts to resign from a CIA-style super-automated, intelligence organisation. The implication is that his resignation stems fron an unspecified matter of principle. He returns to his apartment and is promptly gassed by a sinister frock coated undertaker.

He wakes to find himself in a kind of kitsch middle-class holiday camp, laid out with the ultimate of twee bad taste. Life in the village is idyllic (for anyone who aspires to little more than muzak and clock golf). Leaving the village is seemingly impossible. The perimeter is guarded by sentinent weather balloons, who go by the name of Rover and have an unpleasant habit of smothering would-be fugitives.

Names are tabu in the village. The inmates are referred to by numbers. McGoohan draws Number Six. The idea of being a number is the core of McGoohan's unrelenting rebellion. Each show opens with Six's defiant scream: "I am not a number, I am a free man."

A war of nerves starts between McGoohan and the director of the village, Number Two (who is, incidentally, replaced every episode). The

I am The Prisoner, and I am a product of Sixties Paranoia. ARRHGH!

organisation believes that the key to breaking McGoohan is to get him to reveal the reason for his resignation. McGoohan counters with the increasingly obsessive demand to know the identity of Number One.

McGoohan is subjected to each successive Number Two's most baroque soft-sell brainwashing techiques. There are no lights in the face and rubber truncheons. The weapons are disorientation, demoralisation and a deliberate blurring of what's real and what's not. Number Six counters this psych attack with uncompromising hostility, random, anarchic and often surreal behaviour.

As if this wasn't all complicated enough, the plot is heavily laced with images from classic nightmares. For instance, there's a ubiquitous dwarf butler whose continuous silent presence tempts the viewer into the suspicion that perhaps he is Number One. In one of the already screened episodes a new inmate wakes in a facsimile of her own home. This only when she opens the curtains that she discovers that she's in the village. The shock reduces her to a state of uncontrolled hysteria.

The idea is also put forward that the village may not belong to any particular side in the hyper cold war that appears to rage with ceaseless secrecy. It might be that both sides use the place to isolate people who know too much and reprogramme the recalcitrant or, on the other hand . . .

This kind of treble-think is taken to such extremes that concepts like friend and foe become totally meaningless. Kafka and Orwell are left at the post as the plot spaghettis its way through each week's 50 minute instalment. Number Six exists in a world of non-trusting isolation. Nothing is what it appears. He couldn't even wind up loving Big Brother, since the identity of Big Brother is never revealed.

There have been other attempts to build a TV series on galloping paranoia. The Americans tried it with shows like *The Fugitive,* in which David Jansen raced around America, pursued by a relentless police force, in search of a one armed man who could clear him of a murder rap. Another was *The Invaders,* where someone whose name I fail to remember tried to convince blankly sceptical authorities that the earth was being taken over by ruthless aliens cunningly disguised as regular human beings.

The soul wrenching angst of these two offerings was Mickey Mouse compared with the mind rot experienced by McGoohan. *The Prisoner* takes psychodrama to levels rarely seen on television.

In fact, they took it altogether too far, at least as far as the tube moguls were concerned. Displeasure fell from on high like a headman's axe. With 16 episodes in the can and the show already going out on the air, the word came that it had gone too far. The projected final seven episodes were hurriedly cancelled, and a single wrap-up show was hastily cobbled together.

Although the last episode is far from satisfactory, it does excel itself in uncontrolled surrealism. Number Six's last lap to the mysterious Number One takes him down an endless subterranean passage lined with juke boxes blaring out The Beatles' "All You Need Is Love". Heavy stuff for 1968.

Patrick McGoohan has never made a public statement of his feelings about the sudden truncation of the series. It can, however, have hardly been less than a crushing blow. *The Prisoner* was very much his exclusive brainchild, a product of the corporate muscle he acquired through four-and-a-half-years in the fiscally successful *Danger Man.*

As well as playing the almost continuously on screen role of Number Six, McGoohan acted as executive producer on the project and directed a number of episodes. Indeed, the entire show was played totally according to McGoohan. The methods of working almost rivalled the show's plot in terms of complex secrecy.

Backed by a highly experienced production crew and a cast made up from the cream of British character actors, McGoohan insisted on a totally closed set. No press were invited to watch the shooting and no interviews were granted. Even the exact location of the village was kept from everyone but the people directly involved in the production.

Probably the strangest factor of all was McGoohan's attitude to the all-over plot. Neither the script writers nor even the producer were allowed to have any clear idea of the eventual outcome of the series. Only McGoohan had all the pieces of the jigsaw and these he kept strictly to himself, only giving out such information as was necessary to complete each episode.

Rumours coming out of *The Prisoner* set told how members of the crew became as obsessed with trying to ferret out the identity of Number One as the fictional Number Six was in the show. Since the ultimate outcome of the series was firmly locked in McGoohan's head, he was constantly badgered with questions. He developed a short laconic answer. Without exception, everyone was told to "wait and see". The final irony was that McGoohan's original concept for the show's conclusion was lost to the world when it was trimmed back to 17 episodes.

Currently *The Prisoner* is not only being re-run in the London Weekend area, in the Saturday night late spot mericfully vacated by *All You Need Is Love.* It could be, though, that other regions will follow suit given that the show notches up good ratings in the London area. Certainly it isn't faced with any real competition. BBC-1 offer a re-run of the Australian western Ben Hall and BBC-2 has the Midnight Movie (which recently has been getting increasingly dire).

It would certainly be a step forward if the rest of the country was permitted to have another look at *The Prisoner.* Without doubt, it's one of the few shows that have attempted to use the tube as a serious entertainment medium. Other shows that have achieved this can probably be counted on the fingers of one hand. Aside from some notable plays there's really only *Python, The Muppets, Mary Hartman,* (alas, not shown here). sometimes *The Sweeney* and the odd one-off like the now notorious *Alternative Three* spoof documentary that dares to treat the viewer as anything more than a drooling idiot.

All too often the networks and production companies are content to remain in a state of blissful chicken complacency, sticking closely to the proven dumbbell diet of *Starsky, Hutch, Doctor On The Buses* and *Charlie's Bionic Angels.* It's interesting that in the USA the event of independent cable TV is already forcing the networks' back towards the wall. Competition is probably the only thing that will strong arm the telly giants into raising their sights above the lowest common denominator.

Sadly, it looks as though a similar situation isn't likely to happen here. The Arran report on the future of British TV has done nothing to separate the corporations from their captive audience. While this situation goes on (ha!) shows like *The Prisoner* will continue to be treated as a madman's bastard brainchild, fit only to be used as a sop to some weirdo fringe of the viewing public.

Or do we simply get what we deserve.

MICK FARREN

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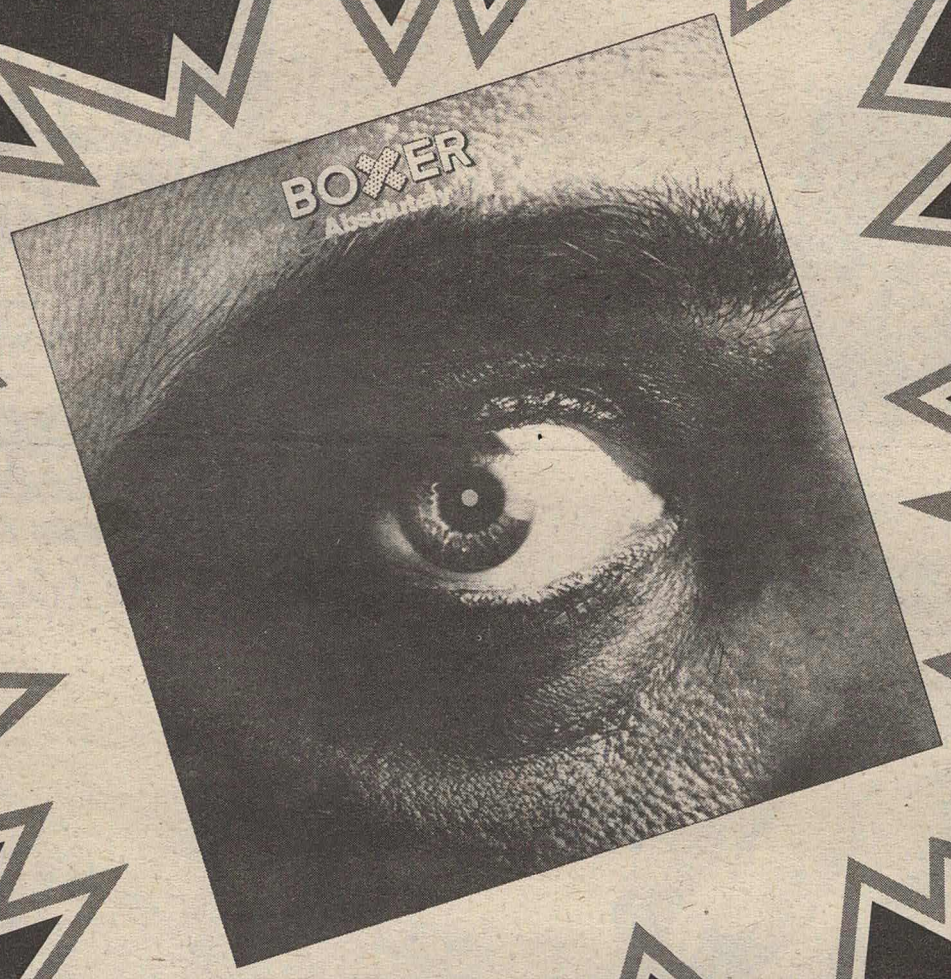

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PLATTERS

YES
Going For The One (Atlantic)

YES ARE BACK! Here, don't turn the page — didn't you hear what I said? Oh, you did but you're not interested.

But look, they've got Rick Wakeman back! Oh all right, if you want to be like that — sod off and go read about Eater.

1973 in the UK '77 indeed! Cheek.

Right, now it's just us Yesfans let's get down to brass tacks.

What we want to know is whether this new work matches the panoply of musics fused so deftly in "Close To The Edge", right?

Whether Jon Anderson's epic poetic world view has shifted from the transcendental vision portrayed by "Tales From Topographic Oceans", right?

Whether the symphonic fusions which Patrick Moraz envisaged in "Relayer" have been taken to yet more spectacular peaks by the return of Rick Wakeman, right?

Well, to be perfectly frank, I really couldn't say.

Okay, own up, as us Yesfans used to say: I've hardly ever heard most of those records I've just mentioned — and almost everything I *have* heard of them strikes me as bombastic and clever-clever.

But I did like "The Yes Album".

Thus when I recently heard the title track from this, Yes's ninth album and their first for three years, on *The Old Grey Whistle Test,* I was most heartened to find it seemed to be the most forceful, unpretentious, exciting even, slab of *rock* concocted by Yes since 1971.

Now look, don't start acting stroppy again — I was only waiting for the epilogue. No harm in that. They just happened to play it. that's all — what am I supposed to do, switch off?

Come on now, let's just look at these guys with a little bit of sympathy, huh?

I mean, it's not their fault that last year, even when there was no Yes product on the market, *Melody Maker* readers voted them Best Band, Best Male Singer, Bassist, Guitarist, Keyboards Player and so on. After all, it takes a special kind of person to be an *MM* Reader — and Yes is a special kind of band.

Why, only two years ago, didn't they all go off and cut *solo albums?*

Well, now here they all are back together again. And the old age pensioners are dancing in the street even now at the prospect of sitting in the abominable Wembley Empire Pool in October and witnessing Yes from half a mile away in real live video on their Yessshows '77 U.K. visit with Donovan *(whaaat?)* in tow.

And just so nobody goes saying it's "not relevant" or any of that bullshit, they'll have a specially constructed stage with the world's biggest ever sound system, and lasers, and 50-page programmes, and they'll fly into the gig on special Yesmobiles that hover six inches above the stage and . . .

But we shouldn't hold it against them.

They are doomed by their own success to live in their own little world — two parts money, two parts America, two parts studio and one part Jon Anderson's childlike fantasy.

Look at the cover of this album.

See the group in their trinket jewellery (it never was anything more for Yes), their satin vests with the medieval sleeves — Squire and Anderson, anyway — stranded in a world as non existent as the fabulous, crystalline scenery against which they are posed.

Steve Howe, the group's third leading light, looks as aesthetic and detached as ever; Alan White looks the affluent young-middle age he is; and Wakeman provides a welcome touch of humour, with his dumb soccer scarf and scratty hair — he's the only real one among them.

And this cover, it only holds one album — yet it folds out three times, to depict on one side the naked perfection of Man silhouetted against sublime, clean Technology, and on the other side the wistful strange beauty of a tree growing out of a sunset lake.

Romantic, unreal images which both reflect the unworldly preoccupations of Yes and which spotlight precisely the twin pivots of Yes music.

They are also its twin flaws.

On the one hand we have Technology: Yes's search for ever more perfect aural sensations in a kind of implicit belief that science can buy nirvana, with the disregard for, uh, intellect which naturally follows on rampant sensualism. This is allied to Yes's credo of technical perfection: a self-conscious "musical" virtuosity whose emphasis on individual skill almost inevitably detracts from musical communication, due to its underlying tenet of "if it's difficult, play it".

On the other hand we have trees, lakes, sunsets, pictorial splendour: the use of an aural medium for a visual effect, a facile ploy so tempting to musicians of Yes's ilk, with the range of sounds available to them. But if you can *play* a sunset — or, lest we overrate them, if you can play some vast spectacular panoply of sound that conjures up a sense of being overwhelmed and sad yet fulfilled — then why not?

Well, far be it for me to lay down the law in these things, but for me at least it's not "real" music.

For one, it's technology doing the work for the musician again; for two, it's the music doing the work for the listener; and for three, it's ignoring the emotive values of music that go far deeper than mere symbolism.

What is most frustrating is that Yes, right back on "The Yes Album", demonstrated a stunning ability to use music for far more than sheer flash or sound pictures. Possibly the arrival of the grandiloquent, simplistic Wakeman after "The Yes Album" had something to do with their neglecting that art; or perhaps it was the necessity to match the ever more ludicrous words Anderson wrote for their ever longer "song cycles".

Whatever the reason, it's probably too late now for Yes to start making music which sounds like more than either just a Moog synthesiser advert or the outpourings of some failed Royal College of Music entrant, and expect to win any friends by it.

Which is a great shame, because "Going For The One" shows Yes are still a potentially great band, even if they do misuse their abilities most of the time.

It's got five tracks, with no apparent connection — four written by Jon Anderson (one with help from Steve Howe, one with Howe and White) plus one by Chris Squire, who gets to prove that he may write trite, pathetic words, but at least he doesn't write garbage.

To my mind, Jon Anderson does. *"I'm thinking that I should go and write a punch line/But they're so hard to find/In my cosmic mind"* — well, at least he admits it. But it's not really a laughing matter. I for one would like Yes a whole lot more if I didn't have to suffer crap like *"High Vibration go on/To the sun, oh let my heart dreaming/Past a mortal as me/Where can I be . . ."*

In fact, if you could only understand what the hell Anderson was on about, Yes could easily score a *Number One Single!*

Indeed, I kid you not — the title track, Anderson's "Going For The One", is one of the most exhilarating, immediate tracks I've heard in this year of exhilarating immediacy. There's no extraneous themes or pastoral interludes — just single-minded rock brilliance, with beautiful descending and ascending bass lines underscoring vibrant piano shot through with painful, searing slide guitar.

The whole song careers along unstoppably with Yes demonstrating just how good they really are by spinning off numerous flashes of subtle skill and shock from the basic muscular drive: it's the meeting of rock giants that they *ought* to be (and are on paper).

Also, as far as I know, the entire feel of the song is an innovation for them — so noisy, so rock-based, so forceful and energetic throughout. It would make a great single; it's a *great* track.

That's followed by "Turn Of The Century", a convoluted, pictorial song about a sculptor, Anderson labouring through his task against a low-key quasi-medieval backing from Howe and Co, terribly clever, and equally twee. The doomy piano interlude is more palatable, with Howe's guitar jagging nervily across, but the finale with Anderson chanting his song over a steady chime and aimless breaker riffs epitomises Yes at its most turgid.

The side closes with Squire's "Parallels", which starts out as archetypal good Yes — it's got a fairly constant bass motif, with Howe scattering celestial guitar on top and Wakeman using church organ, for chrissake, to superb riffing effect. White's drumming may be slightly busy, but it serves to create that great rushing effect that Howe rides so well.

It all gets a little *too* confused in the middle, however, with the beat turning inside out and a multiplicity of sudden stops which gets quite overbearing, but the first half at least is really good.

On the other side we start out with "Wonderous Stories", a rather laboured ditty of little consequence.

And finally, "Awaken" intro'd by abrupt Garsonoid piano from Wakeman. Semi-solo cosmic testifying from Anderson leads into one of those fat robotic Yes things — but the words are ALL IN CAPITALS. They still don't make sense: in fact they make even *less* sense. *"Awaken gentle mass touching"* indeed.

After a session of gratuitous time trickery they thrust into a church organ-propelled chain-drive reminiscent of the grander parts of "The Yes Album" that promises slightly more than it delivers. However, this is followed by the best quiet section on the album, a slow build and fade of eery organ and beautiful guitar runs.

There's a studiedly majestic climax, again reminiscent of things like "I've Seen All Good People", and the set drifts out in a haze of benign sentimentality.

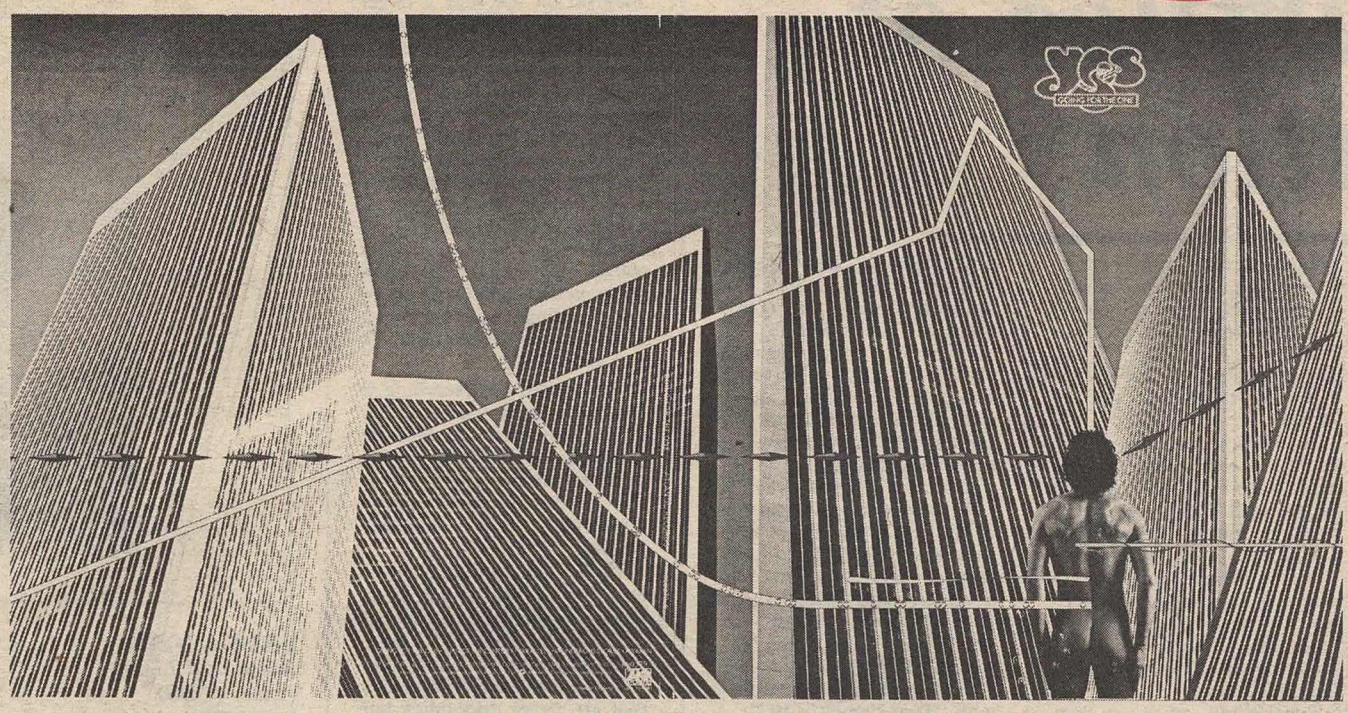
In other words, apart from the lyrics — which seem to be an insoluble problem — at no time does this album become overly pretentious or verbose or tedious. But neither does it ever fully realise its potential, apart from on the miraculous title track.

The band's production is very dense, which only serves to underline the ponderousness inherent in the music.

If someone gives you a copy, don't sell it: I assure you you will love that first track. But as for the rest, Yes have still got a lot of streamlining to do before they start winning back those Eater fans.

But I've got faith you can do it if you work at it, boys.

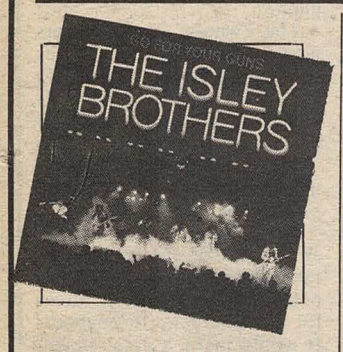
Phil McNeill



. . . An' this is just two of the fold-out sleeve sections

YES . . . BUT WHAT DOES IT ALL *MEAN?*

Isleys present the virtues of repetition



THE ISLEY BROTHERS
Go For Your Guns
(Epic)

"YOU GET some writers saying, 'Why don't you do something like you did before?' They think they really want it but at the same time they really don't want you to repeat yourself." — **Van Morrison** *(NME, 25/6/77).*

How true. Sometimes you just can't win.

The Isley Brothers are currently on the critical chopping block; out of favour with a lot of white writers (not so with black American record buyers) for failing to match their "That Lady" single and "3+3" album on the one hand and for repeating themselves on the other.

It seems to me that critics' confusion only really became acute when albums usurped singles in the industry's affection. In earlier days hadn't Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley repeated themselves? The one musically, the other in every way. Hadn't every notable blues man repeated himself? Didn't Fats Domino repeat himself?

Superficially, of course they did. That was the whole point. That's what made them distinctive and influential. They forged an identity through repetition.

Ardent fans of any one artist could pinpoint subtle changes during the relatively short periods (five to seven years is supposed to be the creative life of all but the most gifted artists) that suggested a definable style to less involved listeners. But that's an academic truism that doesn't affect the generalisation.

In the long term though, any artist who's going to survive as more than a memory or a living example of musical history has to obey the natural law that everything changes.

Which is precisely why The Isley Brothers are still hustling at the top of the heap. Since their recording debut in 1957 they've shed at least five outdated skins; with "Shout" in 1959, with "Twist And Shout" in 1962, when they joined Motown in 1966, with "It's Your Thing" in 1969 and with "That Lady" in 1973.

But that last stage of evolution took place in the album era.

When they cut a string of moderately similar 45s for Motown in the late 60s it was cool as long as the songs were good. Now that they've cut a string of moderately similar albums for T-Neck / Epic in the mid-70s it's decidely unhip, even though the standard of material and musicianship is pretty consistent.

Considering that critics theoretically exist for the general public's benefit, it's right that they should cast a more severe eye on LPs than they do on 45s. For a larger outlay we all want a larger return, right? Nevertheless, I detect a certain degree of overcompensation in recent years. Not content with letting artists evolve at their own speed we're all demanding revolutionary masterworks everytime.

Well, balls to all of that, If The Isley Brothers are going to continue to survive, history shows that they're due for a shake-up very soon anyway. In the meantime, enjoy their post — "That Lady" style while it's still good.

This is their first recording at Bearsville Studios; a detail that may or may not account for the excellent sound quality (it was re-mixed elsewhere) which is sharp and presents them more powerfully than previous albums.

Their musical statement is couched in much the same terms as before; a mix of churning insistent r&b, post-Hendrix guitar work and etherial melodies, supporting lyrics that are never astounding but fortunately never quite collapse into total stupidity or pretension either.

By far the finest track is one of their melodious ballads, "Voyage To Atlantis", which isn't half as silly as the title implies (just a bit wet) and is superbly sung by Ronald, who is bathed in the echo of his own purity like a choirboy preaching from the nave of some vast aluminium cathedral.

No, the album isn't an unprecedented change of direction or an adventurous development of their established style. But it is an excellent example of the latter; all of it amounting to their best LP since "3+3" and "Voyage To Atlantis" being the equal of anything they've ever recorded. What's wrong with that?

Cliff White

IMPORTS

By FRED DELLAR

NEW LABEL of the week is L.A. International, on which can be found **Dick Glass** and **Rick Derringer's** "Glass-Derringer", a somwhat dated affair; plus guitarist **Robben Ford's** "Schizophonic", a release whose sleeve info must have been drafted by a guy sworn to silence under the official secrets act.

There's also **Ike White's** "Changin' Times", which HMV claim is picking up sales due to White's George Benson-like approach.

One of the main men behind L.A. International is said to be Jerry Goldstein, War's mentor, which makes us wonder if War will be making an appearance on the label. Last we heard about War's deal with U.A. was that they had contracted to provide one more album, apparently titled "Platinum Jazz", and then finito! Since then all has been quiet on the War front.

WEA are currently importing copies of **Larry Coryell** and **Phillip Catherine's** "Twin Guitars" from Germany and my guess is that when the existing stocks of the album (which includes the duo's version of Django Reinhart's famous "Nuages") are exhausted, no more will be shipped in.

Meanwhile, another Coryell item, "Back Together again" (also on Atlantic) on which the one-time Gary Burton sideman co-stars with Alphonse Mouzon, is now being brought in by the regular wholesale companies.

Also in — **Al Green's** "Greatest Hits Vol.2" reputed to be the last Hi release that'll be available to London in this country; "Washington Hillbillies" (Casablanca) a Carter-era version of "The first Family" (a million-seller in'62), with **Jeff Altman** playing Nixon, Rockafeller, Ford, Agnee and ol' peanut chops himself; "Love And Kisses" (Casablanca) a made-in-Britain disco splurge featuring guitarists **Ray Russell, Chris Rae** and **Slim Perez** plus a multiplicity of session names; and **"Albert Finney's** Album", a fashioned in Wembley job (presumably one Saturday night and Sunday morning) that, amazingly, appears on Motown.

There's a new series around, on Japanese Liberty called "New Orleans Bounce" but so far I've only encountered Vol.4. which is excellent and contains five tracks by **Irma Thomas** and others by such as **Ernie K. Doe, Diamond Joe, Eskew Reader, The Del Royals** and **The Showmen.** Rumour has it that another in the series is devoted to **Smiley Lewis,** which seems a pretty happy idea.

Number one oddity of the past few days has been "Early Tymes" (Musicor) a collection of tracks by **Harry Nilsson,** apparently cut around 1961. Some of the titles are Nilsson originals, co-written with John Marascalco (of "Rip It Up" and "Good Golly Miss Molly" fame), while "Music Man", possibly Nilsson's first studio recording, was penned by none other than Audie Murphy, America's most decorated World War 2 hero and star of countless movies before he prematurely split for Reapersville in 1971.

Another Murphy song, "Foolish Clock", also appears on "Early Tymes", the back-up band for this particular item comprising James Burton (bass), Joe Osborne (drums), Herb Alpert (trumpet), Hal Blaine (piano), and Leon Russell (harmonica) with Scott Turner, then a Tommy Sands sideman, on guitar.

Finally, after listing the also-rans — which include **Beckett's** "Disco Calypso" (Casablanca), **The Whispers'** "Open Up Your Love" (Soul Train), **Stewart Harris'** "Sing Me A Rainbow" (Mercury), and **"Johnny Tillotson"** (UA) — I'd like to award a special plaudit to (would you believe?) **Hank Snow,** whose "Still Movin' On" (RCA) is something of a revelation.

The 104th album by the 63-year-old Canadian, it comes out sounding not too far removed from a Steve Young session. The title song now sports a new set of lyrics fashioned by Shel Silverstein while the sleeve notes are by Dolly Parton who adds a P.S. stating, "My daddy says you play guitar better'n Chet and all them people."

And even allowing for the fact that Dolly's enthusiasm may be bigger than her bra-cup size, "Still Movin' On" is, but definitely, a checkworthy item for country-rockers.

LAURA NYRO
Season Of Lights
(Live) (CBS)

THERE'S something about Laura Nyro that inspires devotion in her followers.

During the late 60's she released five albums — three of them finely-wrought and timeless ("Eli And The Thirteenth Confession", "New York Tendaberry" and "Christmas And The Beads Of Sweat") — and was for a while a much sought after song-writer, thanks to The Fifth Dimension and Barbra Streisand having hits with her songs.

She was the first of the sensitive female singer-songwriters and her music broached soul and pop without fitting into either catergory. But at the same time she was notoriously shy and self-effacing, rarely touring or giving interviews, and in '71, after "Gonna Take A Miracle", her versions of the soul classics she grew up with, she quietly retired from music and was not heard from again until the release of "Smile" last year.

This shows that she's something of an enigma (and people with unique talents and some mystery about them tend to acquire cult followings, and cult followings tend to be devoted), but it doesn't explain her charisma.

That has much to do with her intensity and a little to do with her very sensuous voice. She's an arch romantic and her songs are a world of intense emotion. She suffers through loving and translates it eloquently into her music, and her voice comes straight from the heart, which numbers her amongst a handful of great soul singers (though her music isn't strictly soul).

Take away the intensity though and you simply have a good voice and average songs, and unfortunately "Season Of Lights" (which was recorded over a year ago on the tour following "Smile" and originally scheduled as a double album) doesn't have much intensity. Why this should be is hard to say.

The backing band, composed of classy New York session men such as Richard Davis, Andy Newmark, Michael Maninieri and Carter Collins, plus a restrained horn section, play with tasteful studio ease and give the songs soft jazz colourings — continuing the direction of "Smile".

Four of the songs are from "Eli And The Thirteenth Confession", the rest divide fairly evenly between her other albums, with two, "The Cat Song" and a driving version of "Money", from "Smile".

"Freeport", "Timer" and "Emmie" are played alone at the piano and fare slightly better than those with the band, but the rapturous audience, applauding almost her every move, break the spell of the songs and would have been better edited out.

Of the remainder, only "Sweet Blindness", with just John Tropea's guitar for company, begins to reach any emotional intensity. The rest are simply good versions of songs she's already recorded much better.

This isn't the band's fault, although they are at times a little too cleanly professional, it's more the tone of the performances. There's something superficial about them and they sound cluttered and hurried.

As a live album it succeeds in that its intimate and catches the atmosphere of the concerts, but as a Laura Nyro album it fails because its nothing special — and Laura Nyro is special.

Paul Rambali

HAWKWIND BACK ON COURSE

HAWKWIND
Quark, Strangeness And Charm (Charisma)

BY THEIR own admission (in a scrawled note in the inner sleeve), 1976 was Hawkwind's worst-ever year, "in debt and out of touch with the modern world". But they radioed on and certainly seemed to have found a new lease of life since switching record labels (even the cover art work has improved).

Their first for Charisma, "Astounding Sounds, Amazing Music", almost lived up to its title, with manic rockers like "Steppenwolf" and "Reefer Madness' cutting through space-age intellectual bullshit like a Martian chainsaw.

On "Quark, Strangeness And Charm", the Hawks once again bring sci-fi comic book thrills to the proles, only this time around Bob Calvert's psychotic sense of humour is well to the fore.

On "Spirit Of The Age", for example, he's a space traveller bemoaning the fact that his girlfriend's dad wouldn't consent to her being deep-frozen, "as fresh in your flesh for my return to earth". She was underage when he left, would be 60 now, and dead when he returns. But even her plastic replica is playing up *"When she comes moans another man's name").*

And "Damnation Alley", succinctly outlining a post-nuclear holocaust US *("The sky is raining fishes, it's a mutation zoo")*, **contains the**

classic couplet: *"Thankyou Dr Strangelove, for going doolally/And leaving me the heritage of damnation alley".*

Those two are the best cuts, but there's also good work on "Hassan I Sahba" (a Paean to hashish hasin and vilification of petrol d'allah), "Days Of The Underground" (a sardonic reappraisal of those halycon daze in '67 when rock bands were *"Assassins of silence with make-believe violence"* **and Mick Farren was less of a social deviant than he is now), and the title track itself — it goes quark, quark — about how unhandsome Einstein was :** *"Nobody ever called him Al/I don't believe he ever had a girl"* **— maybe so but nobody ever called Pablo Picasso an asshole, either.**

Musically (ah ha!), it's all battering ram riffs and monoplane synthesized drones, with Dave Brock occasionally cutting loose on guitar (rather than just providing frenetic rhythm) and Simon House contributing some hypnotic violin solos.

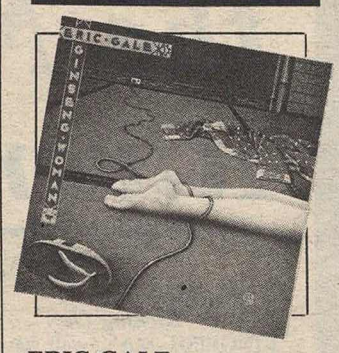
But Calvert remains the dominant force. He's a clone, flawless.

Since 'sacking' (their word) Nik Turner, Paul Rudolph and Alan Powell, Hawkwind reckon they are Back On Course. They are. This is a very funny album. Set the controls for the height of the sound.

MONTY SMITH

Like they say about most double albums, "it would make a great single", well here's one single album that would make a terrific double!

Patrick Humphries



ERIC GALE
Ginseng Woman (CBS)
GEORGE BENSON
In Concert — Carnegie Hall (CTI)

SOMETIME DURING the 60s a jazz entrepreneur named Creed Taylor founded the record label called CTI. To help with the production and recording chores he enlisted the reputable Rudy Van Gelder.

Gelder, whilst with Blue Note during the 50s, was responsible for a stream of exceptionally well-recorded albums.

To complete the creative staff, Bob James, Emir Deodata and Don Sebesky were brought in to handle arrangements and orchestrations.

Together they set about refining the recording techniques Gelder had pioneered to produce a full, clean and clear sound that, along with the lush movie-like orchestrations and funky backbeat, was easy to recognise and, to these ears at least, blandly homogenous — if you've every heard one CTI (or sister label Kudu) album then you've got a pretty good idea of what the rest sound like.

The artists were secondary to the overall sound. Most of them were New York session musicians such as Joe Farrell, Hubert Laws, Eric Gale, Richard Tee, Steve Gadd, taking time out from doing the soundtracks for American supercop programmes and backing Aretha Franklin.

They also recorded various jazz guitarists — Jim Hall, Gabor Szabo and George Benson all made albums backed by some permutation of the CTI session stable. Most of the records sold reasonably well and the company ticked over happily into the mid 70s.

Then in '76 George Benson made an album for Warner Brothers. There was nothing particularly new about "Breezin". Warners simply took the basic CTI aesthetic, tightened it up, made the production smoother and richer whilst adding a touch of disco and, of course, their marketing muscle. They got a number one album in the States.

The floodgates opened, record companies were falling over themselves to sign anyone connected with CTI or playing a similar style of jazz. Since last year there have been a glut of albums released on major labels, all trying to emulate the succes of "Breezin".

Apart from the vocalists, there isn't one musician on the Eric Gale album that hasn't at some time appeared on a CTI album; it's even produced and arranged by Bob James.

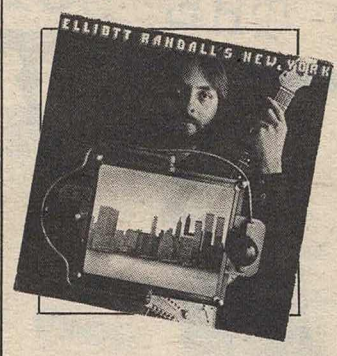
The sound is simply an elaboration of the CTI sound. There's more structure and more melody in the songs, the solos are shorter, there's a wider instrumentation and the arrangements sound even more like film themes. Totally pedestrian smooth, funky jass — in a word, muzak.

The Benson album fares somewhat better. Because it's a live recording it doesn't suffer from overbearing arrangements apart from an awful, syrupy version of "Summertime". Since it was recorded in '75, prior to "Breezin", the urge to disco is nowhere to be found.

At times the musicians actually sound as if they're cooking together, something sadly missing from the Eric Gale album. Benson's clean, supple guitar playing is never really inspired, but is as competent as you would expect from such a seasoned musician. There's some straight jazz and some funky jazz, but the old CTI sameness still pervades.

Music for airport lounges and other such places.

Paul Rambali



ELLIOTT RANDALL
Elliott Randall's New York (Kirshner import)

OUTSIDE of "Randall's Island" a few years back, I've no idea what this excellent guitarist has been up to.

So Mr Randall's "New York" should put the record straight. Alas, it only clouds the issue since one is no nearer knowing anything about the geezer after hearing it. Except that he's a great guitarist, but I already knew that.

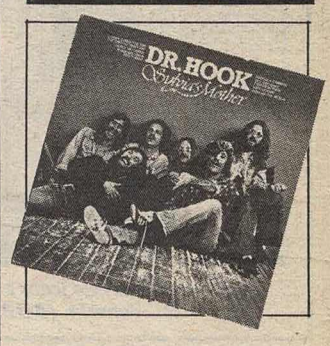
The bulk of the material is by co-producer and keyboards player Mitch Margo, and it's *merely* high-class, chunk funk pop. Like a cross-between 10cc and Paul Simon but *sans* the wit or incisiveness. And Randall's voice, pleasant enough, is reedily indistinct.

Stand-out cuts are "It's Gonna Be Great", the only overtly NY song, a sophisticated street ditty but no less punchy for that; "Radio A-E-O", plenty of clanging chords, ringing vocals and Bowie "oh-oh"s, but pretty good for all the diverse influences and styles employed; and the seven-and-a-half minute closer, "When You Got The Music".

It's definitely the kind of complexly arranged, highly dramatic number Spirit would be doing now were they less adventurous. V striking and stunningly performed with Randall once again excelling himself, and the slowly built-up freneticism is in no way excessive.

But then, whatever the merits or otherwise of the material, Randall handles that axe with consumate economy throughout, fluttering away like a metal butterfly.

Monty Smith



DR HOOK
"Sylvia's Mother" (CBS Embassy)

SINCE Dr Hook have finally hit it big with tear-jerk ballads, their old label has belatedly bundled together this marvellous collection of wallowing weepies.

It was a massive irony that Shel Silverstein's genius as a write of comic songs distracted attention from his skills as a creator of superb sob-stuff.

If ever there was a voice that cries out for a sentimental song, it's that of Dennis Lacorriere, a bar band veteran who rarely stops crying into his beer.

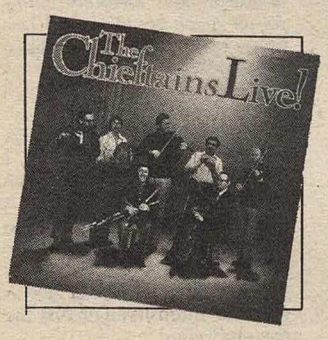
"Sylvia's Mother" was the classic, the cause of the Band's long-term problem. "Carry Me Carrie", the soundalike follow-up, failed to make it and prompted a shift of strategy to funnies. Sadly, too few people laughed. Both these songs are included here, but they're overshadowed by many of the other cuts.

"I Can't Touch The Sun" is one of the most literate, poignant, saddest love songs ever written. The fact that no one has lifted it and turned it into a smasheroo says little for the commercial instincts of the biz.

Then there's another soggy handkerchief of a song "The Things I Didn't Say". Plus the likes of "Kiss It Away", "Life Ain't Easy", "Last Mornin'", and "Turn On The world".

This album is an orgy of emotion that you can't afford to miss.

Bob Edmonds



THE CHIEFTANS
The Chieftains Live! (Island).

JUDGING FROM the cover you'd think it was the weekly get-together of the Glascar Ceilidh Band, bank managers and accountants to a man; but accountants they're not, rather those frollicsome virtuosi The Chieftains. They may look as if they'd have a job raising a pint of porter let alone a storm, but when these boys (boys!) get stuck in on stage then the sparks start flying.

For anyone who's ever had the pleasure — and it *is* a pleasure — to attend a Chieftains concert, then this album is what you've always wanted, capturing as it does the good nature, atmosphere and dazzling musicianship which are an essential part of all their gigs. It was recorded in Boston and Toronto, and contains a good portion of their stage act for the benefit of posterity.

It's easy to dismiss The Cheiftains as little more than crowd-rousing, foot-stamping musicians, and sure that's one aspect of their act — and the ability to enjoy playing the traditional tunes, and transmit their enjoyment to the audeince — but also in Paddy Moloney's arrangements of the pieces is a complexity and intricacy which would leave many a band stumbling around the second fret.

Just listen to them as they slide in, out and around the frantic jigs, reels and slides, or on "The Foxhunt" — always one of the strongpoints of their live act, but one which I don't think has been recorded before. It was one of Moloney's first efforts at telling a story relying simply on music alone.

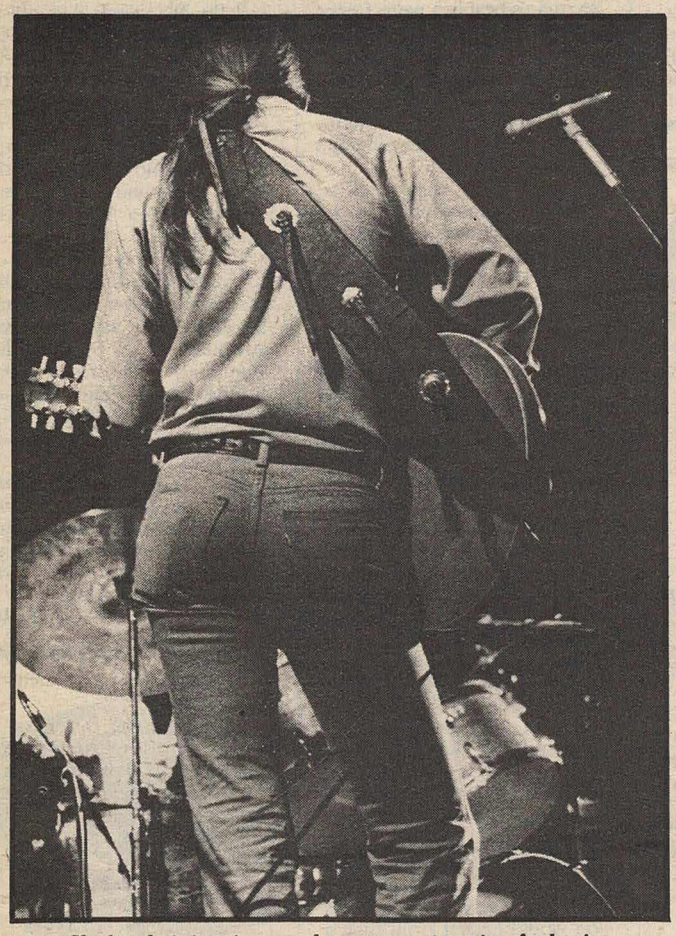
The piece rolls along in fine atmospheric vein, from the gathering of the hounds, to the disappearing of the fox over distant hill, and conjures up far better than words ever could what Oscar Wilde called "the unspeakable in full pursuit of the uneatable."

The other side of the proverbial coin are the slow, mournful airs, evoking beautiful, precise memories of Erin's fair isle, like Derek Bell's heart-rending interpretation of "Carrickfergus", quite simply exquisite. And the old Jacobite tune "Limerick's Lamentation" is tragic, haunting Irish music at its best.

As an introduction to The Chieftains, you couldn't wish for a better example; as a record of their concerts it's perfect and as an album on its own, even if you've got the six previous studio albums, it's a welcome addition, bringing an added depth to the songs and displaying The Chieftains' virtuousity as they go through their solo pieces.

BE BOP deluxe
LIVE! IN THE AR AGE

If you remember the New Delhi River Band. . .

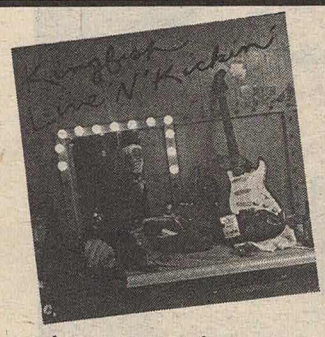


Shy longhair into jeans and country seeks guitar for lasting relationship. (BOB WEIR of KINGFISH)

KINGFISH
Live 'N' Kicking (Jet)

KINGFISH MAY well have been last year's hottest new outfit. A band that combined the prodigious talents of ex-New Delhi River Band members Dave Torbert and Matthew Kelly (Torbert of course being the guiding hand behind the more bearable aspects of the New Riders) plus good ol' Bob Weir had a lot going on paper which their recorded debut turned into undelible proof.

Add Robby Hoddinott, their youthful guitar hero and master of the Fender speed run and there was something that looked good and permanent. Where other Grateful Dead offshoots have rarely attempted to stay any long course Kingfish looked and sounded as if they could give the West Coast a brand new sound.



A major American tour confirmed that opinion but the inbuilt obsolescence of their future was dictated by Weir staying put when the group reached such star making pinnacles as the New York Schaeffer festival. Drummer Chris Herold quit, allegedly unable to approve the drug habits of certain Kingfishers. Despite the introduction of new skinsman Dave Perper and pianist Barry Flast that was all folks.

That first record will always stand as a definitive statement of the best that San Franciso can offer. A psychedelic, ethereal work which recalled the mood of the Dead on their stupidly underrated studio brain stormers "Wake Of The Flood" and "Mars Hotel".

The looseness that passes understanding was their trademark. They came out the other side in a blaze of glory with a sound like Marty Robbins turning on.

"Live 'N' Kicking" confirms the obvious and thereby automatically justifies release. Personally, I would have preferred another studio record, or a double album combining both aspects because this hardly broadens the horizons of the Kingfish mystique. Instead they play classic R&B, trail country and three duplicates from the eponymous debut, and I'm left thirsting for more.

Re-runs occur with "Jump For Joy", "Hypnotize" and "Good-Bye Yer Honor", which leaves out "Supplication" and "Home To Dixie", both contenders for immortality.

Still, the variety of attack and the sophisticated flux of Hoddinott, Weir and Kelly kicking away the traces makes up for any disappointment. Torbert sings like he looks, a stoned out Marshal surveying some sleepy Californian trading-station. Herold swirls the sand and supplies horse jolting rhythms.

Like a laid back J. Geils Band they attempt a mess of weird oldies. "Juke", "Overnight Bag" and "Jump Back" are ace vehicles for their style, pushing towards the eternal cosmic outpost with a meticulous hidden tightness that defies belief.

Even a dumb corn barrel lament like "Mule Skinner Blues" is carried away by Weir's empathy with hinterland cowboy nostalgia. Besides, any band who take on "I Hear You Knocking" and treat it as inverted reggae have got to guarantee a good time.

Tracks to faze the staunchest Dead head are "Hypnotize" where Weir and Hoddinott slip away from an opiate haze to a work out of deathly precision, sunlight off an open blade.

"Jump For Joy" slides through some equally devastating changes, pulse pacemaker beat and definitive Wild West rodeo entertainment. Hoddinott larrups into an energising solo which marks him as a rock'n'roll prodigy to keep tabs on.

Could have done without yet another "Around And Around" since the versions on "Steal Your Face" and "Make Believe Ballroom" cut this to shreds.

This is seminal shake and fingerpop, pay the man and split music which hangs on when summer is peaking and keeps cold nights at bay.

Kingfish have made a contribution to that resurgence in American rock which will have its ultimate vindication in the forthcoming psyschedelic revival. "Live 'n' Kicking" puts you on the bus *now*.

Open the windows and turn it up.

Max Bell

JAMES AND BOBBY PURIFY
(Mercury)

THE GIRL I was with and me got through three bottles of sherry listening to this record, it's so depressing.

You know already, of course, that magnum opus "I'm Your Puppet", with its searing — nay, *numbing* — insight into the plight of one indelibly infatuated; *"I'm hanging on a string/I'll do anything."* "Morning Glory" too is familiar — but Morning Glory is DRUGS! You bet your sweet kilo these boys knew it too; get a load of the lyrics. *"Oh what a feeling/It's better than a medicine for healing."* That got past the BBC?

That was the bad news; now for the dire. "Turning Back The Pages", "What's Better Than Love?" (give in? "What's better than love? More love is better than love!"), "Lay Me Down Easy", "I Ain't Got To Love Nobody Else", "Hope That We Can Be Together Soon", "Fire's Burning" and "Everything Must Change" (aka the Tranvestite's Lament) are all prime dreck awash with shivering strings and petulant percussion in various stages of tempo and undress for the *"I'll give you a blow if you'll give me a diamond ring"* brigade to fight out their nightly squabbles to.

Into such a vinyl wilderness stumbles the beautiful Seals and Crofts number "Get Close" (incorporating the immortal line *"Drop everything for the touch of your hand"* heh heh), which after being kicked repeatedly in the cranium by our boys decides to lie down and practise passive resistance.

The last track is "When A Man Loves A Woman". I remarked to the girl I was with that someone should cut a version called "When A Man Loves A Hamster" and she burst into tears.

I'm not sure whether it was me, the Putrify siblings or the Emva Cream.

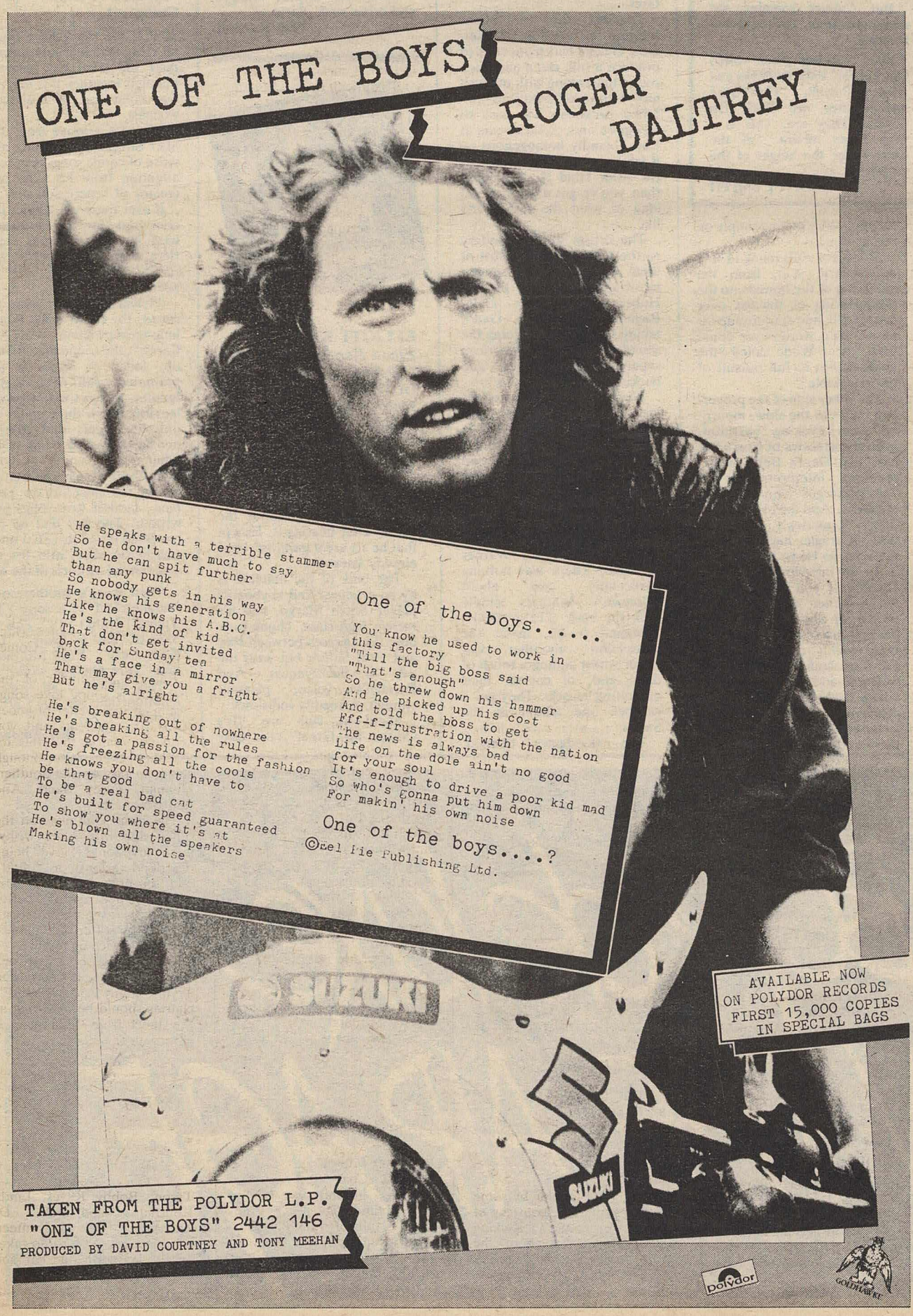
Julie Burchill

THE CRUSADERS
Free As The Wind (ABC)

THIS ALBUM marks a considerable turning point for The Crusaders, a band worth numbering on your right hand when the shots are called. For one their pedigree, credibility and experience place them at the fore-front of truly creative circles in any medium — let's not get bogged down in chintzy labelling. For another they back up everything they own on paper with recorded and live performances that leave you totally exhilarated.

The past two years have indicated a complete crystallisation of sheer style while the group have been forced to adjust to the exigencies of new wave jazz (which they pioneered in a direction that leaves all copyists far behind), the removal of trombonist Wayne Henderson, their fundamentally supreme brass lynchpin and hold on be-bop, a new bassist, and now the departure of ace boy wonder axe-man Larry Carlton.

"Free as The Wind" indicates that they haven't passed through these tests unscathed. On initial hearing I groaned, seemed like it was paradise lost for commercial success.


ONE OF THE BOYS
ROGER DALTREY
He speaks with a terrible stammer
So he don't have much to say
But he can spit further
than any punk
So nobody gets in his way
He knows his generation
Like he knows his A.B.C.
He's the kind of kid
That don't get invited
back for Sunday tea
He's a face in a mirror
That may give you a fright
But he's alright
He's breaking out of nowhere
He's breaking all the rules
He's got a passion for the fashion
He's freezing all the cools
He knows you don't have to
be that good
To be a real bad cat
He's built for speed guaranteed
To show you where it's at
He's blown all the speakers
Making his own noise
One of the boys.....
You know he used to work in
this factory
"Till the big boss said
"That's enough"
So he threw down his hammer
And he picked up his coat
And told the boss to get
Fff-f-frustration with the nation
The news is always bad
Life on the dole ain't no good
for your soul
It's enough to drive a poor kid mad
So who's gonna put him down
For makin' his own noise
One of the boys....?
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PRODUCED BY DAVID COURTNEY AND TONY MEEHAN
Polydor

Several new ingredients in there to raise my hackles-like strings, excess horns and more filling hardly make up for Henderson's exit.

That's a criticism I'll stand by. I wish Wayne had stayed for recording purposes but as the band intend to continue without him I guess they don't want a vinyl element that disappears on stage.

Instead, Joe Sample orchestrates summat else. The echoes are occasionally uncomfortably close to the funkette tradition that The Crusaders need no part of. And still, it is a brave move.

Frequent familiarity with the songs is bringing me round. Besides it is dangerous to jump off at the deep end with estab lished musicians, better to be cagey. I hated "Pretzel Logic" but saw sense and this ain't no screaming turkey no how.

The title is onomatapeic Crusaders, lyrically phrased auto-suggestion, free and tight enough to confound the fall-out shock of those strings. Extra-texture horns swoop and breeze, and when the soloing arrives it is Stix and the lad and couldn't be otherwise. Sample spins a gorgeous minor key Fender Rhodes motif which Carlton takes over with his special high neck whine.

"I Felt The Love" is a mellowed out version of the number that graced "Chain Reaction", '75's forgotten (?) classic. Sample is prominent here. Less block chords than usual has robbed them of some natural rhythm but the melodies are intact. Carlton and Wilton Felder lock out the detractors, while behind them the horns touch on Bernstein and Gil Evans in a blue mood. The dual keyboards and synthesiser solos are plain sexy, try them.

Robert "Pops" Popwell's "The Way We Was" gets back to the streets. Like, hey man wass happenin'? What it is is what it is. An after-dark hand-slapping romp with all the band calling changes. Carlton plays so damn neat I'd swear he was black. He got it, he ain't lost out.

Pops puts show-off bassists back the schoolroom too with some plucking that guarantees his payload.

They get serious for "Nite Crawler", cool twilight kerb hugging which blows you away. The song chokes me up because it seems like Carlton's farewell present if he really is leaving for the Dan. Genius guitarists of this size are irrep laceable.

Side two breezes in with the group composition "Feel It". Written with Lamont Dozier, this demands volume. Stix blockbusts the skins, Felder drives a sax cruncher, Carlton, Roland Bautista and Dean Parks on triple attack lay down a winning hand. An essential single which should zap the R&B charts Stateside because it *is* a bullet.

The long work-out "Sweet'n'Sour" plots its course to your brain in the manner of the killer weed, an obvious vehicle for live presentation with no strings attached I hope. Dynamite power chords and an underlying sophistication guiding towards the denouement.

Surprisingly Wilton Felder's sole gift is "River Rat", a short number that could serve as their theme, reminiscent of the "Unsung Heroes" period with emphasis on the tenor thrust, chopping beat and immaculate bass phrasing. Too short by half.

Which leaves "It Happens Everyday", a hallmark Sample cut, naturally extending the work of Coltrane and McCoy Tyner's meditative approach and similarly Miles Davis in sultry days. Fitting that the set closes with The Crusaders re-affirming their jazz roots so convincingly.

All in all don't let initial surprise let you dismiss "Free As The Wind" as I did. After twenty years creating brilliant music they most definitely know where they're at. It's a great place to be.

Max Bell

Mr. I. Pop. Pic: NEAL PRESTON

IGGY AND THE STOOGES
Raw Power (CBS)

IT'S OBLITERATION time, all across the U.S.A.

What better refuge from a life of hysterical monotony and straight A's in Ann Arbor than to whip a drumkit in a local punk combo known as The Iguanas, forsaking them for rabid rivals The Prime Movers — and finally, driven by a burning desire to create an art-form from annhiliation, to transform yourself into a singer, surrounded by the Asheton brothers, Ron and Scott, and Dave Alexander?

Iggy Pop sure was a cad. His reptilian acrobatics entrancing audience chicklets who would soon be attacked or thrown up on by this craven idol, caressing himself with busted glass, boiling candle-wax and peanut butter — anything to give the kids their kicks.

But this dynamite destroyed nothing but itself; Iggy just couldn't resist ducking back down to Hades as the laurel wreath was about to come to rest on his head. By '73 he had ditched Dave for James Williamson, a tortured cutie with excrutiatingly credible credentials won stealing cars in the states of Texas and Michigan.

Flirtations with quaaludes, California communes and Ray Mazarek finally drove Iggy and his new, improved Stooges to the arms of the dreary Tony DeFries, where they howled for the greenies so they could go take a vacation in the sun to lose their evil habits. Instead they came to England, sheltered only by David Bowie's protective wing.

"Raw Power" was conceived in 1973 as Iggy paced endless circles around Hyde Park, a notebook in his hand.

It was supposedly motivated by his tortured relationship with a girl named Johanna, who got her thrills from climbing into bed beside the slumbering Pop, driving him wild and running off just previous to the Crucial Moment — a method of population control which led our hero to impotence and heroin. Hers was the *visage* **serenaded in the succint "Your Pretty Face Is Going To Hell."**

The long drawn-out luxury of obliteration — as opposed to modest, functional death — achieved by sex, drugs or violence, depending on your present key of reference. I thought they were all sex songs until a needle neophyte sighed dreamily what a great song "Penetration" is to shoot up to. Shock horror — it never *occurred* **to me.**

Iggy could be used to feed any fantasies; the sleeve shows him as scintillating silver animal-cold-eyed inviolate junkie — the greatest blonde pout since BB.

Like the redemption-through-destruction Sven Hassel-speak of "Search And Destroy" — *"Look out honey cos I'm using technology/Ain't got time to make no apology".* **The reversal-rape Iggy liked to exercise on his disciples clarified —** *"Honey gotta strike me blind/Somebody's gotta save my soul!"* **Or the shot-silk delicate deceit of "Gimme Danger" —** *"If you can be my master I will do anything."* **Did Iggy find what he wanted in the Thin White Duke?**

The vicious, below-the-belt vision of Johanna — *"Pretty face and a dirty love/Knew right away that I had to get myhooks in you!"* **And "Penetration", Iggy squirming under the eye of consumer demand, emitting the squeals, shrieks and groans befitting one who must be a geek to make a buck.**

Side two is a similar, less searing, melange of menace and moronic romance.

Davy Jones or Jim Morrison? Who cared while he could churn out the young dumb frustration of the title track, with its logo of all the root of teen evil — *"Dontcha try dontcha try to tell me what to do/Everybody always tryna tell me what to do."* **Or the callous heartbreak of "I Need Somebody" and the high-school shake-up of "Shake Appeal" coming to the logical conclusion of "Death Trip".**

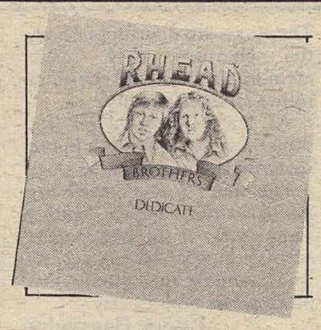
On completion of "Raw Power", Iggy and his boys were promptly dispatched back to turquoise-tiled swimming-pools and fifty dollar daily habits beneath the LA sun. CBS, embarrassed by their brief, fevered liason with such liabilities, deleted the album and washed their hands of the blood as soon as was decently possible.

Now, with Bowie's exhumation of the phantom Pop, the ever-hungry corporation have seen fit to do a doubletake. A wise move.

Play "Raw Power" followed by "The Idiot", and see how beautifully Iggy has achieved the oblivion he seemed always to be hurtling toward.

A fate much worse than death.

Julie Burchill



RHEAD BROTHERS
Dedicate (EMI)

TWO MIDLANDS boys (they support Port Vale for Chris-sake) from whom are expected Great Things (by the record company). "Dedicate" is fairly pleasant (how damning can you get) but in no way can it seriously pretend, as some have already maintained, to offer us an Anglicised Steely Dan.

Take nine so-so songs by John and Steve Rhead, add a mass of experienced session men and two producers able to competently utilise modern recording techniques, and you've got a neat slice of product, like what they say in the biz.

There's a smooth, West Coast (LA not Newquay) lilt to most of the album, with wispy Latin infiltrations and (too much) pedal steel, making for a whole which, if not entirely somnolent, is certainly liable to induce inertia. Especially since the two best cuts both appear on side one.

"Woman Of Soul", opening, is introduced by the splendid percussive work of Richard Bailey, Franc Ricotti and Daryl le Que, and if I was the lady in question (in the song proper) I'd be pleased with this tribute to my femininity. (I don't know why I write shit like this, it must be the torporific pull of the music.)

And "I Have My Pride" would probably be an AM summer hit in America, deservedly so. The harmonies really work and Gerry Hogan's pedal steel interacting with Rob Townsend's locomotive drumming and a frenetically-strummed acoustic guitar makes for a neat slice of product, woops, I mean a striking concoction.

Ignoring "Don't Hold Back" (redolent of countless US bands, so we can do it too, so what?), the side closes with their *Ben Hur*. Epically constructed, "Love Has Its Hour" is a slow developer (like Chalkie Davis), further weighed down by sepulchral keyboards and portentous lyrics: *"'Cause I've seen the blood in the dust, and a cross on the hill that I climb."* Say, I think I know that place.

But Steve Rhead is a pretty nifty guitarist and a more distinctive lead vocalist than bro' John, to boot.

Side two never really recovers after "Don't Lose The Rhythm", an ode to his Catholic girlfriend with light, airey-fairey jazz instrumentation and timbales only adding to the general cocktail lounge ambience. Only "Let Me Love You" is beefier, thanks to Mel Collins' horn, so to speak. The rest (slow motion sambas *et al)* wouldn't even stir Terry Wogan of a morning.

Monty Smith

MASTERS OF THE RAGTIME GUITAR
Various Artists (Kicking Mule).

A SORT of sampler by some sorts of guitarists, courtesy of Stefan Grossman's Kicking Mule label — "where the guitar is king", and here's a few princes going through their paces.

Ragtime's best listened to on the corner of Bourbon Street in New Orleans on long summer evenings, but if you can't afford the air fare give this album a listen and think of those magnolia sunsets you've missed.

The four guitarists spotlighted aren't out to cross over or break down barriers like, say, Leo Kottke, but remain content to let their guitars do the talkin', slow, easy and eloquent, like the elegant "Heliotrope Bouquet".

You gotta take your time with ragtime. These guys do, and it's finger-pickin' good.

Patrick Humphries

38 SPECIAL
(A&M)

LAY BACK, close your eyes and think of Lynyrd Skynyrd. Well, did you really expect anything else?

Fronted by Donnie Van Zant (Ronnie's bro'), 38 Special are a six piece who've made the best Skynyrd album since "Second Helping", but does anyone honestly need it?

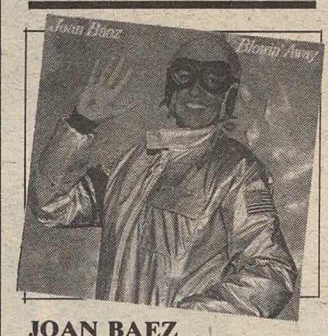
It really is dreadful ordinary and sometimes worse. Chuck Berry's "Around And Around" is such a great song that it's difficult to cock up, but 38 Special manage to by taking the meat of it at an undistinguished 45rpm, with bar-room solos thrown in for short measure.

On the original (sic) material, the lyrics have the depth of Randy Bachman's and similar preoccupations ("Four Wheels").

"Gypsy Belle" at least has balls, courtesy of the rhythm section (Steve Brookins and Jack Grondin on drums, Ken Lyons on bass), but it's still nuthin' fancy.

"Just Wanna Rock & Roll" is a narcissistic as anything on the entire elpee. You can guess how it goes.

Monty Smith



JOAN BAEZ
Blowin' Away (CBS)

TRYING TO get off on Joan Baez is like raping a nun.

There's just one thing worse than a whiney girl and that's a strident girl. The only thing herein more stridently whiney that Joanie is the obnoxious synthesised orchestration which drips its vitriol over this unfortunate artefact in a quite evil manner, at times almost verging on discomat.

"Sailing" was always a wimp, and here is rendered in a high-pitched tremor. Winwood and Capaldi's "Many A Mile To Freedom" is a cute song incapacitated by Joan's "See how I suffer" stance and dreadful "contemporary" guitars.

Baez's own "Miracles" features a politely jazzy cocktail orchestration edging into an uneasy samba and meaningful lyrics: *"Self-indulgence is universal/Adolescence is mere rehearsal."* It's quite pleasant but who needs pleasantry when the other side offers anarchy? "Yellow Coat" retreads the hallowed ground covered by the sublime "Diamonds And Rust", full of references to hard drinking and The Road — thoroughly embarrassing yet a trifle haunting.

Not so much hot as tepid on the heels of this comes the excruciating "Time Rag" in which Joanie recites in an amphetamine come-down monotone how her managers tried to re-vamp her visage for an interview with *Time Magazine*. Yeuuuuuukkkkkk! An austerely disco arrangement chirps optimistically in the background, although it has very little to be hopeful about.

The self-penned "A Heartfelt Line Or Two" (ah, if only Joan did practice such brevity!) is a fey ditty finding Joan in debt to an anonymous mentor to whom she owes her composing talent. There's someone out there who's got an awful lot to answer for; the tune is mildly infectious but the words are too jejeune to cut.

"I'm Blowin' Away" demonstrates that no one strings cliches together quite like Joan *("Love is blind* ad infinitum) but the doleful drag of the dirge-like melody destroys all hopes of reconciliation.

"Luba And The Baroness" and "Altar Boy And The Thief" are two Baez vignettes which flirt half-heartedly with mawkish cameos too detailed to be anything but essentially one-dimensional. The first (using Hungarian violins, already!) traces the fortunes of a family of Eastern European aristocrats while the second is a cloyingly "enlightened" overview of a gay bar.

"Unashamed, untamed and unblamed," warbles Joanie cheerily. Gee, what kind of fag bars does she frequent? Life isn't *like* that. Both efforts heavily feature tinkly tunes and sympathetic pianos.

But the *real* insult rears it's inevitable head on the final track, the definitive song of heartbreak, "Cry Me A River." Listening to it I felt as though some dirty-raincoat merchant was molesting my dog.

Julie Burchill

AMERICAN FLYER
Spirit Of A Woman (United Artists)

WITH CRAIG Fuller (Pure Prairie League), Eric Kaz (Blues Magoos), Doug Yule (Velvets) and Steve Katz (Blues Project and 1st Blood, Sweat and Tears) coming from such diverse corners of the late '60s rock spectrum, you'd be entitled to expect something a damn site more bracing than anything American Flyer offer.

Initially, they sound like a poor man's C, S & N, the first three cuts similarly structured as one of those bozos' elpees. Straightforward acoustic guitars/West Coast harmonies-dominate "Spirit Of A Woman", followed by a quasi-rock "Gamblin' Man" (particularly Stills-ish), followed by a souful (ha!) ballad, "My Love Comes Alive".

But the remainder of the first side is soppy love songs swamped in a welter of gooey string arrangements and you suddenly realise that this lot wouldn't even raise enough steam to piss on the Souther, Hillman, Furey Band. And that is not easy.

The trend continues on the other side with more wishy-washy love songs ("love" being described variously as "blind" and "burning desire" — jeez, Rod McKuen can do better than that), revealing American Flyer to be softer than babies' poop and twice as tepid.

By the time the token rock song arrives ("Keep On Tryin' "), any listeners to AF's charms should be as strong as the stench from Billingsgate at closing time.

Aside from once again hearing Fuller's distinctively plaintive voice, the only pleasure to be gleaned from this album is the staunch rhythm work of Whitey Glan and Prakash John. But the list of guest stars should be enough to warn you off: Tracy Nelson, Sylvia Tyson, Bobby Keyes, Linda Ronstadt and J. D. Zzzzouther. Guaranteed competence, easy-to-take, easy-to-leave, in one ear and out the other.

Monty Smith

WAYLON JENNINGS
Ol' Waylon (RCA)
GARY STEWART
Your Place Or Mine (RCA)

WAY BACK in my C&W consciousness, I remember Waylon Jennings once cut a classic single in "Are You Sure Hank Done It This Way". But since then he's been just a name on a record sleeve — until now.

The opening lines of the first track "Luckenbach Texas (Back to the Basics of Love)" set the scene: *"The only two things in life that make it worth livin' is guitars that tune good and firm feeling women"*.

Jennings has got one of those voices hoarse from too many cigarettes, Tequila and hard livin'. he reminds me of Kris Kristofferson, 'cept that Waylon can reach those notes that ol' gravel voice only dreams about.

"Ol' Waylon" is contemporary country — not a paean to redneck values set to the backdrop of steel guitars, wailing away in the background like wind on the wire of prairie fences, just laid back, free 'n' easy country rock.

Waylon even manages to turn Kenny Rodgers' turgid "Lucille" into four minutes of bar stook pathos. Then there's "Satin Sheets" (the Bellamy Bros' follow up to "Let Your Love Flow"), Neil Diamond's Sweet Caroline" and a short medley of Elvis hits, all of which Waylon manages to stamp with his own style.

He only wrote one song on the album and to my mind it's the best of the bunch. "Belle Of The Ball" is just that, a beautiful melancholic song, full of atmosphere, of Scarlet O'Hara on the steps of Tara while Atlanta burns just out of focus. Waylon — *"a vagabond dreamer, a rhymer and singer of songs"* — croaks that *"I did my new dance and you did your Tennessee waltz"*.

Then there's Gary Stewart. He wears his credentials on his sleeve: Pete Drake; Kenny Buttrey; The Jordanaires (!) and Emmylou Harris. But even they can't make a silk purse out of this particular sow's ear.

It's dull, funky country. Stewart's got a quirky singing style, which could be termed 'emotive' — either that or the guy suffers from constipation. The tunes are undistinguished, the choruses only made memorable through repetition rather than originality.

At least Ol' Waylon's got something going for him in the sincerity stakes. When he sings a line like *"I don't need my name on the marquee lights"*, some sort of feeling comes across; maybe he *means* it, isn't standing in a studio just passing the time of day.

Patrick Humphries

STEPHEN DEES
Hip Shot (RCA)

YOU CAN TELL from the first glance at this expensively groomed gent that he's something to do with Hall & Oates — all blow-waved narcissism and soulful stares at the birdie.

You can also tell the instant the stylus hits vinyl — "Counting On You" is jumping rock-soul, smash harmonies and leaping bass, chunka guitar and funky orchestra, wailing sax and sophisto-rock repetition of the chorus line . . . It's good.

Stephen Dees is H&O's bass player. Unfortunately his album falls apart after that first track, gradually crumbling into an embarrassing pastiche of his mentors and old Bowie licks, all the clever-clever bits with none of the style, all the right moves at the wrong times, all the ingredients without the recipe.

Daryl Hall produced "Hip Shot", and he and Dees plus H&O sideman Eddie Zyne (drums) played pretty much the entire album — so I guess the missing ingredient must be John Oates.

Dees wrote all eight tracks (most of them are too long), all of them sounding very much like cast-offs from H&O's "Bigger Than Both Of Us" — and maybe it's because you hear the *style* that Hall & Oates would put into singing them that Dees' delivery sounds so lame. As an onstage harmoniser he's fine, but out on his own he's nowhere on this showing.

The difference between success and failure, here, however, is by no means a simple matter of singing skills. Nor is it down to poor production, song or arrangements. The arranging may be a little wooden, but there's not much you could say was wrong with it; the production is okay; the songs may be derivative, shallow and laboured, but the basic fault goes even deeper than that.

Stephen Dee is simply suffering from a complete lack of charisma. Case closed.

Phil McNeill

SONNY WORTHING
Teenage Dream (Transatlantic)

THERE COMES a time in the history of man recording studios when they begin asking themselves why they're simply cutting hits for others when they could so easily be making successful discs on their own behalf.

"Teenage Dream" is, as far as I can recall, the first album from Pebble Beach's production company and it's obviously been planned for maximum impact.

The line-up of musicians is impressive and includes people like Elliott Randall, Isaac Guillory, Ray russell, Pete Wingfield, Jim Cuomo and Pete Van Hooke.

Russell and Ann O'Dell, both of whom are pretty adept at chart-fashioning, were drafted in to provide the brass and string arrangements, the efficient Ritchie Gold being cast in the major role of producer.

All would appear to be well then — except that this impressive array of talent has been utilised in the cause of a non-event, the album debut of Sonny Worthing.

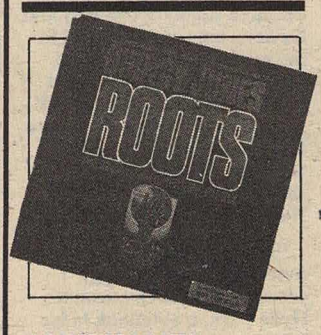
Now Worthing, who is none other than Jon Kennett, Pebble Beach's house producer, is a fair keyboard-player who's been on the scene for yonks. During the beat group era he played with The Flashbacks, but later became MD with such as Brian Poole and Mac and Katie Kissoon.

He's also an acceptable but unconvincing vocalist whose songwriting ability — at least, on the strength of "Dream", an album aimed specifically at the *TOTP* fraternity — would appear to be no more than acceptable.

His compositions range from the attractive melodic ("Goodbye California" and "Seasons Of Sorrow") to the atrociously mundane ("Love At First Sight" and others).

While I'm aware that Worthing/Kennett has acquired something of a reputation in Europop through the success of his "La Belle France" single, I really can see no great justification for granting him album status at this stage of the game and fear that those financing the cost of providing the seaside serenader with such an expensive launching pad might find their investment hard to recoup.

Fred Dellar



ALEX HALEY
Roots (Warner Bros)
QUINCY JONES
Roots —A&M)

THE *ROOTS* phenomenon continues. While it would be churlish to afford anything but unbridled enthusiasm for both Haley's book and the ensuing TV adaptation — since, despite their soap-operatic timbre, both are marvellous examples of (extremely important) content triumphantly conquering form — it is somewhat harder to justify the release of either of these albums.

Haley's "Roots" is simply a two-hour lecture delivered at the University of Pennsylvania, outlining his "search for the symbolic past of all of us who are privileged to descend from all those Kunta Kintes."

His delivery is as sententious as his prose, which makes for an extremely dull couple of hours. Unsurprisingly, the most interesting segment relates not to *Roots* but Haley's days as a *Playboy* interviewer, when he met people like Malcolm X and Miles Davis.

Haley's friend, Quincy Jones, has bitten off more than he can chew with his "Roots". In attempting to translate the book and TV series into "an aural experience" (his phrase), Jones has conceived, produced and arranged an album which is disconcertingly fragmented, and which would surely be a totally nonsensical mishmash to all but those familiar with the source. But then, I guess it would be difficult to sensibly precis the Bible on a sheet of Izal.

Monty Smith

SMALL FACES
Ogdens' Nut Gone Flake (Immediate)

RE-RELEASED for the umpteenth time (why is it ever withdrawn?), The Small Faces' optimum platter still sounds crazy after all these years.

The phasing and all that other '60s mucking about with aural effects remains pretty ropey, but the overall ambience (typified in "After Glow") of an ultra-sloppy, know-it-all stance outdoes Ray Davies at his own game.

Marriott and Co were never sophisticated enough, God forbid, to seriously rival Ray as idiosyncratic chroniclers of English foibles, but the Wee Faces' public-bar approach to things uniquely English, affected Cockney humour and all, is engaging by virtue of its very naivety.

Where else would you hear life described as being *"just a bowl of all-bran"* ("Happy Days Toy Town") or love as being *"like a hole in the wall"* ("Rene").

The latter, in fact, is nigh on a perfect rock song of the era, leering, lurching and lovely.

The Stanley Unwin side may appear to be a hopelessly childish enterprise, however cheerful, in these austere times, but you can be damn sure "Ogdens'" will piss on any re-formed S. Faces album.

Monty Smith

ARTHUR GREENSLADE
"Plays Abba's Greatest Hits" (RCA)

STRANGE to relate, this album has the approval of Abba's own big cigar Stig Anderson. He's credited as the executive producer.

And yet these instrumental versions illustrate exactly why Abba scored so big, why so many British acts flounder

Greenslade, who's the father of Dave Greenslade the keyboard player, used to do cover versions of other people's hits in the days of steam radio.

His arrangements lack the richness of Abba's own. All the intriguing little nuances of their hits seem to have eluded him. It's not just the melodies that made such songs as "Fernando", "Dancing Queen", and "Waterloo" into smashes. It's the studio trickery of Bjorn and Benny, and that's nowhere in earshot.

Strictly for teenagers of pensionable age.

Bob Edmands

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This Kawasaki takes you out of the crowd.

The new zippy Kawasaki Z200 is so advanced it's beautifully simple. Its 4-stroke single overhead camshaft engine features only a single cylinder. The reason is to keep the machine simple and reliable, with fewer moving parts. Which makes it easier and less expensive to maintain. And a single engine uses less fuel.

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From the Big K 4-strokes the Z200 inherits its anti-pollution system, its 3-way separated fuse system, its electric starter, and its single key system for all locks.

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ON THE TOWN

Bad Company

EARL'S COURT

ANY BAND that interupts an American tour just to come back to pasty ol' Blighty for a weekend has got to have an ulterior motive, other than the prestigious accolade of playing a two night stint at Earl's Court.

Now, if rumour suggested Bad Company were tennis freaks, then we'd know they only returned to see Borg slam Connors firmly down the tramlines. After all, Rich Rod comes over especially for the foota, doesn't he?

Personally I can't imagine Rodgers, Ralphs, Burrell or Kirke bug-eyed watching the wizardly wonders of Wimbledon.

Maybe they were lured back into the country with the promise of a huge financial reward. But there's coconut holes in that suggestion because *nobody* ever makes *any* money in Britain, and if by some chance they do, then the taxman leaps out of a dark doorway and relieves them of the worry.

An official explanation was that Bad Co felt they owed it to their loyal British following to return. And in those terms it was a noble and altruistic gesture.

But didn't Bad Company know that they no longer had an audience here? The dandruff dandies had exchanged their army surplus greatcoats for torn sweat shirts and leather trousers. Everybody had cropped their hair short, ripped off all the safety pins from *Mothercare* and unaminously declared the death of Heavy Metal Rock.

The two fingered HM salute had been reversed and had become a defiant gesture issued from the classroom to the Establishment. In numerous articles we read that the youth of the country were disillusioned with Rock's Elite, to which Company certainly once belonged, and had rejected them in favour of wild musical stallions *telling it how it is.*

Being at such a high in their career, it must have been most humiliating for Rodgers and Co to fall so dramatically from favour.

Imagine the demoralising jolt the Bad Boys experienced when, along with the old guard, they were unceremoniously dumped in preference to New Wave.

Surely playing Earl's Court — and presumably finding it empty — would only compound the reality of their predicament.

Forget the swarm of eager beavers outside the venue on Saturday night, because they were just Flying Punk Pickets trying to discourage any person dumb enough to attend. Why else would they try and sell tickets at three times their face value?

You can also forget about the 15,000 crowded into the arena respectfully paying Racing Cars their due. See, this must be an antagonistic audience, tooled up with blades, hiding under the traditional clothing of the HM idiot dancer. As soon as the Former Stars walk on stage the audience will attack, rip them up and sell the torn flesh to the knackers yard as dog food.

So's not to give the game away they have to *seem* to enjoy the Cars. Drawn into the atmosphere by the crowd's tolerance, I end up enjoying their set and frequently forget to glance furtively at the guy sitting next to me at regular one minute intervals in case he buries a hatchet in my head.

Mind you, the precursors of this type of music were most

MORTY(left) and PAUL RODGERS (right) — upholders of old-style rock excellence at Earls Court last week. *Pix: DENIS O'REGAN*

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE 15,000 DISGUISED PUNKS

definitely Heads, Hands and Feet. We have two guitarists trading country boogie licks, a tightly compact rhythm section keeping the feet tapping, and an excellent front man in Morty, who can growl a song or become sweetly, and surprisingly refined.

And we were even treated to the title track of their forthcoming album, "Weekend Rendezvous" which did, alas, indicate they are relying too heavily on the "Shoot Horses" formula; a song that came very early in their act.

As soon as Racing Cars bid ta-ta, the audience transforms itself into a malicious seething mass, the scent of a kill up their noses. Well, there was certainly something very potent up *some* peoples' noses. Even Mel Bush has to come on stage at one point and instruct kids to return to their seats.

And as soon as the band hit that stage the capacity audience is on it's feet. The HM fashion is discarded; a cacophony of flick knife buttons rattles through the auditorium; a few resisting BC devotees are violently mutilated; the stage is stormed . . . Paul Rodgers is killed . . .

Hang on, that hasn't happened. 15000 throaty voices are roaring with delight; they're standing and applauding; they love the band.

Tch! There's no accounting for taste. What an anti climax.

The only mean moodiness exuded in the hall is from the band themselves. Boz Burrell has a cowboy hat pulled low over his eyes and a pancho thrown belligerently across his shoulders. He stalks the stage like one of Peckinpah's vindictive Mexican bandits, the mighty bass wielded like a lethal shotgun.

All muscle and ponytail, Simon Kirke systematically thuds power blows into his kit. Looking both nervous and furtive, Mick Ralphs scampers about the stage looking for a safe zone, and Paul Rodgers strides purposefully to the front. A wide brimmed hat is pulled tightly onto his short hair, a leather bumfreezer jacket ornamented with silver studs is belted round the middle, just loose enough to allow his masculine chest to thrust into view, and he's wearing tight white strides.

Cooooool.

Or, as my companion commented, "Mmmmmm, dishy, but he don't half fancy himself." That's the last time *he* comes to a concert with me.

Unfortunately this *impressive* appearance and general nastiness is not reflected in the music. The first half of the set is dull and lethargic. "Ready For Love", for instance is expanded and protracted and loses the strength of its recorded structure, and at best they're performing competently but seemingly without enthusiasm.

After about half an hour there are a good few people shuffling uneasily in the aisles, regretting perhaps that they welcomed the band with a standing ovation and were initially reluctant to sit down again.

But midway through "Shooting Star" something both unexpected and startling happens. Bad Company suddenly erupt as one of the most exciting rock bands I've ever heard. If I wasn't so concerned about it sounding so uncool, I'd even go as far as to suggest they blow all the fuses.

Oh, why not. They blow all the fuses.

Even when Rodgers places himself behind a large electric piano on "Run With The Pack", they retain this urgent sense of energy, with Boz and Kirke charging the rhythm lines with electric currents. And Mick Ralphs, possibly for the first time during the evening, sheds a few brilliant hard diamond solos off his guitar.

Really I've always thought Bad Company were one of the most unlikely combinations for Superstar Status. Admittedly each of them came into the band with highly commendable past triumphs, but . . .

Well, Ralphs had always struck me as a fine lieutenant to Ian Hunter with The Hoople, but the closest he comes to the traditional Guitar Hero pose is because he wears ruddy brown leather trousers and occasionally kicks his left leg in the air.

Kirke and Burrell are probably two of Britain's finest players, but again they're hardly the image of a little girl's dreams. And in this context it's only Rodgers who fits the bill.

Musically, however, their power is absolute at Earl's Court. Ralphs does tend to be a little sloppy in his playing, and perhaps not deliberate enough when trying to work lines into the vocal melody; but towards the end of the set he fully established himself as an imaginative and sometimes excellent guitarist.

But Company aren't about leaden chords and vocal blustler — although they do pack considerable clout. Rodgers plays guitar and keyboards well, and Ralphs and Burrell are constantly experimenting with the harmonic possibilities of playing, occasionally, in unison.

In many ways they deserve to play the encores the audience demand.

After all, you don't travel 3,000 miles on a weekend return and then disappoint your audience.

Bad Company didn't.

Tony Stewart

FLASHES FROM Graffiti Avenue (chalked on the 3-mile path between Amesbury and Stonehenge): "Wordsworth had it sussed", "Bring more acid — urgent", *"I love you now/I love you then/I love you/I love you now and then"*, "Utopia this way", "Everything you think is WRONG."

STONEHENGE

A Free Festival Report

SATURDAY MORNING, June 25, 1977. **RICHIE HAVENS** arrives between gigs with Genesis at Earls Court, unadvertised, sets up a small 100 watt amplifier with some free festival stalwarts (Here and Now, Bombay Bus Company) jamming on a makeshift stage of their own. "Mind if I join in?" he asks them, and for the next couple of hours *the* star of "Woodstock" trucks through all his hits, "Freedom" included, to an audience of around 200. Then he just packed up and split.

Rock and roll was about as important to the Stonehenge festival as free muesli in the morning. Or the handfuls of home grown grass from a sack which a guy went round giving away. Or the Hare Krishna day long chant-ins. Or the "sundance" around the Stones on Solstice that brought the sun the next day. Or the nicky dipping in the river that the BBC News got so excited about.

Rock is essentially an excuse for people to live the way they want. It's a great pity The Sex Pistols and The Clash didn't appear as rumoured. This really was anarchy in the UK, and they need not have worried about a hostile reception from the hippies: after all, Johnny Rotten, Ritchie Havens, they're both after the same thing — hopefully.

There was even, this year, a complaint in the BIT daily news broadsheet about noisy electronic music — "the acoustic players can't hear themselves think" — despite substantially less rock bands appearing than on previous occasions. The **BOMBAY BUS COMPANY** played all day every day, changing instruments and material continuously, but there were only two nights of what for want of a better word we shall call "rock and roll" on the main stage.

Tuesday night, Solstice night, **HAWKWIND** graciously consented to attend, and brought with them a spectacular "Atomhenge" lighting structure, a PA, and a generator. Tim Blake, who preceded them, was not allowed to use the "Atomhenge" lights, the PA was removed the next day after 'Wind's set had run on overtime preventing anyone else playing, and the generator ate up 2 gallons an hour — very expensive — but they left that behind.

Quite what Hawkwind were doing at Stonehenge, it's difficult to be sure. Yes, they came and played for free (last year the band demanded £400 in expenses to play Meigan Fayre) but the group that six years ago set up an alternative free stage outside the Isle of Wight debacle entrance hardly entered whole-heartedly into the "vibe".

Their set itself was horrifying. Heavy heavy heroin riffing, manic, morbid . . . better to stay in your tent and imagine it's a record or maybe a nightmare. And, good grief, it went on and on. Even after the generator packed up for half an hour, they began again: THUD THUD THUD *"THINK ONLY OF YOURSELF"* . . . yeeeechh. If this is what happens to psychedelic guerillas six years on, I'm going back to "punk rock" — although it rather looks like that's what Hawkwind have done, so maybe it's not such a good idea.

From the excellent "Heavy Metal" comicbook comes a story from the future.

City is split between the punks, the Angels, the speedfreaks, and the hippies, the acidheads, the "peacecreeps." To cut a long story short, the punks are persuaded to come to a rock concert at the Crystal Ball in

● *Continued over page*

● ***More psychedelic scribbles — from over page.***

"peace-creep" part of town. The musicians playing turn out to be outer spacemen and the Crystal Ball takes off into the sky where UFOs blast positive energy at it. In this cosmic epiphany the punks see the light, the Crystal Ball goes back to earth, and everybody lives together in peace and harmonee. The aliens split back to the stars.

Er, it's an allegory.

I'm currently working on a screenplay based on this and featuring **TIM BLAKE** as the alien musician. Tim is getting so good these days, there's no need to repeat any more superlatives on his behalf. There's a chance we might get to see more of him in London. Crystal Machine laser-operator Patrice Warener has been asked to do the "Lovelight" show at the Victoria Metropole, for which favour Tim may play gigs there on weekends. Hope so.

Outstanding from Tim's set at Stonehenge was the "Lighthouse" song. This he ought to get down on vinyl fast. It could be the world's first New Age hit single, unless Here and Now release "Near and How" is first.

IF THERE were any real breakthrough made here though, it was probably the coming of age of **HERE AND NOW.**

Kif Kif le Batteur (drums), Stephan Sharpstrings (guitar), Twink — no relation — (self-built synthesizer), and Keith Missile Bas (bass) came together as a band for the first time at Stonehenge two years ago. They'd never played together before, but so strong was the improvised set they played then (featuring a somewhat out-of it Arthur Brown on vocals) that they all met up in London afterwards and made a tape with songs like "Soviet Commercial Radio" ("not a rip off of 'Radio Gnome'").

Over these two years Here and Now have relied less and less on the, in retrospect, juvenile sub *Hawkwind*-almost framework of the songs, and have taken the Here and Now concept to its logical conclusion: music that is entirely extemporised — a reflection of the states of mind of the band and the audience vibration too. When all these elements are in tune (and often when they're not!) things get pretty exhilarating.

At a recent relaxed gig in an ersatz polythene concert marquee sheltering us from the rain — a "Jubilee" party on some waste ground off Latimer Road in West London — a Spanish lady, Marguerita, and Keith's daughter Trish (7) sat in for some operatic synthesized vocalising until the arrival of the police mysteriously coincided with a power failure. *Jonction cosmique* that Here and Now is, they discontinued the set even after the power was restored. About 20 people turned up.

For Daevid Allen, who'd heard about the band from Mike Howlett, Here and Now fitted into a "space-punk" project for the future. While the band, being good text-book electric gypsies, obviously eschewed the grislier aspects of the "New Wave" (mindless aggression, rank repetition, musical ineptitude) they were certainly every bit as young, undisciplined, spontaneous, even as arrogant, as The Sex Pistols.

To date Daevid has only played one gig with Here and Now, and to be frank he looked less than overjoyed afterwards. In fact this set, a benefit for Stonehenge at Oxford Poly, was to a degree sabotaged by a malfunctioning Bose PA and some very drunk rugger buggers demanding Johnny Rotten (all part of the punk ethos surely) — despite which Allen transformed the increasingly directionless Here and Now into a real live rock band.

It was one of the funniest gigs I've ever seen, immensely enjoyable, and well worth repeating with a proper PA and maybe, ahem, some *rehearsing.*

Gong's Captain Capricorn *didn't* play with Here and Now at Stonehenge, although the BIT newsheet advertised the band as Here and Now on the Planet Gong. He was with them strongly in spirit, though.

They had originally wanted to play sunrise on Solstice morning but didn't get it together. On the Tuesday night (music night) they were due to play with Hawkwind's PA, but the bigger band's endless set selfishly ran on hours overtime, and that band immediately split with the PA. Nice one, guys.

Here and Now then had to play with their own self-built PA on the Wednesday afternoon and, frankly, it was horrible; the vocals distorting mercilessly and prompting Kif Kif to remark to the audience after one song: "I don't know what you're clapping for!"

Redemption and total justification for Here and Now came with another set on Friday night. Kif Kif flailing about, leaning on the tom toms to stop himself falling over his own drum kit — the Wild Man of Borneo meets Aynsley Dunbar; Stephan, the world's best New Age guitarist — the alternative society side of Steve Hillage; Twink excelling himself, playing Neil Thorpe's (ex-Zorch) EMS Synthi as well as his own; and big daddy Keith no longer kneeling behind the stacks but strolling out front in dapper gold Regency jacket playing some very apposite Tamla-esque bass ridoms. Far out.

The band are also getting some fine new songs together, particularly the opener "Near and How", and appear to have picked up on the old Gong technique of having points of reference to fall back on (signalled by any member when he feels things are getting lost). Allen's influence even manifested itself in an *"I am you"* lyric.

They even, gaspo gaspo, did an encore: Steph singing *"We are pure emotion"* while Kif kept gibbering *"We really blew our encore this time baby"*. Here and Now's problem will always be one of getting-it-together. They now have a super-roadie in ex-Gong mega groupie, Grant, who bought the PA for them among many other generous gestures, and a lot of other people with a lot of faith in them. And I'd credit them with more than enough karma to see this whole thing they've started through to the even greater heights their history so far has promised.

Jonathan Barnett

G. HATCHER

George Hatcher

BIRMINGHAM

AH, THE END of term. Time to put down the old textbooks and rock out, eh what? The social sec. at Birmingham University didn't have to look far for a bill to fill the place — besides the Hatcher Band, local biggies Hooker and Little Acre drew noisy fans and made for a solid four hours of whoopee.

Little Acre were in great form assisted by the Hatcher's PA in achieving the full sound they are capable of putting out. The line-up of four vocalists is thrilling at their best, and they've really got their outstanding material honed to a nicety.

The George Hatcher Band have really got on since I last saw them six months ago. They were good fun then, but they've progressed from their boogie'n'booze stomping to become a measurably more polished and tighter ensemble.

Hatcher still lets himself go in ebullient charges around the stage, but there seems to be a bit less of the Southern Man strutting and more of his salty, feeling vocals.

The material, derived mainly from the new "Talin' Turkey" LP, was deployed in a really good balance — a sinuous "Black Moon Rising", "Louisiana Sheriff" with its snakey bass line from Harris Joannov, and a heady, choogling "I'm Calling" were perfectly paced by the cooler, bluer "Magic Thing" and "Sunshine".

Guitarist Big John Thomas is playing an increasingly more important role, with good back-up from Phil Swan, deft solos left, right and centre, to the rapture of the guitar freaks straining all over the front of the stage.

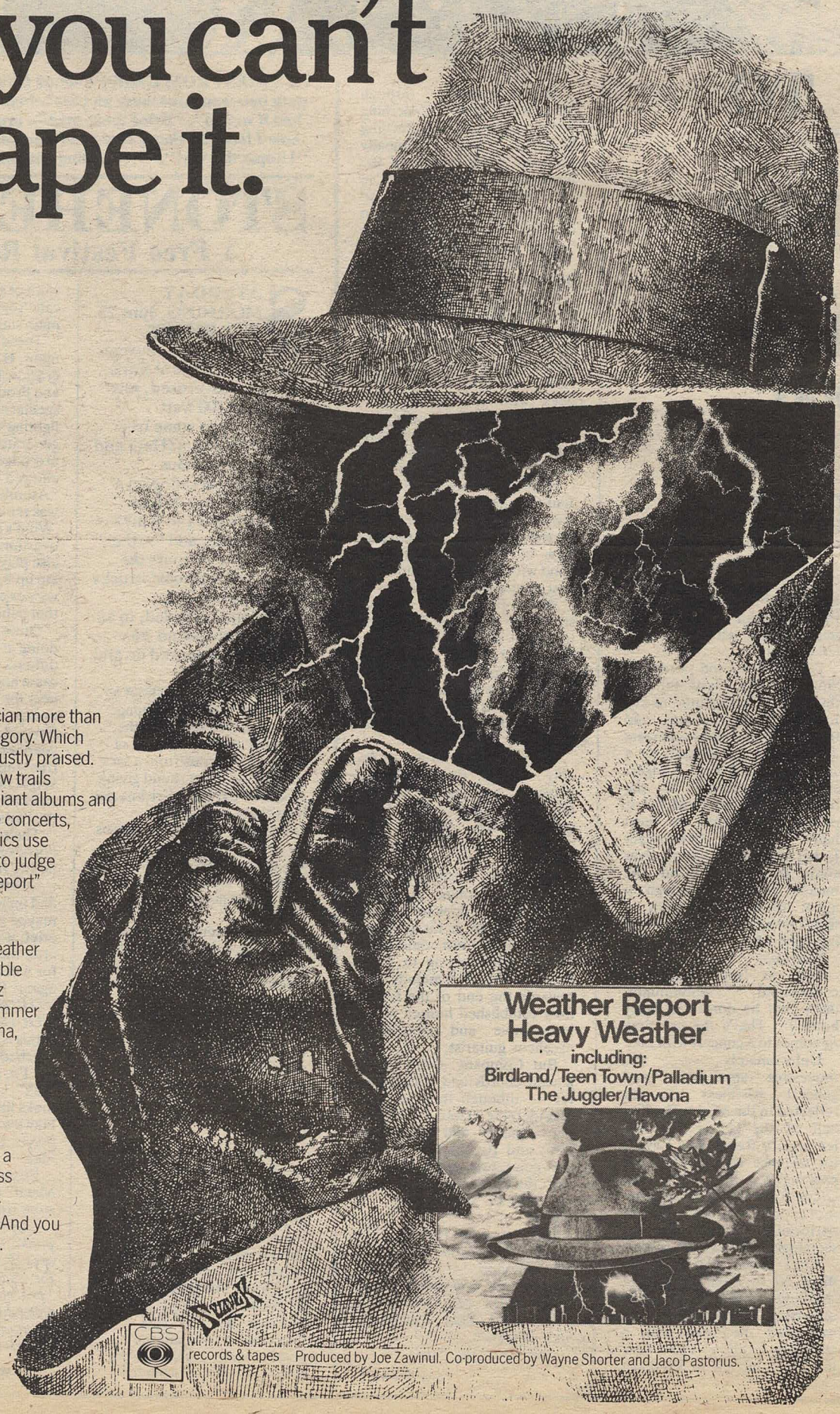
You want dynamics? That's what they have, all right. Every number is a peach when it comes to nice build-ups and well-timed mood changes.

It's nice to see a hard working band striding ahead in performance. The Hatchers really have staying power. What gets me is that the band were so cheesed off with their set they fell on each other for a quick bash-up backstage, then went off great buddies again.

Hey, you guys, everybody else dug it. I want to see them when *they* think it was hot.

Angie Errigo

"Heavy Weather."
You can dress for it,
but you can't
escape it.



You can't praise a musician more than to give him his own category. Which makes Weather Report justly praised. After years of blazing new trails with six increasingly brilliant albums and hundreds of impeccable concerts, they are now a band critics use as a yardstick by which to judge others. "Very Weather Report" they say.

Wayne Shorter and Joe Zawinul have steered Weather Report to their unassailable leadership of today's jazz world and now, with drummer Alejandro Neciosup Acuna, percussionist Manola Badrena and bassist Jaco Pastorius, they've recorded their best album to date. It's called "Heavy Weather"– a sonic storm you can dress for, but you can't escape.

It's very Weather Report. And you can't say better than that.

Weather Report
'Heavy Weather'
CBS 81775
Features the Single
'Birdland'.

CBS records & tapes Produced by Joe Zawinul. Co-produced by Wayne Shorter and Jaco Pastorius.

BRITAIN'S BURNING 'THE LAST BIG EVENT BEFORE WE ALL GO TO JAIL'

THE CLASH

THE SAINTS CHERRY VANILLA

4·00 – 10·30
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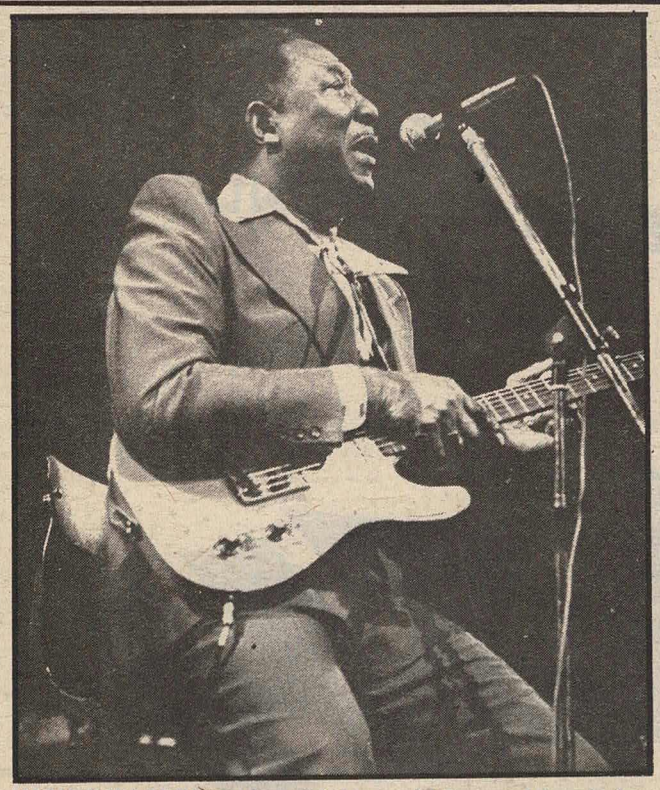
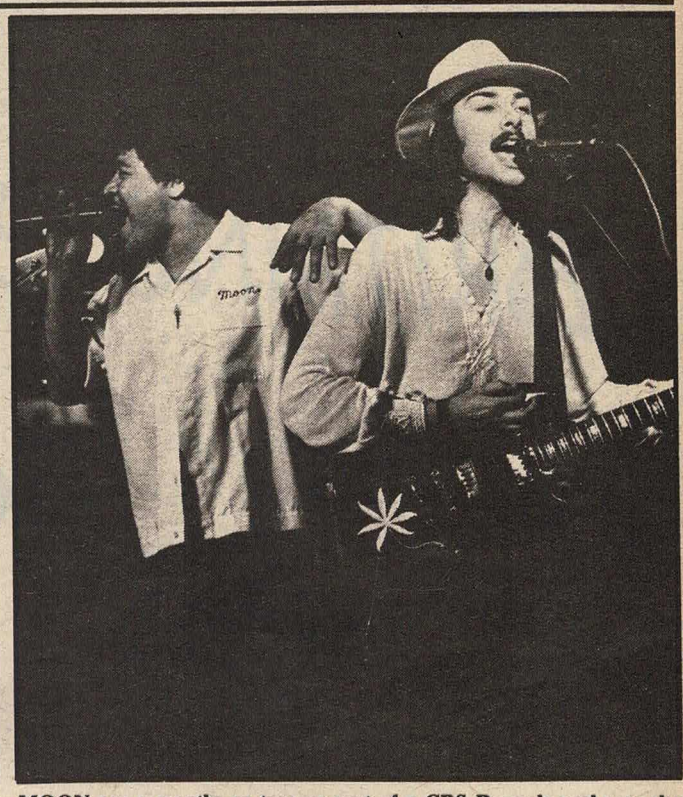


MUDDY WATERS — a legend in his own lifetime, and the reigning king of traditional blues — flies into London for a one-off concert at the New Victoria on Friday, with his own band.

JACK THE LAD, the Lindisfarne offshoot who outlived their parent band, have decided to go their separate ways. They play their farewell concert at Aylesbury Friars on Saturday.



MOON are currently on tour as part of a CBS Records package, also featuring Crawler and Boxer. Admission at all venues is only £1, and EPs are being given away to the audience.

Entry in the Gig Guide is free of charge. But details must be received by post not later than Friday morning, for insertion in the following week's issue. Send particulars to Derek Johnson, New Musical Express, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS.

NATIONWIDE GIG

THURSDAY

AYLESBURY King's Head: SPREDTHICK
BATH Brillig Arts Centre: REDBRASS
BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: THE JAM/MUTANTS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Polytechnic: GENO WASHINGTON BAND / BRIGHT EYES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel; MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: THE SAINTS
BLACKBURN Lodestar: FRUIT EATING BEARS
BRIGHTON Hungry Years: DARK EARTH
BRIGHTON The Regent: MUSCLES
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: SPIDER
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: VIBRATORS
CHICHESTER Bulls Head: MARTIN SIMPSON
CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens: . GEORGE HATCHER BAND
CLIFTONVILLE Wheatsheaf: McCALMANS
COALVILLE Blooblo's Club: EATER
COLLIER ROW White Hart: WHIRLWIND
CROYDON Red Deer: BOOM TOWN RATS
DEWSBURY Old Shoulder of Mutton: PEGLEG FERRETT
GLASGOW Amphora: EXHIBITION
GLASGOW Savoy Centre: CHICO
GOSPORT Dryad Club: MONTANAS
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head; SKREWDRIVER
HULL Bali Hai Club: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON BERKELEY SQ. Open-air: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: RAINSTORM
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE PIRATES
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SASSAFRAS / TEAZER
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: CHRIS THOMPSON & FRIENDS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: LONDON
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: LITTLE ACRE
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: TYLA GANG
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: BUSTER JAMES BAND
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: HOT PROPERTY
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: 999
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: SPLIT ENZ
LONDON Marquee Club: MR. BIG
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: SPITERI
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: BILLY CONNOLLY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castel: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON TEDDINGTON Clarence Hotel: FREE AGENT
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: ALFALPHA
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: BUSTER CRABBE
LONDON W.C.2 Crawford's: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
MANCHESTER Rafters Club: THE DARTS
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
OXFORD R.A.F. Abingdon: SOUL DIRECTION
PEWSEY R.A.F. Upavon: J.A.L.N. BAND
PLYMOUTH Torpoint H.M.S. Raleigh: DEAD END KIDS
POYNTON Folk Centre: STEVE ADHAMS
READING Cap & Gown: BILL CADDICK
STOKE Tiffany's: THE 'O' BAND
STONELEIGH National Agricultural Centre: ACKER BILK BAND
SUTTON COLDFIELD Dig Inn: STAGE FRIGHT
TONYPANDY Pioneer Club: XTC

FRIDAY

BARNSTAPLE Chequers Club: DEAD END KIDS
BEARWOOD Bear Hotel: TIM EVANS & JIM McPHEE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM University: ZETH
BRADFORD Star Hotel: BOB PEGG
BRIDLINGTON Spa Pavilion: CRAWLER / BOXER / MOON
BRIGHTON Alhambra: RACER
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: QUANTUM
BROADSTAIRS Grand Ballroom: STRAY
BROMLEY White Hart: STAGEFRIGHT
BROMSGROVE Tardie Biggie Hotel: LITTLE ACRE
BURTON 76 Club: ALKATRAZ
CHELTENHAM Tramps: SOUL DIRECTION
COVENTRY Robin Hood: THE ONLY ONES
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: THE VIBRATORS
CUMBERNAULD Town Hall: CHICO
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: BOOM TOWN RATS
EASTGATE Leisure Centre: SWEET SENSATION
EBBW VALE Leisure Centre: ACKER BILK BAND
FALMOUTH Manderley Club: ROD MASON BAND
GOSPORT Folk Festival: CYRIL TAWNEY / JOHNNY COLLINS / GARY NUNN / FIDDLERS DRAM / DAVE WILLIAMS, etc.
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE PINK PARTS / XTRAVERTS / THE PRETTY
HUDDERSFIELD Rock 'n' Roll Society: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
HUDDERSFIELD The Sovereign: BERNARD WRIGLEY
LEEDS Pickwicks: ARC ROUGE
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Bossard Hall: BABYLON
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: BILLY CONNOLLY
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: THE DARTS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TROUPER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE MOVIES / WARREN HARRY
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: SKREWDRIVER
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: XTC
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SCARECROW
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE POLICE / NEO
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: SPLIT ENZ
LONDON Marquee Club: GIGGLES
LONDON NEW BARNET Dule of Lancaster: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: MUDDY WATERS BAND
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: TIM BRANSTONES RADIO BAND
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON STOCKWELL The Plough: JOHN STEVENS TRIO
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: SANDY JONES GROUP
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: METROPOLIS
LONDON TWICKENHAM Albany: DANGEROUS RHYTHM
LONDON TWICKENHAM Winning Post: NOEL MURPHY / PAUL KING
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SPITERI
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: NEO
LOUGHBOROUGH University: THE PIRATES
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: MAN ALIVE
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: THE JAM
NEWPORT Roundabout: LITTLE BOB STORY
NORTHAMPTON Romany Club: WILD THING
NORWICH Theatre Royal: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
PRESTON Duck Inn Hotel: TRACTOR
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: VIN GARBUTT
RETFORD Porterhouse: JOHNNY THUNDER & THE HEARTBREAKERS
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: THE ENID
SKEGNESS Sands Disco: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
SHEPLEY Sovereign Inn: BERNARD WRIGLEY
SOUTHEND Queen's Hotel: REDBRASS
SUNDERLAND Seaburn Hall: THE SAINTS
ULVERSTON Penny Farthing: KRAKATOA
WALSALL BILSTON Cock Inn: CHRIS RUST
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms: THERAPY

SATURDAY

AYLESBURY Friars at Vale Hall: JACK THE LAD
BASILDON St. Martin's Church: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
BEAULIEU Open-Air Jazz Festival JOE VENUTI / ZOOT SIMS / JOE NEWMAN / TEDDY WILSON / VIC DICKENSON / BOB WILBUR / ALEX WELSH / KENNY BALL etc.
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Bulls Head: CADILLAC
BIRMINGHAM Hopwood Waterside Club: ZETH
BIRMINGHAM Junction Harborne: STEREO GRAFFITI
BIRMINGHAM King's Heath Hare & Hounds: BOB DAVENPORT
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: THE FIRST BAND
BRIDLINGTON Spa Royal Hall: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
BRISTOL Granary: THE DARTS
BURTON Drill Hall: THE ENID / CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
BURY ST. EDMUNDS Corn Exchange: DEAD END KIDS
CANTERBURY Shirley Hall: ACKER BILK BAND
CHEAM Bubble Theatre: REDBRASS
COLCHESTER Windmill Club: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
CORBY Nags Head: SOUL DIRECTION
COVENTRY Robin Hood: THE ONLY ONES
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: BILLY OCEAN / MUSCLES
DARLINGTON Bowes Wine Cellar: BLITZKRIEG BOP
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: PETE BROWN'S BACK TO THE FRONT
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: THE JAM / CHELSEA
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: DICK GAUGHAN
EXETER College of Art: BOUNCER
FISHGUARD Frenchman's Motel: LITTLE BOB STORY
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: BILLY CONNOLLY
GLASGOW Saints and Sinners: CHICO
GOSPORT Folk Festival: See Friday for details
GRAVESEND George Inn Stables': EYES
HARLOW Spurriers Park: CLIMAX BLUES BAND
HARLOW Tiffany's (afternoon): BURN
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: BURLESQUE
LEEDS Haddon Hall: ARC ROUGE
LEEDS Staging Post: FRUIT EATING BEARS
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: THE SAINTS
LONDON BARNES GREEN The Marquee: BULLY WEE / REYNOLD & LUCIA DUNCAN / DAVE PROVIS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: RAYMOND FROGGATT BAND / RAY PHILLIP'S WOMAN
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: "SUBULUBU" (rock musical) with SHARON CAMPBELL / JOHN RUST / HUGH PORTNOW
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON DENSINGTON The Nashville: TRAPEZE / VAPOUR TRAILS
LONDON N.1 Weavers Arms: ONE HAND CLAPPING
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: JIMMY HELMS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: SUNSET
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: STRUTTERS / TOOTING FROOTIES
LONDON TRENT PARK Middlesex Polytechnic: BOOT BAND / RUSTY NUTZ
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SPITERI
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: SPECIAL BREW
MANCHESTER Belle Vue Elizabeith Hall: EATER / SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / JOHNNY MOPED / X-RAY SPEX
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: STRAY
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: LITTLE ACRE
MILTON KEYNES The Navigation: LEFT HAND DRIVE
RAMSGATE Van Gogh: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH
REDDITCH Tracey's: BETHNAL / 999
RETFORD Porterhouse: SWEET SENSATION
SCUNTHORPE Priory Hotel: THE VIBRATORS
SHEFFIELD City Hall: CRAWLER / BOXER / MOON
SHEFFIELD Totley College: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE HEARTBREAKERS / KRAKATOA
ST. AUSTELL Band Room: ROD MASON BAND
THATCHAM Hamilton's Club: ARBRE
WISHAW Crown Hotel: THE JOLT
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: JOHNNY THUNDER & THE HEARTBREAKERS

SUNDAY

AYLESBURY Kings Head: RAMROD
BANBURY The Wheatsheaf: BOB DAVENPORT
BARROW Maxim's Disco: JOHNNY THUNDER & THE HEARTBREAKERS
BEAULIEU Open-Air Jazz Festival: DIZZY GILLESPIE BIG JOE TURNER/VIC DICKENSON / ZOOT SIMS/TEDDY WILSON/STAN TRACEY/HUMPHREY LYTTELTON/ACKER BILK etc
BRIMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BLACKPOOL Queen's Hotel: OSCAR
BRADFORD Princeville Club: FUIT EATING BEARS/KRAKATOA
BRADFORD St George's Hall: CRAWLER / BOXER / MOON
BRISTOL Naval Volunterr: SKIN TIGHT
BROMLEY Churchill Theatre: ALAN PRICE
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: THE MOVIES
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: TAROT
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: MONTANA RED
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ZETH
LONDON CHALK FARM Downstairs at the Roundhouse: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON CHALK FARM The Enterprise: BILL CADDICK
LONDON CHELSEA Cafe des Artistes: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
LONDON CHELSEA Man in the Moon: NEO
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewwers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON EUSTON Open Space Theatre: NOBODY'S BUSINESS
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: JOHN STEVENS' AWAY
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: METROPOLIS
LONDON GREENWICH Well Hall Open Theatre: BOYS OF THE LOUGH/BONNIE DOBSON
LONDON HACKNEY MARSHES Festival: STUKAS / GOOD STUFF
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: SOUNDER
LONDON HARROW RD Windsor Castle: FRACTURE
LONDON Institute of Contemporary Arts: MIKE WESTBROOK BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON Mermaid Theatre: REDBRASS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CONSORTIUM
LONDON TOWER HAMLETS Open-Air Gala: AFTER THE FIRE
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: THE VIBRATORS
NEWBRIDGE Club & Institue: LITTLE BOB STORY
POYNTON Folk Centre: BUSHWACKERS
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SHANKLIN Io.W. Theatre: YETTIES
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: THE JAM
SOUTHEND Queen's Hotel: THE END
TAMWORTH Kingsbury Club: DELEGATION / STAGE FRIGHT
TRURO Plaza Cinema: THE BROTHERS
WNYSDDU The Hotel: JOHN RENBOURN

MONDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BRENTWOOD Youth House: SIDEWINDER
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: DEPRESSIONS
BRIGHTON Marlborough Hotel: BILL CADDICK
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: AJ WEBBER
CARDIFF University College Hospital: JOHN RENBOURN
DONCASTER Outlook Club: JOHNNY THUNDER & THE HEARTBREAKERS
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: THE SAINTS
ERDINGTON Queens Head: QUILL
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: AFTER THE FIRE
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: MOTHER SUPERIOR
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: AMERICAN TRAIN
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: LIAR/COCK SPARROW
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: BETHNAL
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: J.J. JAMESON
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: STUKAS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: LONDON/999
LONDON Marquee Club: LITTLE BOB STORY
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: TIM ROSE
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Bedford College: ZETH
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE PLEASERS
LONDON WEALDSTONE Royal Oak: MARTIN CARTHY
LONDON W1 (Wardour Street) Vortex at Crackers: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES/SLITS/ANTS
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: CRAWLER/BOXER/MOON
NEWCASTLE Newton Park Hotel: ZHAIN
PLYMOUTH. Top Rank: KRAKATOA

TUESDAY

BIRMINGHAM Railway: JAMESON RAID
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: EATER
BREACON Collegfe Folk Club: JOHN RENBOURN
BRIGHTON Alhambra: DARKEARTH
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: EVE
HULL New Theatre: "SALUTE TO SATCHMO" with ALEX WELSH/GEORGE CHISHOLM/HUMPHREY LYTTELTON
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: CRAWLER/BOXER-/MOON
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TAXI
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: ELEVATORS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SLACK ALICE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: COUNT BISHOPS
LONDON CROUCH HILL The Stapleton: LANDSCAPE
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: BETHNAL

ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS break new ground this week when they premiere their musical "Sleak!", which concerns the advent of snuff rock. A four-day London season starts on July 20, but meanwhile they're in Liverpool for a similar period from Tuesday (see Residencies).

GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SQUEEZE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: HEAD OVER HEELS/PRAIRIE OYSTER
LONDON KILBURN National Theatre: BOTHY BAND/TOM MADDEN/FRANK WARREN
LONDON Marquee Club: NUTZ
LONDON OLD BROMPTON ROAD Troubador: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD ST 100 Club: LEE KOSMIN BAND/TEQUILA
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: X-RAY SPEX
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: XTC
LONDON WEALDSTONE Tudor Club: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON W14 The Kensington: STUKAS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: JOHNNY THUNDER & THE HEARTBREAKERS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
PLYMOUTH Castaways Club: SWEET SENSATION
PLYMOUTH Woods Leisure Centre: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF THE EARTH
SCUNTHORPE Tiffany's: LITTLE BOB STORY
SHREWSBURY Tifaany's: THE 'O' BAND
WAKEFIELD Unity Hall: THE VIBRATORS

WEDNESDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: MR. DOWNCHILD
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: FUNKTION
BREYMARR The Hotel: JOHN RENBOURN
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
BROMLEY The Squire: STAGEFRIGHT
CHICHESTER Cathedral: BEES MAKE HONEY
GLASGOW City Hall: CRAWLER / BOXER / MOON
GRANGEMOUTH Hotel International: THE JOLT.
GUILDFORD Wooden Bridge: AFTER THE FIRE
LEICESTER Tiffany's: THE VIBRATORS
LIVERPOOL The Moonstone: ZHAIN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TRAIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: RICO
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: XTC
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE RINGS
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: DOWNLINERS SECT
LONDON KENNINGTON Oval House: MIKE WESTBROOK BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON Marquee Club: THE SAINTS
LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: ACKER BILK BAND
LONDON PADDINGTON Fangs Disco: JET HARRIS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: LITTLE ACRE
LONDON TWICKENHAM Winning Post: THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS featuring WAYNE COUNTY
LONDON WANDSWORTH King George's Park BRENDA WOOTTON / JAKE WALTON / MARTIN CARTHY
LONDON WIMBLEDON College of Art: SKREWDRIVER
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: METROPOLIS
MIDDLESBROUGH Normandy Hotel: VIN GARBUTT
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
SWINDON The Affair: BETHNAL
TORQUAY 400 Club: SWEET SENSATION
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: BOOM TOWN RATS
WORTHING The Balmoral: THE DEPRESSIONS

RESIDENCIES

ALDERSHOT Roundabout Club: TOBY
Week from Monday
BLACKPOOL South Pier Theatre: BLACK ABBOTTS
Summer season opens Friday
LEICESTER Bailey's: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
Week from Monday
LIVERPOGL Eric's Club: "SLEAK!" with ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
Tuesday (12) for four days
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: HORACE SILVER QUINTET
Monday for two weeks
MIDDLESBOROUGH Madison Club: JENNY DARREN
Wednesday (13) for four days
MORECAMBE Winter Gardens: OUR KID
Summer season opens Monday
REDCAR Folk Festival: JUNE TABOR/ROY HARRIS/TOM TIDDLERS GROUND/ENGLISH TAPESTRY/BATTLEFIELD BAND/PETE & CHRIS COE/VIN GARBUTT/MUCKRAM WAKES etc.
Friday for three days
STOCKPORT County Club: FOGGY
Thursday for three days
STOCKTON Fiesta: ROYAL VARIETY SHOW
Week from Monday
TROWBRIDGE Folk Festival: HEDGEHOG PIE/CHRIS FOSTER/DOWNES & BEER/GARY & VERA ASPEY/ALEX ATTERSON/TANNAHILL WEAVERS/MR. GLADSTONE'S BAG/MARTIN SIMPSON/JAKE WALTON/TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS etc.
Friday for four days
WATFORD Bailey's: JUDGE DREAD
Week from Sunday
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: FORTUNES
Week from Sunday

TV RADIO

IF YOU'RE taking a trip to the coast this week, treat yourself to a stick of rock — 'cos you sure won't find no rock back home on the box. It's enought to make you want to apply for a refund on your TV licence, always assuming you've got one. Even so, we'll take a quick look at some of the MOTR gems the companies have lined up for us.

BBC-1's main music night is Saturday when **Cilla Black, Vince Hill, Dream Express** and **Jeff Phillips** are in "Seaside Special" and **Guys'n'Dolls** guest in **Lena Martell's** show "Let The Music Speak". I suppose I ought to mention **Tony Blackburn** with "Top Of The Pops" on Thursday — but on second thoughts, I won't.

BBC-2's **Shirley Bassey** repeat on Thursday has **Gilbert O'Sullivan** and **Johnny Nash** guesting. On Monday there's an Afro-Caribbean drum workshop, plus **Barbara Dickson** in a repeat of "The Two Ronnies". And Tuesday's "Rhythm On 2" spotlight country music with **George Hamilton IV** and **Pete Sayers.**

Granada start a new series of "International Pop Proms" on Wednesday, and the first show is devoted to the music of the 50's — with **Frankie Laine, Ben E. King, Marty Wilde, Joe Brown** and **Emile Ford** guesting. Earlier on Wednesday, some ITV regions start repeating the **Bay City Rollers'** series "Shangalang", while others opt for a repeat of "You Must Be Joking!" with **Flintlock.** And in certain areas, there's a **George Hamilton IV** show on Sunday night.

Film of the week could be BBC-1's Friday night screening of "Is Paris Burning?", one of the better war movies. And BBC-2 continue their Saturday late-night horror double bill with **Boris Karloff** in "Bride Of Frankenstein" and the more recent **Peter Cushing** version of "Brides Of Dracula". If your're interested, Charlie's Angels" returns to ITV for a new series on Thursday.

Radio 1's "In Concert" on Saturday showcases **Nutz** and **Sad Cafe.** Radio 2 tonight (Thursday) has the **Malcolm Price Trio** and **Countryside** in "Country Club"; and **Brenda Wootton, Bob Stewart** and the **Celebrated Ratliffe Stout Band** in "Folkweave". In Saturday's "Both Sides Now", guests are **Telephone Bill and the Smooth Operators.**

Stuart Henry's "Sound System" on Radio Luxembourg is now featuring a weekly chart compiled from listeners' letters. It's interesting because the chart reflects opinions rather than actual sales. The Top Twenty to be broadcast this Friday is:

1. **BOB MARLEY** "Exodus"; 2. **ELO** "New World Record"; 3. **FLEETWOOD MAC** "Rumours"; 4. **10 c.c.** "Deceptive Bends"; 5 **PETER FRAMPTON** "I'm In You"; **STRANGLERS** "Rattus Norvegicus"; 7. **GEORGE BENSON** "In Flight"; 8. **EAGLES** "Hotel California"; 9. **CROSBY STILLS & NASH** "CSN"; 10. **LITTLE FEAT** "Time Loves A Hero"; 11. **JIMMY BUFFETT** "Changes In Latitudes"; 12. **SUPERTRAMP** "Even In The Quietest Moments";13. **STEVE MILLER** "Book Of Dreams"; 14. **NEIL YOUNG** "American Stars 'n Bars"; 15. **DAVE MASON** "Let It Flow"; 16. **MOON** "Turning The Tides"; 17. **"TOM PETTY** and the Heartbreakers"; 18. **THE JAM** "In The City"; 19. **DR. FEELGOOD** "Sneaking Suspicion"; 20. **DONNA SUMMER** "I Remember Yesterday".

News Desk

Full festival line-up

DOOBIES JOIN READING BILL

THE DOOBIE BROTHERS are now confirmed as the extra U.S. act for this year's Reading Festival (August 26-28). And among other names added to bookings listed by NME two weeks ago are Hawkwind, Frankie Miller's Full House, John Miles, Blue and The Enid. The full programme, announced by the organisers this week, comprises:

FRIDAY (26): Uriah Heep, Eddie and the Hot Rods, Golden Earring, Lone Star, Five Hand Reel, Widowmaker, U-Boat, Salt and Staa Marx.

SATURDAY (27): Thin Lizzy, Graham Parker and the Rumour, Aerosmith, John Miles, Little River Band, Ultravox, George Hatcher Band, No Dice and Krazy Kat.

SUNDAY(28): Sensational Alex Harvey Band, Frankie Miller's Full House, the Doobie Brothers, Hawkwind, Racing Cars, Blue, The Enid, Tiger and Motors.

One further act has still to be named for the Sunday bill — a special surprise guest — and details are being withheld until next week. As reported, weekend tickets cost £7.95 each, and are available by post from NJF/Reading Festival, PO Box No 4SQ, London W1A 4SQ.

July Wakes — running order

A BONUS for early arrivals at this year's July Wakes Festival was announced this week. The event proper runs from next Friday afternoon (15) to Sunday night (17), but the site is open from the Thursday morning to the following Monday noon. And on the Thursday night, there is to be a 4½-show by soloists and groupss from the Manchester folk-club circuit.

Full running order has now been set for the festival, which is staged at the Park Hall Leisure Centre in Charnock Richard, near Chorley in Lancashire. It is:

FRIDAY (15): 3pm Tom Yates; 3.40 Wally Whyton; 4.20 Spriguns; 5.15 Ross Macfarlane; 6.00 Bushwackers; 7.00 Gryphon; 8.00 Gay & Terry Woods; 8.55 Gordon Giltrap; 10.00 Five Hand Reel.

SATURDAY (16); 12.30pm Mary Asquith; 1.15 Noel Murphy; 2.00 Hedgehog Pie; 3.00 John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett; 4.00 Drew McCulloch; 5.00 Bothy Band; 6.15 Tim Rose; 7.15 Fairport Convention; 8.30 Barbara Dickson; 9.45 Gallagher & Lyle.

SUNDAY (17): 12.15pm Pete Farrow; 12.45 Tony Capstick; 1.25 Tannahill Weavers; 2.15 Surprise Guest; 3.25 Paul King; 4.20 Michael Chapman; 5.25 June Tabor; 6.30 Rab Noakes; 7.30 Radiator; 8.45 Leo Kottke; 10.00 Country Joe McDonald.

Hayes visit is ON

ISAAC HAYES is now officially set for a British concert tour in October, confirming NME's forecast two weeks ago.

Jeffrey Kruger of Ember Concert Division announces that Hayes will headline two London dates on October 17 and 18, at a major venue yet to be decided.

He will aso play dates in Southport, Portsmouth, Eastbourne and other key cities. To coincide with his visit, a new Hayes album will be issued by Polydor, with whom he has just signed a million-dollar deal.

Kruger also revealed that he is negotiating a British return by Marvin Gaye.

17 concerts set SOUTH BANK MUSIC FAIR

FULL DETAILS of this year's South Bank Music Fair in London have now been announced by promoter Derek Block. The event starts with three concerts at the Royal Festival Hall by the New Dave Brubeck Quartet (July 18) and the previously-reported gigs by Osibisa (19) and the David Bromberg Band (20). It then moves to the Queen Elizabeth Hall for 14 shows covering every aspect of contemporary music. They are:

Five hand Reel and June Tabor (July 24), Jake Thackray (25), Acker Bilk Band (26), Colosseum II (27), Illusion (28), Boy Of The Lough (29), Country Joe McDonald (30), National Health and Paul Brett (31), Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias (August 1), Shusha (2), Tommy Makem and Liam Clancy (3), Hudson-Ford (4), the Hillsiders (5) and Bert Jansch (6).

The July 24 gig by June Tabor marks the debut of her new small band, with whom she will be doing further concert dates during the coming months. And the Albertos will be promoting their new Transatlantic album "The Italians From Outer Space", released early next month.

DEAF SCHOOL RETURN GIGS

DEAF SCHOOL return from their successful two-month U.S. tour, and immediately launch into a short series of selected British gigs. They play Sheffield University (July 15), Birmingham Barbarella's (16), London Kensington Nashville (17), Liverpool Eric's Club (18) and London Marquee (21).

STANLEY CLARKE BAND IN ONE-OFF

STANLEY CLARKE BAND headline a one-off concert at London New Victoria Theatre on Friday, August 5. Clarke is the black bassist formerly with Chick Corea's Return To Forever, who is currently building a big following in the States with his own band. Line-up comprises James Tinsley and Al Harrison (trumpets), Alfred Williams and Bob Malach (saxes), Gerald Brown (drums), Raymond Gomez (guitar) and Peter Robinson (keyboards). Tickets are on sale now priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50 and promoters are Straight Music.

LITTLE RICHARD: UK TOUR PLAN

LITTLE RICHARD is considering reforming his band for a British tour in about two months' time, which would be his first here for more than ten years. This would mean interupting the religious work in which he is currently involved, but he has apparently been pleasantly surprised by British sales of his recently-released maxi-single of re-recorded rock'n'roll classics. Promoter Roy Williams said: "I expect him to be here in late August or early September".

Richard is also in line for a guest spot in the new David Essex TV series (see separate story), though it is still uncertain if he would film this in Los Angeles before he leaves for Britain, or wait until his arrival here. Looking ahead, Richard is planning a rock'n'roll film version of "Hamlet", and he was quoted this week as saying he would like to make a record with the Sex Pistols!

LIVE PAGE

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 p.m. to 11.00 p.m.
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thurs. 7th July (adm 85p)
MR. BIG
Brainchild & Ian Flemings

Mon. 11th July (Adm 80p)
LITTLE BOB STORY
Advertising & Jerry Floyd

Fri. 8th July (Adm 70p)
GIGGLES
Easy & Ian Fleming

Tues. 12th July (Adm 85p)
NUTZ
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Sat. 9th July (Adm 75p)
Free admission with this ad before 8pm
STATELINE
Masterswitch & Ian Fleming

Wed. 13th July (Adm 85p)
THE SAINTS
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Sun. 10th July (adm 65p)
S.A.L.T.
Plus support & Nick Leigh

Thurs. 14th July (Adm £1)
The Amazing . . .
ULTRAVOX!
Neo & Ian Fleming
Please come early

Hamburgers & other hot & cold snacks are available

READING ROCK '77

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

THE RED COW
HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6

Friday July 8th — Free
X. T. C.

Saturday July 9th — 65p
JOHN OTWAY
+ Wild Willy Barrett

Monday July 10th — Free
SOUNDER

Thursday July 7th — 75p
TYLA GANG

Wednesday July 13th — Free
THE RINGS

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday July 7th & Friday July 8th — £1.00
SPLIT ENZ

Saturday July 9th — £1.00
TRAPEZE
+ VAPOUR TRAILS (Kiki Dee's Backing Band)

Sunday July 10th — 70p
BEES MAKE HONEY

Monday July 11th — 50p
999 + London + The Swords

Tuesday July 12th — Free
HEAD OVER HEELS + Prairie Oyster

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01 603 6071)

LIAR + Cock Sparrer

(fresh from the Slade tour) (from the Small Faces re-union tour)

appearing at the
MUSIC MACHINE
Camden High Street NW1

Monday 11th July at 9.30 — tickets available at the door.

ALTERNATIVE JUBILEE EVENT
ROUNDABOUT CLUB
Spytty Road, Newport
Friday July 8th
LITTLE BOB STORY
+ EAST SIDE WEST
D.J. Johnny Perkins

SNEAKIES ROCK CLUB

White Bear, Kingsley Road, Hounslow
Saturday July 9th
MONTANA RED
Sunday July 10th
Guest Band
Members 45p — Non members 50p

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9

MUSIC MACHINE

CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE · N.W.1

Wednesday, July 6th — £1.00
BEES MAKE HONEY
+ ROY HILL BAND
Free admission with this advert before 10.30 pm

Thursday, July 7th — £1.50
SASSAFRAS
+ TEASER
Free admission with this advert before 9 pm

Friday, July 8th — £1.50
ZAINE GRIFF
+ Support

Saturday, July 9th — £2.00
REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
+ HOOKEY DALLION

Monday, July 11th — £1.00
LIAR
+ COCK SPARRER
Free admission with this advert before 10.30 pm

Tuesday, July 12th — £1.00
SLACK ALICE
+ SUPPORT
Free admission with this advert before 10.30 pm

Wednesday, July 13th — £1.00
STRAY + Support
Free admission with this advert before 10.30 pm

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

CALIFORNIA BALLROOM

WHIPSNADE ROAD, DUNSTABLE
presents
SATURDAY, JULY 9th
THE JAM
+ CHELSEA
Admission £1.75

SATURDAY, JULY 16th
THE
HEARTBREAKERS
+ MODELS + EATER
Admission £1.50
Licensed Bars Doors open 7.30 pm

THE MILLABOUT ROCK CLUB

Clarence Hotel, Park Road, Teddington
Thursday July 7th
FREE AGENT
Admission 40p, Membership 25p
Bar 8pm — midnight
Next Week: Window

THE SWAN

HAMMERSMITH BDY, W6
tel 01-748 1043
Opp Hammersmith Underground District Metropolitan and Piccadilly Lines
Admission Free

Wed July 6th — **LEE KOSMIN BAND**
Thurs July 7th — **BUSTER JAMES BAND**
Sat July 9th — **ASTRA**
Sun July 10th — **KATZENJAMMER**
Wed July 13th — **CLICHE**
Thurs July 14th — **ROGER WILLIAMSON**

THE KENSINGTON

Russell Gardens, W14
Tel: 01-603 3245

LIVE GROUPS NIGHTLY
RING FOR DETAILS

Live in Concert
THE ENID
with Special Guests
Clayson & the Argonauts
Saturday July 9th
at the Drill Hall
Hornglow Street
burton-ON-TRENT
Licensed Bar 7pm—12pm
Tickets £1.40
Send SAE to: Galacy,
High Street, Burton-on-Trent
0283 64382

FRIARS AT THE VALE HALL AYLESBURY

Saturday July 9th at 7.30 pm
The last farewell appearance
JACK the LAD
+ CROSSFIRE
AC SOUNDS AND VISION
Tickets 145p from Earth Records, Aylesbury, Sun Music High Wycombe, Ellis Jon's Amersham, Free'n' Easy, Hemel Hempsted, F L Moore Dunstable and Luton, Hi-Vu, Buckingham or 145p at door on night. Life membership 25p.
MANY THANKS TO J.T.L. FOR ALL THE ACE TIMES YOU'RE GIVEN US. WE WON'T FORGET

SPEAKEASY

01-580 7930

SPEAK-EARLY

Wednesday July 6th — **METROPOLIS**
Thursday July 7th — **ALFALPHA**
Friday July 8th — **NEO**
Saturday July 9th — **SPECIAL BREW**
Monday July 11th — **RING FOR DETAILS**
Tuesday July 12th — **RING FOR DETAILS**
Wednesday July 13th — **METROPOLIS**
Thursday July 14th — **LANDSCAPE**
Friday July 15th — **KROSSAGA**
Saturday July 16th — **THE ONLY ONES**

Ring for details
Speakeasy
50 Margaret St., Oxford Circus, W1
Reservations 01-580 8810

THE ROXY CLUB

41/43 NEAL ST., COVENT GARDEN, WC2

Wednesday July 6th
Audition Night
30p before 10 pm
50p after 10 pm
MODEL MANIA
+ ZERO

Thursday July 7th
SKINFLICKS
+ NEW HEARTS

Friday July 8th
SKREWDRIVER
+ RENOIR

Saturday July 9th
MEAN STREET
+ SWORDS

Wednesday July 13th
Audition Night
30p before 10 pm
50p after 10 pm
OUTPATIENTS
+ THE DEAD

HOPE & ANCHOR

UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1
BARBEQUE GRILL NOW OPEN UPSTAIRS

Thursday July 7th — 50p
999
Friday July 8th — 50p
THE POLICE + Neo
Saturday July 9th — 70p
BEES MAKE HONEY
Sunday July 10th — 70p
Radiator featuring
ALAN HULL
Monday July 11th — Free
The Stukas
Tuesday July 12th — 50p
SQUEEZE
Wednesday July 13th — 70p
DOWNLINERS SECT

West Runton Pavilion

Nr. Cromer, Norfolk
Tel. West Runton 203

Friday July 8th — **THE VIBRATORS** + WIRE
Saturday July 16th — **DEAD END KIDS** + ZORRO
Saturday July 9th — **BILLY OCEAN** + MUSCLES
Friday July 22nd — **THE JAM** + THE BOYS + THE ADVERTISERS

THE BRIDGEHOUSE

Barking Road, Canning Town, E.16
Saturday, July 9th
Cock Sparrer
pronounced Cock Sparra
Admission Free

City Rock

Every Sunday
City Tavern
Under Football Stadium,
New Writtle Street, Chelmsford
Sunday July 10th
THE MOVIES
60p 8 till 11 BOB
Next week JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS

MARK P Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY

Life after punk?

Alternative TV

ROXY

FROM A MOVEMENT to a fashion. Johnny Rotten said in a recent interview that "the whole idea of our band was to have 30,000 different attitudes in music, not 30,000 imitations."

Alternative TV have got not just a different but, more importantly, a unique attitude. There may be others, but all I've seen so far have been twists on the same basic stereotype.

ATV don't look particularly like a punk band, or at least they don't have the trappings no safety pins, spray-painted graffiti and so forth. Nor do they sound much like a punk band. Comparison wise they're something between the Patti Smith band and The Velvet Underground.

Fashionable and fairly predictable territory, but ATV also have a good quota of unplaceable and surprising ideas. At the moment, though, they're just this side of a shambles, something a projected two months rehearsing before any more gigs should hopefully cure.

I missed the first few numbers in their set, but judging from the atmosphere I didn't miss much. The half-full Roxy was divided between apathy and uncommited interest, with maybe a handful of the opinion that something different, therefore perhaps worth attention, was going on.

ATV were having a bad night. The music was failing to gel, and Mark P looked decidedly laconic, barely moving and eyeing the crowd with an expression that seemed to say I'm-telling-you-something-but-just-don't-care, with maybe a hint of disdain.

What he was telling us I don't know, because I couldn't hear him properly. It sounded like vague polemic (though I'm willing to believe it was specific) — half-sung, half spoken in a dry monotone over Alex Fergusson's thrashing guitar and the slipshod rhythms of Tyrone Thomas (bass) and John Towe (drums) (the latter filling in until they find a permanent drummer).

Things began to pick up, however, and what was earlier little more than an achordant mess developed a bit of shape and attack. Then the band jerked into "Love Lies Limp", almost reggae, but convoluted to the point of being unrecognisable as such. The guitar, rhythm and voice meshed in jagged inspiration and with a title like that I wish I could have heard the words.

As soon as it finished a tape started playing. Disjointed narratives mixed with formless bits of music and noise. The band remained still and the crowd looked visibly confused.

Slowly Alex Fergusson geared in with some chords and the band set off into "Alternatives To NATO", words based on a text in an anarchist magazine. It was formless by most definitions of a song, the guitars and drums playing almost at random while Mark P tersely delivered the words. An intense and compulsive number.

ATV's position on any punk hierarchy is irrelevant, because they transcend the genre — or rather the fashion. They're doing what Johnny Rotten meant when he said go out and form a band,

"Alternatives To NATO" finished and there was a tangible moment of stunned silence before the shouts for more. The others left the stage but Mark P stood quietly while a speeded-up tape of some new wave single or other filled the PA . . . When the tape finished he half smiled at the bewildered crowd and said:

"It still doesn't mean anything."

Paul Rambali

CLEAN-UP CAMPAIGN WORKS

Brown peaks at last

Pete Brown's Back To Front

HOPE & ANCHOR

PETE BROWN is aware that a lot of people think he's a junkhead.

The reputation came about, he explains with a light smile, because of being renowned as a beat-poet, rock musician and, no doubt, an associate and confidant of Jack Bruce.

Uncaring that he's destroying a myth and lifting the manhole cover off his underground status, Pete says it's an inaccurate and unwarranted rock fable.

Ten years ago he gave up booze and dope following a traumatic incident in The White Room, which became immortalised in a Cream song of the same name. For eight or nine years, he tells, he had withdrawal symptoms and found it hard to retain a sense of reality. Only now is that perspective returning to him.

At present neither a toke enters his lungs nor a tot passes his lips. So convinced is he that physical ruin contributes little to creativity that he even resists eating food cooked in wine or any other kind of alcohol.

Brown might have started his career as a beatpoet, but he denies he's that at the moment. He is a lyricist and entertainer, he states firmly; and these qualities are liberally exposed in his present band, Back To Front.

A curious ensemble of wind, keyboards, bass and drums with Brown on vocals and percussion and a darling of a lady called Helen Hardy on harmonies and the occasional lead, this is undoubtedly his most successful and adventurous venture in years.

While reluctantly employed in Decca's A & R department he made an abortive attempt to get back on the road with Flying Tigers. It was after meeting jazz influenced keyboard player Ian Lynn, who had just escaped from the vile clutches of the O Band (well, that's his version), that the idea for Back To Front emerged.

A few months back, when they were using another girl singer called Lyn Maxwell who has since left, Brown's Front played impressively down the Rock Garden. Although depleted by one and having to contend with the Hope's unsavoury cellar and small stage, they are equally good musically, if lacking some of the excitement which had previously been present.

An inherent danger is that they could easily, and inadvertently, become a muso's band, because of their collective talents. The main soloists are obviously Lynn on clavinet, electric piano and string synthesizer, and Bimbo Aycock. From his flight box he puils an assortment of saxes and flutes which he plays with vitality, imagination and skill.

Deep in the black influenced rhythm section there's bassist Dill Catz and on drums, Jeff Seoparvie; each have a techni que that is both solid and firm, but often resourceful and equally as colourful as their front line colleagues.

Musically, they're about improvisation, feel and counter-playing, with Brown adding the hard but melodic vocal lines. Contrasting the rawness of his delivery is the more self-assured and soulful vocal of Helen, yet on "Street-walking Women", she too can operate on sensual huskiness.

As is only to be expected from such a strong composing team as Brown and Lynn, the songs are their major concern, and the freedom given to each musician is indicative of the exciting breadth of their structures and arrangements.

Pete Brown's Back To Front is probably the best new band I've seen this year.

Tony Stewart

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X-Ray Spex

MAN IN THE MOON

POLY STYRENE is 19 years old and is the leader of a band called X-Ray Spex. She's been writing songs for two years now, and one of them, the succinctly titled "Oh Bondage, Up Yours", suffers the ignominy of being included on the "Live At The Roxy" album.

The Roxy version was recorded at X-Ray Spex' second ever gig, not long after Poly had put a crazily-worded ad in a music paper looking for like-minded persons to form a band with.

As a song "Oh Bondage, Up Yours" leaves a lot to be desired, but as a widely-aimed upright middle finger its simplicity is endearing. Predictably, since it's their only recorded song so far, they played it as an encore at the Man In The Moon (a nondescript watering-hole with a high percentage of SW3 poseurs slumming it with the new wave).

The song sounds much the same live as it does on the Roxy album: more disciplined and with better rhythmic attack perhaps, but the lyrics are just as unintelligible, and Poly's singing is the same high-pitched monotone wail. The main difference is that Laura Logic's sax is inaudible beneath the wall of noise

P. STYRENE *Pic: WALT DAVIDSON*

perpetrated by the full tilt guitar, bass and drums.

By all accounts, though, Laura's sax playing is economical and appropriately minimal. For the first few songs, when for some reason it was possible to hear her, she added an abrasive edge to the sound with some carefully placed clinical riffs.

Visually Laura provides a good foil for the bustling Poly. She stands transfixed, staring into the middle distance for the whole set while Poly, dressed in what looked like a plastic table-cloth, does a sort of mutated watusi and generally screams her head off — and I thought girls with braces were supposed to be shy.

All of the songs the band play are originals, written by Poly, and some of them sounded fairly promising. As yet, though, X-Ray Spex are no great shakes — but they are a lot of fun.

Paul Rambali

The Only Ones

BRISTOL

WELL, HERE I am in 'Chutes club contemplating the glamorous heady world of rock'n'roll and trying desperately to fight off Morpheus as he ceaselessly attacks in the merciless form of The Eagles thundering out of a 50-watt speaker six inches away from my right eardrum. I have just seen a beautifully crass performance by Radio Stars with Andy Ellison acting like Mike Mansfield's answer to Iggy (and getting the group banned from the Colston Hall in the process) plus a tumultuously boring show by Eddie and the Hot Rods. I am not feeling my best.

Ten minutes later. There's a group onstage. H-e-e-y, I'm enjoying this; this is good. The "stage" in 'Chutes is really a balcony; thus the band is penned in uncomfortably by a three foot high metal railing. Jailhouse rock with a vengeance. This, combined with the realisation that they are not making much of an impact on the stupefied rabble of late night drinkers, is inciting the band to produce compelling, tense music with genuine frustration filled energy.

The band is The Only Ones. The Only Ones are:

Lead guitarist: John Perry,
Bassist: Alan Mair,
Drummer: Mike Kellie,
Rhythm guitarist and front man vocalist: Peter Perret.

And he writes the songs.

They've been playing together for about six months.

They are not New Wave, not at all Punk. Alan Mair might look a little like Hugh Cornwell's brother, but not even his Modern Lovers T-shirt can distract one's eyes from Perry's receding hairline, while Perret looks rather datedly like a New York Doll. Most importantly, nevertheless, their music is music of the moment and it would still be so, even if Punk rock had never come to pass.

You don't have to be Andy Warhol to deduce that the 90% influence for The Only Ones is the Velvet Underground. Perret's voice is awe-inspiring, sounding just like Lou's must do when Lester is sitting on his face, but the traces of derivation can't detract from the fact that Perret's songs constitute some of the finest original material that I've heard for quite some time.

The slower, atmospheric numbers like "Prisoners" (ironic tonight) demonstrate how fine the rhythm section is; Mike Kellie (ex-Spooky Tooth incidentally) is excellent, interlocking powerfully with Mair's bass. An interesting English conterbalance to the V.U. sounds is provided by Perry, whose guitar work is not a million solos away from Bill Nelson.

Most impressive are the uptempo numbers, which occur mainly in the second half of the set: exciting amphetamine fast riffing — The Vibrators (stop sniggering, you snobs, rather than The Clash but with subtle musical touches and Perret's quirky lyrics, hardly Punk rock.

All the same, the music is literally stunning. I'm standing by the mixer glancing nervously as the needles judder erratically in and out of the red. The volume is so high, and the band so lethally tight, that each beat is like a Kray kick in the head. They didn't play "White Light/White Heat" but that's what I felt. Kellie's drumming and Perret's sadistic take-no-prisoners rhythm guitar are so damn good — it started out as a night I didn't want to remember and finished up a night I won't forget.

The Only Ones have just privately recorded and pressed a single called "Lovers Of Today" and I can't stop playing it.

The Only Ones? And how!

David Housham

Ivor Cutler

NOTTINGHAM

IVOR CUTLER rises to read a poem. A quick crack of sunlight fizzles a few yards from his feet like an aspirin dropped in water. As if on cue, Cutler cocks his ovoid head like a corkscrew and snaps in rasping Scotch brogue:

"What's that bloody noise? Humph! These days every building has that hum of ventilation."

Observation is an essential part of the Cutler *oeuvre*.

A week of lunchtime poetry readings organised by local radio forms part of the Nottingham Festival; an annual cultural (sic) bash. Apparently the obvious youth and high attendance of Cutler's audience is in marked contrast to the turn outs for other gigs.

Ivor Cutler is a poet; humorist; schoolteacher (part-time); writer of children's stories; and maker of three thoroughly engaging albums for Virgin, namely "Dandruff", "Velvet Donkey", and the enthralling "Jammy Smears". To some he's the morsel before the main meal at Soft Machine and Can concerts. To others he's the oddball from Dave Allen's TV documentary *In Search Of The Great British Eccentric*.

Simply, he's the Ivor Cutler of the rock world. In September he releases a live fourth album, "Life In A Scotch Sitting Room".

In Nottingham Cutler read lots of poems. One written in Belfast, after a recent tour; a poem about whales in London Zoo (a passion); a rhythm poem inspired by the music of African drums (another Cutler passion); a poem commissioned by Shelter ("it had to be rough, social, and caring"); and (naturally) several selected episodes from the surreal cocoon of the Scotch sitting room.

Ivor Cutler's poems and songs are like wry missiles launched from the man's idiosyncratic and sensitive view of the world. They can provoke paroxysms of laughter or bouts of querulous self-searching. And to invoke Trevor Griffiths, "Not everything true is funny, and not everything funny is true."

Oh, an' 'cos it's summertime, remember this slice of Cutlerian advice: "If your breasts are too big and you wear a rucksack, you will fall over."

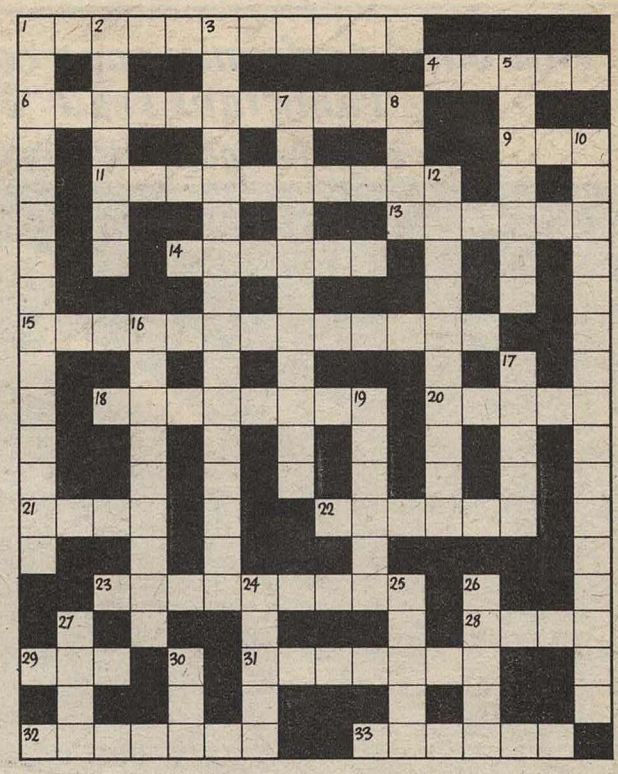
MALCOLM HEYHOE

ACROSS

1 Not as seasonal as Phil May, he sings the noo wave's Social Security anthem and (ahem) *supports* Chelsea (4,7)
4 Z.Z.Top's last album. Sawthern punks?!! Well, they can't *spell* their home state . . .
6 Of whom it has been said (bastardised version): *She may never get to play Juliet but she sure could hang over a balcony!* (5,6)
9 & 27 Began as an offshoot of Jefferson Airplane
11 Rat fink noo wavers just a letter away from becoming unknowns!
13 See 25
14 & 28 & 33 *Old wave clue:* The Col Tom Parker of the '60s. *New wave clue:* The Malcolm McLaren of the '60s. *Medium wave clue:* There is no medium wave clue. *Does any other crossword give you this kind of service?*
15 Be rich Eno hack (anag. 6,7)
18 Old craterface the axeman's axeman (4,4)
20 To grayces what blews is to riddym!
21 1974 hot for Hit Chocolate (sic)
22 & 5 *The* legendary bluesman, he influenced *everybody* — even Muddy Waters
23 *Old wave clue:* The Attila The Hun of the '70s. *New wave clue:* The Rat Scabies of the '60s (5,4)
28 Middle bit of 14 across
29 No *what*, Iggy? Oh fanks Sid, fanks. Giv us anuver kicking, go on
31 P Moraz's old band with L Jackson and B Davison
32 Singer wiv 23 across like
33 Last bit of 14 across

DOWN

1 Would you all please be upstanding for the next clue. *Wassat Sid* — ooh yes, with the steel caps please (3,4,3,5)
2 See 24
3 Ain't the fee crap, B.A.? (anag. 7,9)
5 See 22
7 . . . his vegetable plot, I suppose, when the weather's hot. That's the kind of thing those old hippies do, isn't it? Wish you were here, peace maaan (5,6)
8 Bronx-born singer lady — sounds like some boring GPO invention!
10 But be warned about those invitations from Neil Young. Take your own bottle and be prepared to get real *depressed!* (8,3,5)
12 Ronnie Lane bets against the odds? (4,6)
16 "Sweet Nothin's" was the first of her hits — 17 years ago. Noo wave fans can skip this one and fight quietly among themselves (6,3)
17 Featuring the sisters Wilson, and Dr C Barnaard on skins
19 Knockout half of Moon twice! Reassemble as rock-soul aggregation. This has been this week's Silly one.
24 & 2 Writer-singer whose biggest success was with a song written by someone else — Fred Neil's "Everybody's Talkin' " from *Midnight Cowboy*
25 & 13 Former sidekick of Watford's No 1 Fan
26 Warhol flick
27 Fishy part of 9 across
30 We're gonna talk durty now: This is a well-known term for, uhmm, crossover music . . . the kind of stuff, uh, Tony Blackburn likes . . . as played on, gulp, Radio 1 . . . *(The rest of this clue has been given a good kicking — Sid Ed)*



LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Jam; 3 Nick Lowe; 8 Hudson Ford; 9 Lynyrd (Skynyrd); 10 "Dark Side Of The Moon"; 13 Velvet Underground; 15 Davis; 16 Otis Redding; 18 Ronnie Lane; 19 Nils (Lofgren); 23 Lemmy; 25 Howard Kaylan; 27 Roger Dean; 28 Spencer (Davis); 29 Paul McCartney. **DOWN:** 1 John David Souther; 2 Modern Lovers; 4 (Jim) Croce; 5 (Joe) Walsh; 6 Coasters; 7 Dr John; 11 (Mike) Oldfield; 12 "Moondance"; 14 Utopia; 17 Runaways; 20 Skynyrd; 21 Labelle; 22 Caravan; 24 & 26 Marcy Levy.

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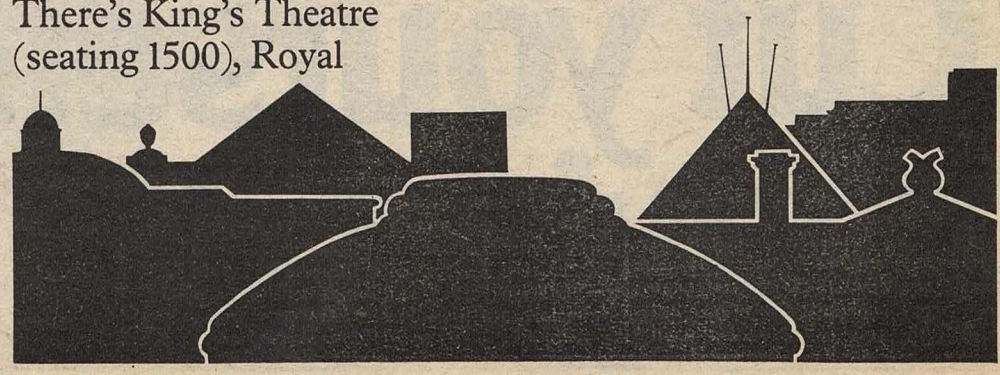
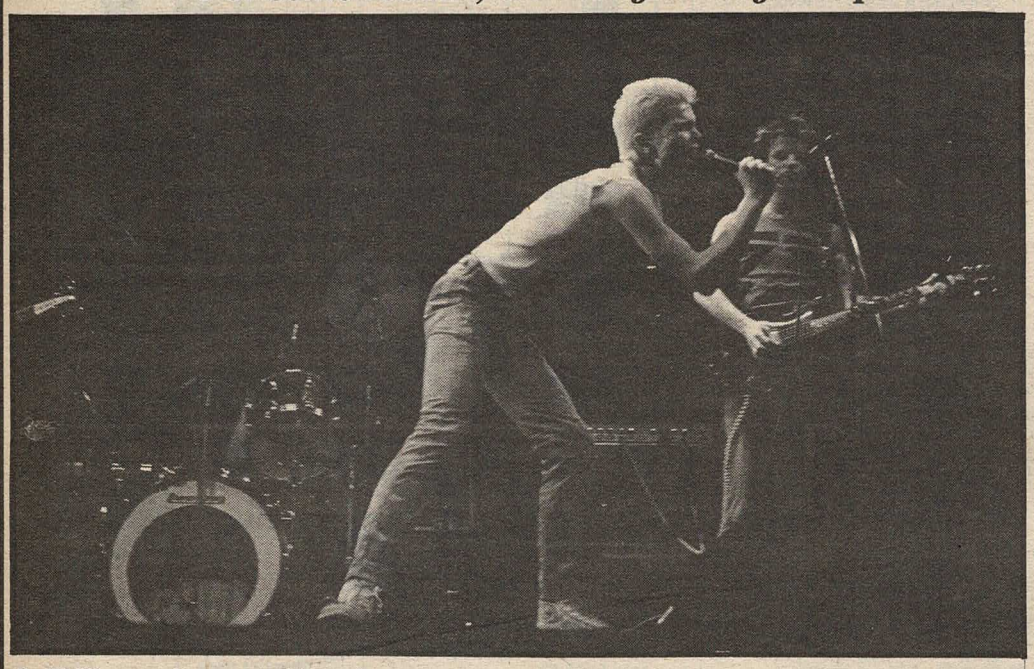


This band perform a song called "Kleenex". Their fans read "Pink" magazine.

For some reason, we thought they was punks . . .



B. IDOL, seventh top man this week. *Pic: LEN HOOPER*

Window

NEW GOLDEN LION

AN EIGHT month-old band recently turned professional, who have only just signed their first recording deal, can't really be expected to be fully aware of which musical direction they'll pursue, and Window are currently deciding whether to be a rock or pop group.

Without too much pomp or trumpeting, this five-piece were taken on as the first act signed to Rich Rod's Riva label, and as the company is prepared to admit itself, they'll need a certain amount of guidance and advice before they're placed in the vicinity of a studio console.

At Fulham's New Golden Lion, Window appeared to be slightly nervous on stage, although their act had obviously been well routined and was performed with a professional, even if perfunctory, tightness not normally associated with a bunch of greenies.

Most of their songs are written by bassist Paul Lilly and keyboard player Michael Strong or by vocalist Kelvin Halifax. The main characteristics of the material are pretty melodies with rhythmic drives from guitarist Mark Sullivan and the former Love Affair drummer Maurice Bacon.

Unfortunately the musicians are an unimaginative crew, and if it wasn't for Halifax's fine vocals sustaining interest they'd pretty quickly be dismissed as bland popsters.

One reason for this was obviously the lack of scope in song arrangements and structures, which rarely made the most of their limited skills. In fact, the only real hint of excitement or humour came with "One Two", when Halifax dragged on an inflatable doll and for ten minutes comically derided the less endearing characteristics of the Punk movement.

Apparently the climax of their set normally comes with an elaborate hard rock'n'roll reading of the Stones' "It's All Over Now". At the Lion, however, the heat they were so desperately trying to generate was dampened when Strong instigated a pie-throwing farrago.

They might have had pretensions to being a rock band, but what with their glitter cast-off costumes, one suspects they're closer to pop, and just waiting for somebody to tailor their image.

Tony Stewart

Generation X

BRISTOL

GENERATION X are undoubtedly the finest punk band without a recording contract, a situation brought about primarily by their sensible wish to avoid the crop of exploiters who've come crawling on to the scene. However, they are on the point of choosing the best of a handful of offers, and are eager to get into the studios.

"Your Generation", the prospective debut single, opens their gig at 'Chutes with brilliant beams of fresh, clean-cut energy that radiate powerfully through the entire set. They continue having fun with "From The Heart", "Trying For Kicks", "Kleenex", "London Riot", "Above Love", "New Orders", "No, No, No", "Ready Steady Go", "Day By Day", "Too Personal" and "Youth Youth Youth". This is a collection of songs of consistent high quality, and Gen. X play them with all the skill and drive they deserve.

The rhythm section — Tony James on bass and Mark Laff (not ex-Clash) on drums — is hard and smooth. That Laff has only arrived from Subway Sect seems incredible, for his concise concussive drumming complements and combines flawlessly with the thoughtful sounds thundering from James' Rickenbacker. Bob Andrews' performance on guitar is also extremely good, his short flailing solos especially, and the vigorous noises he rips out of his strings are so dense that he often sounds like two guitarists.

But all this would be of slight effect were it not for the fact that they really do have a fine assortment of songs at their disposal. Generation X do not just sling together a bunch of third hand Ramones riffs but instead write songs of true substance, with above average hooks, the occasional harmony, and imaginative musical interplay between the instruments.

Technologically the evening was a disaster, with equipment disintegrating and exploding every other number, but their ability to lose neither their smiles nor their intensity forced one to conclude that they can only be second at the moment to The Clash.

They do have problems, of course, and these mainly centre round the currently cherry-red-haired singer Billy Idol. His petulant, screwed-up-eyes posing reminded me of Arianna of The Slits, and when he misuses his good voice by adopting the stereotyped cynical cement-tone punk yelp he is more than a little unconvincing — because Billy and the others have the sort of wholesome *Pink* appeal that makes The Dead End Kids look like Motorhead.

(In fact, Billy just made the readers' Top Ten men in Supersonic magazine. Really. — Ed).

However, as the repeated delays caused him generally to drop this posing, he looked and sounded far better — and even the odd hint of Peter Noone that crept into his vocals was alright by me, because contrary to Tony James' assertion that they are "a rock'n' roll band", Generation X are in the same classic pop tradition as The Ramones, rather than the nouveau heavy metal territory of the Pistols, Heartbreakers, etc.

The spirit of the Wombles lives on in the New Wave and Billy Idol will slay them on *Top Of The Pops.*

David Housham

JAZZ DIARY

HARRY BECKETT'S Joy Unlimited band are premiering a new work, "Getting It Right", at 100 Club on 11th July, which will be recorded by Ogun. **Isipingo, Harry Miller's** great little outfit, have finally recorded "Family Affair" for Ogun.

The 3rd Bracknell Festival, 23rd—24th July, has booked the **Archie Shepp Quintet, Gateway** including **John Abercrombie, Dave Holland** and **Jack De Johnette, Elton Dean's Ninesense, the Bobby Bradford Quartet, Charles Austin** and **Joe Gallivan, Derek Bailey, Lol Coxhill** and **Misha Mengelberg, the Gary Burton Quartet, the Stan Tracey Octet, Kai Winding** with the **Lennie Best Quartet, American Song & Dance** featuring **Susannah McCorkle** and **Will Gaines,** and the **London Jazz Big Band.** Prices at the door — or fly-sheet — £7 for the weekend or £4 a day. Tickets in advance, £6 or £3.50.

On 9th and 10th July, jazz comes back to Beaulieu after an absence of 16 years, a long spell between berets. The bill includes the **Joe Venuti Quartet, Zoot Sims—Joe Newman Quintet, the Teddy Wilson Trio, Kenny Ball & His Jazzmen, Alex Welsh, Bobby Wellins, Eddie Thompson, the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet, the Vic Dickenson All-Stars, Joe Turner, Acker Bilk & His Paramount Jazz Band, Humphrey Lyttelton** and the **Stan Tracey Octet.**

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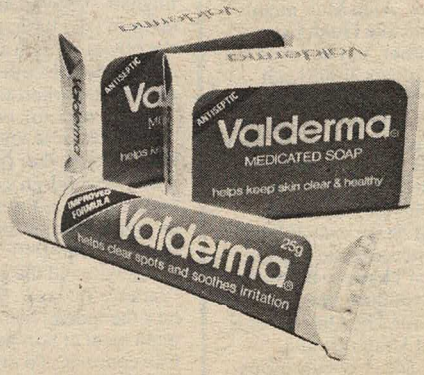

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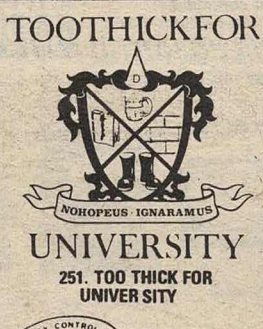

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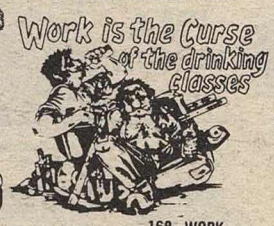

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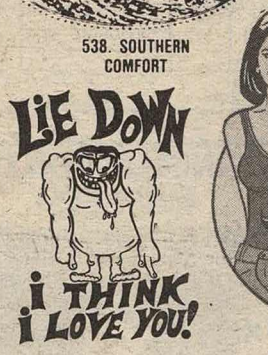

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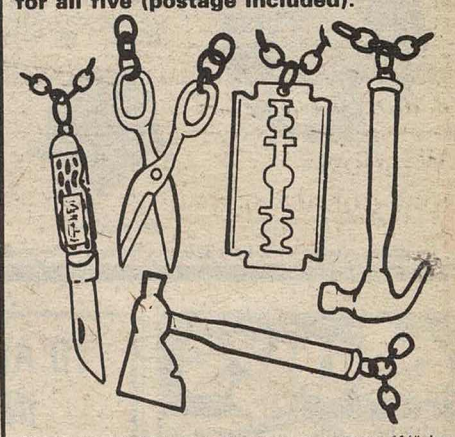

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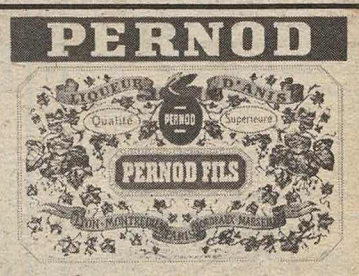

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GUARANTEED PURE

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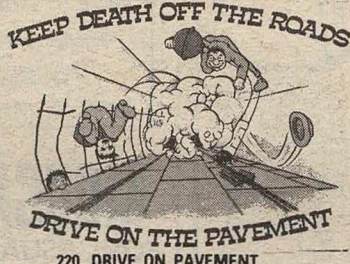

220. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT

WHY IS MAN ON THIS PLANET?
WHY IS SPACE INFINITE?
WHY ARE WE DOOMED
WHY ARE YOU READING MY BLOODY SLOGAN?

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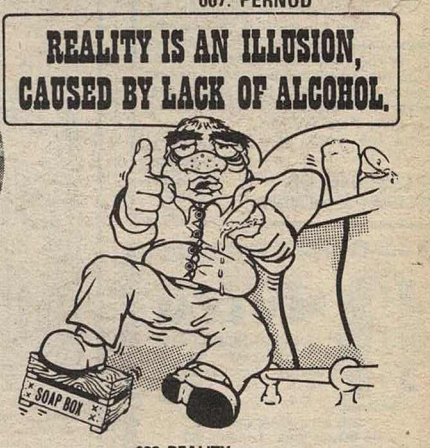


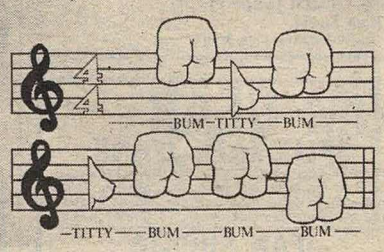
232 REALITY

254. DARTMOOR OLD BOYS

169. EAGLE

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I shall fear no evil. Cause I am the meanest Son of a Bitch that ever walked in the valley.....

143. SON OF A BITCH



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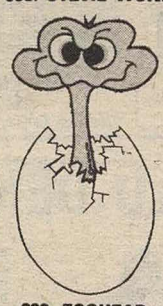
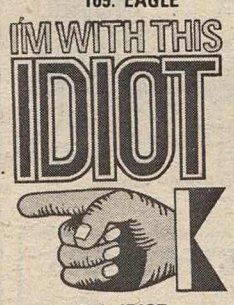


690. EGGHEAD

683. IN THE DARK



679. IDIOT

507. FLOYD

214. BIONIC COCK

PEOPLE SAID SMILE
THINGS COULD GET WORSE,
SO I DID SMILE,
AND THINGS DID GET WORSE.

257. SMILE

687. CHARLIE'S ANGELS

250. PUNK PANTHER

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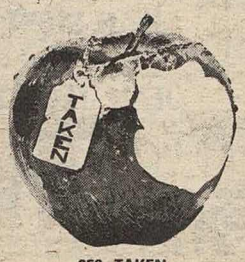
Bloggs, 102 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, G2.
Charlies Bazaar, 12a Pottergate, Norwich.
Shirts Galore, 57 Water Street, Rhyl, N. Wales.
Shirts Galore, 7 Trinity St., Wrexham.
T-Shirt Centre, 46 The Old High Street, Folkestone.
Buds T—Shirts, Dreamland, Margate
Tony's T-Shirts, Marbles Market, 527 Oxford Street, London W1.
Mohammed's, Indoor Market, Dolphin Sq., Weston-Super-Mare.



258. TAKEN

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R1 Joe Walsh

F7. Dazzle Em

F1. Makin Steak

F2. Pussy Hunt

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A63 Wings

F4. Beer Drinkers

F5. I want your body

F6. The Real Me*

B6. Exciting

A4. Grateful Dead

C22. Powered by Booze*

F25. Play Safe

F40 Beep Beep

F12. Ignore

F326 I Got This Way From Kissing Girls

A74 Jimi Hendrix

B2. Take It Out

F66. Love Thy Neighbour

R27. Doobie Bros.

R3. Eagles on the Border

R4. Eagles Desperado

F3 Smile

A3 Santana

F98. It Feels Good

A70 Dave Bowie

F9. Happy Here

A82. Eagle

A75 J. S. Spitfire

R288 Make mine country

F64. I May Be Slow

F65. Say Hello

A61 Led Zeppelin

A5. Pink Floyd

A81 Virgin

I'M A VIRGIN (This is a very old T-shirt)

A66 Outlaws Lady In waiting

A5. KC and the Sunshine Band

A64 We knead your ass

R2. Eagles-one of these Nights

A65 World War II

A81. England

A72 Beatles

A6 Marshal Tucker

F68. Only Here For The Beer

A67 Atlanta Rhythm Section

F69. Ya Don't

F11. Do Unto Others

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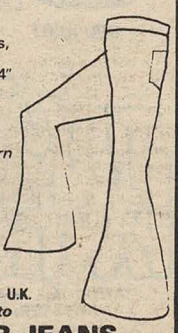

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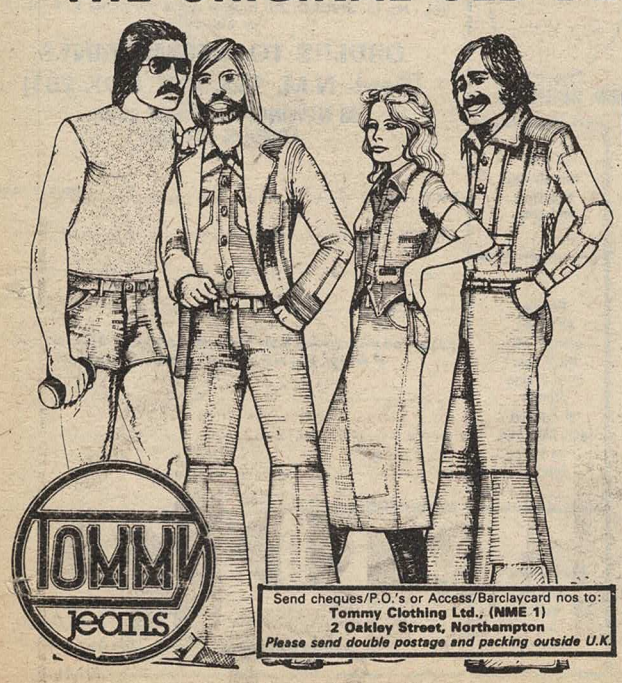

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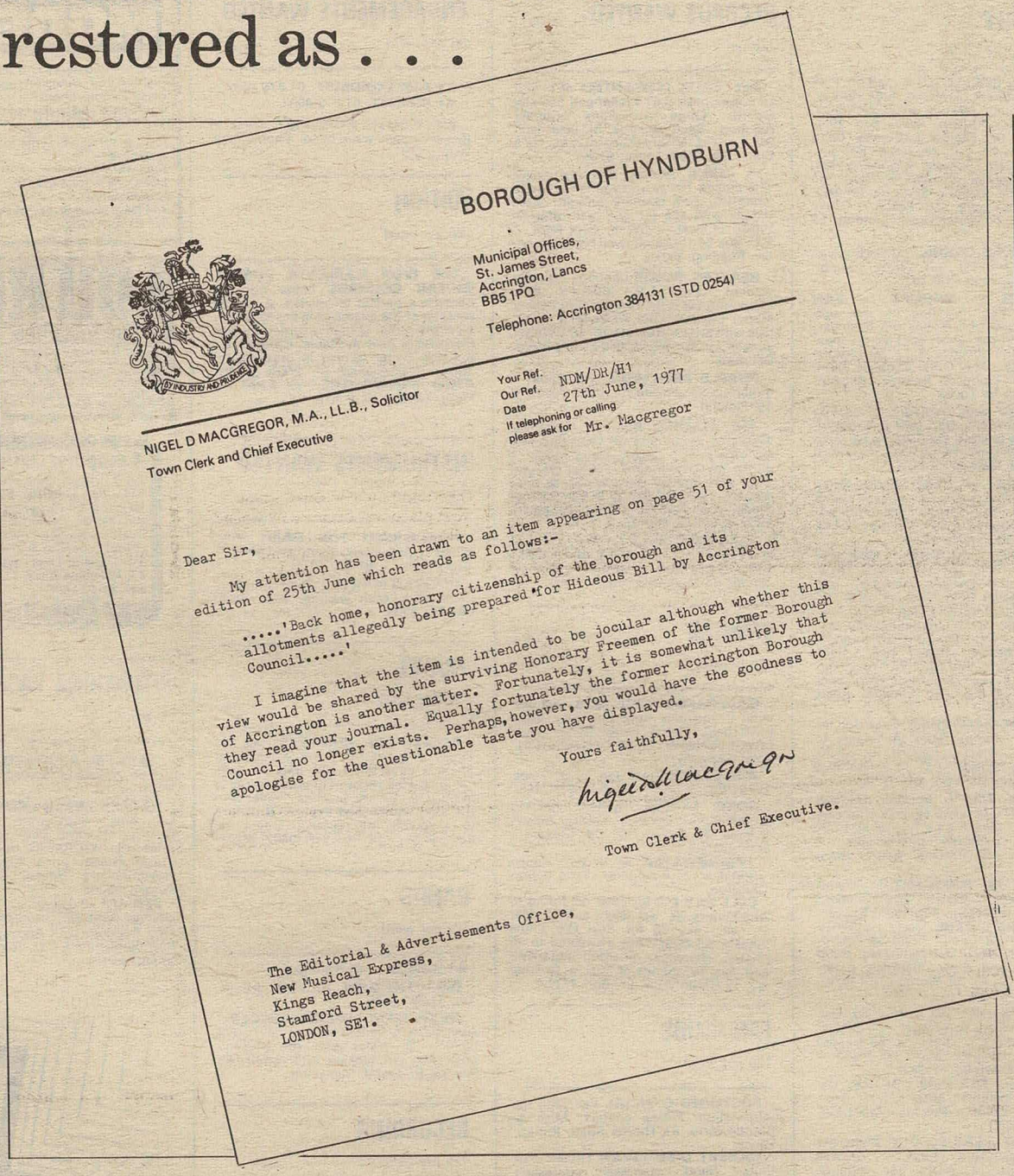

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NIGEL D MACGREGOR, M.A., LL.B., Solicitor
Town Clerk and Chief Executive

Your Ref.
Our Ref. NDM/DR/H1
Date 27th June, 1977
If telephoning or calling please ask for Mr. Macgregor

Dear Sir,

My attention has been drawn to an item appearing on page 51 of your edition of 25th June which reads as follows:-

'.....Back home, honorary citizenship of the borough and its allotments allegedly being prepared for Hideous Bill by Accrington Council.....'

I imagine that the item is intended to be jocular although whether this view would be shared by the surviving Honorary Freemen of the former Borough of Accrington is another matter. Fortunately, it is somewhat unlikely that they read your journal. Equally fortunately the former Accrington Borough Council no longer exists. Perhaps, however, you would have the goodness to apologise for the questionable taste you have displayed.

Yours faithfully,

Town Clerk & Chief Executive.

The Editorial & Advertisements Office,
New Musical Express,
Kings Reach,
Stamford Street,
LONDON, SE1.

ACCRINGTON STRIKES BACK!!

Cowering helplessly: CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

CHRIST! There's only one word that comes to my mind to describe the *NME* at the moment: Racialist.

I see you break your balls trying to "inform" us what happened at Ireland's "first major punk festival" giving the impression that we Irish can just be as nihilistic as your "condemned" working class. What I don't see is a comparison between an Irish student and the shit that travels in and out of any London punk hangout.

You call The Radiators "Ireland's only remotely well-known punk group." What on earth are you up to? Surely you can remember back to last week's issue where you had an interview with "The Boomtown Rats", or did you just forget about them? Yes I can see where it would have been very convenient in keeping with your *Thrills?*

So far, I don't seem to have mentioned anything to justifiably call your racialist. Well, here it is; there was absolutely no mention of the beginning of Ireland's "Summer of Love" — admittedly, ten years after — or didn't you know about it? Just in case you didn't I'll tell you: The republic of Ireland had it's first ever open air Rock Concert last Sunday (26th) in County Cork (including 'Nutz' and Rory Gallagher).

Even if that wasn't enough, on reflection; the thing that struck me most was how utterly peaceful it was.

TONY MAHER, Dublin.

LET'S GET things into their proper perspective. Patrick Coultry *(Thrills* last week) did not die because he was attending a new wave gig. He died because he was present in a crowded hall, and Dublin being a big city, there was inevitably some violence.

Unfortunately, it happens every day, be it Dublin, London, New York or Belfast.

The Radiators From Space are about as responsible for his death as the Beatles were for the Manson Murders. They are also victims of the stabbing in so much as they will probably be remembered only for this incident in a lot of people's minds (I hope not, as they are a talented bunch of lads) and headlines like the *NME's* and letters like this — which all help blow things out of perspective — don't exactly help much.

Patrick Coultry's death has nothing to do with Johnny Rotten getting slashed and is not an escalation of the recent cult of "punk bashing". Philip Chevron and Peter Holidai (Radiators) getting attacked *is.* Patrick Coultry being stabbed is the result of usual Saturday night antics of the slick generation and while it is fair to say that punk rock is too ambivalent in its approach to violence, violence did exist in the big cities before the advent of punk. Let's not point blame where there is none, rock and roll has enough problems without taking on the responsibility for Saturday night violence.

Don't anybody forget that the main point of the Clash song "Hate and War" is contained in the line *"Hate and War, it's the only thing we ought to hate".*

Punks don't glorify violence like Thin Lizzy do, yet the new wave has more than its share of violence. Why?

Did anybody ever hear of media overkill and manipulation?

STEVE TRACY, Derry

Tony, no-one was trying to specifically number the Irish, their culture or their political climate in our report on the Coultry tragedy. As Steve Tracy points out, private-enterprise violence is no-one's monopoly. As for the Boomtown Rats/Radiators From Space thing — you're right, okay. Me, I check that it's the responsibility of the individual to control his/her own behaviour — otherwise all kinds of OTHER people will feel they have the right to move in. — CSM.

I WON'T keep you long. I just want to say something about the first murder during a rock show in "The British Isles". I value my life. Most of my friends are similarly inclined. I don't care if it *is* 1977, and the in thing is going over the top, outdoing your neighbour and/or the punkettes you've read about in *Sounds* or the *Mirror.* To murder someone is the utltimate act of exhibitionism.

Being Irish, I was particularly ashamed by "The Killing of Patrick Coultry," and without wishing to sound like the Spokesperson for a Generation, or the leader of a Hippy Renaissance, I do think it's time to look at the state of the scene, and decide whether it's worth dying just so you can go one better than Siouxie or whoever. I thought music was my number one love, but thanks to what happened at University College, Dublin, I've realized that survival is more important to me than how much Robert Plant loves his ba-aby.

DERMOE MITCHELL, Newport, Gwent.

See next letter — CSM.

A FEW observations on the 'punk' / 'new wave' scandals of late:

1 A full-page ad on the back of one of the music papers last week claimed that no pubs in the nation were playing "God Save The Queen" on their jukeboxes because of a widespread total ban by the breweries. On a visit to a local pub (and a very ordinary one) in Chorley, Lancs, called the Queens (sic) I find said record on the jukebox. However, none of the regulars looked up from their dominoes and darts.
2 How can EMI justify the expulsion of the Sex Pistols and banning of "Anarchy In The Uk" and then release the LP "Live At The Roxy" which contains a torrent of "foul language" at the start of Side Two, plus a track titled "Oh Bondage! Up Yours!" plus several other niceties).
3 I could make a long list of the inaccuracies in the last three weeks series in the *Sunday People,* possibly the most amusing coming in this week's exciting episode "The Frenzy Of Punk", where The Stranglers' bass player is renamed as "Jean Joe".

So far this year I have seen the Stranglers, Clash, Drones, Iggy Pop, Vibrators, Heartbreakers, Buzzcocks, Slaughter & The Dogs, and half a dozen other such "disturbing" groups and I am still waiting to see a single punch thrown, let alone a bottle. Perhaps the *Sunday People* "writers" should have joined me at the Blackpool-Chelsea football match I attended a few months ago however, where a hail of bricks and bottles left fifty people in the local casualty ward. This incident rated only a few paragraphs, of course.

You may draw your own conclusions from the above. Oh, incidentally I am 27 and have a mortgage and a job as a Computer Systems Analyst, but of course this doesn't fit in with the *Sunday People's* idea of the sort of person who watches these groups, does it?

DAVE WILLIAMS, Preston.

IT'S BEEN a sad week for rock and, no doubt, a sadder week for those close to the victim of last Saturday's tragedy, yet in the same issue which deplores this slaughter, Tony Parsons is romanticising cuddly teeny-bopper Julie Burchill's blade-carrying antics; the second time that this cute habit has been brought to the attention of your readers of late (viz Pat Travers interview). Now then, kids, if you didn't take knives to gigs . . .

When I first heard, "1977" I really felt that the New Wave knew how and where to use its violence, but the smell of old farts seems to linger on and on . . . . . .

. . . . . "What if you knew her and saw her dead on the ground," Tony?

JAMES CAWTE, Cheshire.

Seems to me, James, that you can't tell the difference between metaphor and actuality. I'm pretty sure that Julie and Tony can. — CSM.

JULY 3rd is the sixth anniversary of the death of the great Jim Morrison.

PETE, no address given

It's also Julie Burchill's eighteenth birthday. — CSM.

IT'S ABOUT time that some people found out who the "street level" musicians are. "Street Level", folks, is not hanging around London clubs until the cheques run out, or buying mohair jumpers at £25 a time, or having your hair cut in the spiky fashion at the Rene Claro coiffure in Mayfair — because all these things need lots of money, y'know — for people who are wealthy.

I wonder if CBS would give some of the British jazz / avant garde musicians a contract, or would United Artists give them a reception at a Chelsea restaurant?

It's these people — genuine talents like Evan Parker, or Derek Bailey (and many more) — that have a better idea of what it's like to be ignored, "street level", and in a minority. Their talents have been ignored for years by 99% of the public, record companies and critics.

Did you see a window display for Evan Parker's last album? I saw plenty for the Clash.

So why not miss the Roxy for one night, and buy a Stan Tracey album or summat? If Joe Strummer told you jazz was part of the new wave, you would.

SPONTANEOUS SAXOPHONES LEAGUE, Stockport.

Oop-bop-sh'bam! — CSM.

WHY DOES everyone in your organ keep sneering at the Adverts? Seen them lately? They came to Penzance with the Damned (who were great, of course) and made a hell of a lot of friends — lots of people reckoned they were the best new wave band they've seen yet — and that includes the Stranglers, Eddie, Talking Heads, Ramones, Saints and The Damned. With stuff like "One Chord Wonders" "New Church" and "Gary Gilmore's Eyes" I reckon they're the most promising of the lot and I can't wait for an album. They aren't rich, they aren't famous, they get beat up in the subway — seems to me you could afford to spare them some encouragement instead of dumping your share of shit on them. Read this and believe it.

CHY-AN-STYLUS RECORDS, Cornwall. P.S. Nice to see Virgin thanking the independent shops for giving them a silver disc and then rushing out a "clean" Pistols single so they can kiss ass at Boots, isn't it . . . .?

Crom and Mitra! Not merely another manifestation of Punkus Cornvegicus, but *cynical,* too? Punkus Cornvegicus Cynicus? Ha-a-a-l-l-p!! — CSM.

IS IT too early to say History is Punk?

A BOGUE, Worcs.

The S.A.O.L.'s seem to be getting more erudite of late — Prof. A. J. BARTLETT-PEAR.

LOTS OF people have been ignoring Tony Blackburn for years, but he hasn't gone away.

LEWD DAVE, Cambridge.

How true that is. — CSM.

IS IT too early to say I hate the repeats of *Rock Follies of '77"?*

ERIC SAPIETS, Berkshire. P.S. After hearing "The Idiot" by Iggy Pop, I went out into the street and shot myself.

Did it hurt? — CSM.

MY GRAN likes The Ramones; am I unique?

FRED THE GOLDFISH, Bath.

Beat on yer gran with a frying pan! — HIDEOUS BILL GANGRENE.

TEAZERS

TA-TA FOR now **Johnny Thunders,** au revoir and watch the camel turds to **Jean Jacques** "Beau Geste" **Burnel,** we'll miss you maaaan to **Johnny Rotten** (for interpretations see page 3), but not so fast with the go buddy go's to **Cherry Vanilla** and **Wayne County.**

Rumours — and in the case of Ms Vanilla a report in *Sounds* — that Thunders' fellow Americanos-in-Europe were also getting the Grand Order of the Home Office Boot were denied by their respective press agents on Monday.

There is, therefore, no truth in the bizarre story that Cherry Vanilla was deported last Tuesday, and that her guitarist Louis was dragged from his hospital bed with a collapsed lung and shoved on a plane at Heathrow despite having a relapse.

RCA, her record company, were astounded to learn all this. What in fact happened was that they flew Cherry home on Tuesday to spend three weeks in the U.S. arranging a TV series. They have every reason to believe she'll be back in Britain on July 15 to record a single and an album . . .

More news behind the news as Britain sizzles: Did the appearance onstage for a blowing session (so un-new wave, so un-cool) of bald, fat and decidedly unpunko **Supercharge** saxophonist **Albie Donnelly** at **Boom Town Rats** gig have anything to do with audience aggro directed at the Rats (see page 5)? Incidentally, in the audience watching it all were ex-**Incredible String Bandsman Mike Heron** and **Phil Rambow,** ex of **The Winkies . . .**

Even before his duffing up at **Boom Town Rats** gig (see page 5), **Heartbreakers** manager **Leee Black Childers** in pain from a rib injury — he got that one falling over with **Dee Dee Ramone** in the boys' room at the Croydon Greyound. Don't ask us what they were doing — being playful we guess . . .

It ain't all one way traffic: At their Hope and Anchor gig **Chris Bailey,** singer with Aussie punks **The Saints,** left the mike and jumped into a "front row" fracas to lay one on a heckler who'd been bugging him all through the group's set . . .

It ain't all one way part two: **Neil Hubbard,** ex-**Grease Band** and **Kokomo** etc, having problems getting U.S. work visa for sessions on next **Robert Palmer** album. Sticking point, apparently, is Hubbard's 1972 bust while in Australia with **Joe Cocker** — for an amount of dope too small to even make a joint . . .

We never saw **Pete Townshend** as a **Metro, Goldwyn** or a **Mayer** but what are we to make of the announcement that **The Who** are investing in Shepperton film studios to the tune of £350,000? At presstime the band's office was offering little explanation except that the deal allows The Who to develop sound, video and laser techniques using Shepperton facilities for a period of three years. *Son Of Tommy? Tommy Goes To The Laserium,* perhaps? . . .

Pic: JOANN UHELSKI

The recent three-night critic-in-performance stint at CBGBs by Old Fart rock scribe Lester Bangs — we weren't kidding, he actually did, and here's the pictorial proof — featured this particularly engaging moment shortly after a coachload of Lester's old rock star targets, rounded up from expensive hush hush clinics and sanitoriums by a benevolent Lou Reed, gate-crashed the club claiming Lester had left their names at the door. Lester looked shaken for a few seconds until, with inspired cool, he metamorphosed into Ian Anderson and succeeded in shaking his tormentors off his trail.

Don't look now but there's *two* — count 'em — **Sex Pistols** 45s in this week's *NME* singles chart . . .

And now to the abattoirs where the Triple Dots simmer this week go a whole bunch of Boring Old Wave Farts doing Boring Old Wave things: in Gay Paree last weekend **David Bowie** was sighted swanning a soiree away at a Paris nightclub with none other than **Bianca J.** While Bianca was in town making a movie *Flesh Coloured,* David was occupied with the Frog premiere of *The Man Who Fell To Earth* (only *just* got a distributor, have you ducks?). Neither was with their respective spouses . . .

But at least some people *have* spouses: as of last Thursday **Robert Zimmerman,** the Beat Poet, of Malibu, California, doesn't have **Sara Dylan** to call his ownest anymore. The once woosome twosome made The Big Split in a California court at the request of Sara who was a little uptight at Bobby installing another lady in their million and a half dollar home. She gets custody of the *five* — count 'em, Sara, before you start jumping for joy — *five* offspring. Never mind, though, Bobby, if you could get "Blood On The Tracks" out of Sara just splitting just think how much product you'll get out of an actual *dee-vorce* . . .

And just so you stay really down and irritated about all these very successful musicians, here comes Rod Time again. This week folk singer **Rod Stewart** was observed no less than three times eating out with . . . yes, it's **Susan George** time yet again. **Britt,** *T-Zers* understands, was off in Sweden with her son Nikolai. And then Susan flew off to London to be friendly with **Jimmy Connors** at Wimbledon . . .

But does any of this really matter?

Is it not of far greater significance that **Damned** vocalist **Dave "Caligula" Vanian,** will need some six weeks physiotherapy treatment on the shoulder he dislocated in Penzance (see page 5). The limb is apparently in bad shape . . .

Or that **Generation X** are believed to be about to Ink A Pact with Chrysalis . . .

Or that **The Adverts** have already Pact Inked with Anchor . . .

Or that a hysterical Strangling **Hugh** "I have seen the spirit of Jean Genet" **Cornwell** phoned up the *ENEMEE* ("Home Of The *T-Zers*") to berate **Julie** "I Hate Students" **Burchill** on her recent **Stranglers** live review. "You and **Phil McNeill** should start a club for hysterics," Hugh screeched unrestrainedly. "Quiet. Have some Southern Comfort," replied Ms Burchill soothingly . . .

Not only has **Andy Mackay** left **Roxy** minders EG Management but he's now being managed by his wife! Is this wise, asks *T-Zers* . . .

O, and wordwright (sic) **Pete Sinfield** has departed these shores to become a tax exile muse in — no, *not* LA — Ibiza. Perhaps he feels he may pick up some of the Graves' vibe from nearby Majorca. More likely he'll just pick up Spanish tummy . . .

Canadian Forces of Law And Order believed to be highly desirous of throwing the book (or *chuckee le livre,* as they say in Quebec) at **Keef.** Is this perchance why Our Man is currently in Noo Yawk taking The Cure. Incidentally, surely the reason Keef went to Canada, The Land Of The Bust, in the first place was because he wasn't allowed into the States . . .

"I do disagree with punk rockers," says **Tom Petty,** "who feel that money is what corroded rock music. Having money makes life more fun. I'm not trying to sound like a capitalist pig, but there's just as much desperation to write about in the midst of financial success as there is when you're starving." Capitalist pig . . .

Spike Milligan observed prostrate on floor of Kensington antique shop. He was writing a cheque. He was writing it on the floor because he couldn't find anywhere else to write it. How curious . . .

Dept of Squashed Scurrilous Rumours: It had been passed around, in dark corners and shady cafes and wherever punks meet to converse, that **Glenn Matlock,** erstwhile **Sex Pistol** now of the **Rich Kids** (or, as **Rotten** puts it, The Shit Kids), and the man largely responsible for the creation of "Pretty Vacant", will have a hard time collecting his royalties, despite a 25 per cent credit on the 45's shiny blue Virgin label. But: "As Glenn is credited on the label," breathed Virgin press officer, **Tessa Wyatt,** "there is no way on earth that he could possibly fail to receive every royalty cheque that he has coming to him" . . .

And staying with the Nouvelle Vogue, **Clash** manager **Bernard Rhodes** speaks thus on the current nationwide new wave pogroms: "I don't care about **Edward Heath** and the **Queen.** I care about **George Melly** and **Phil McNeill** because they're the people on my doorstep. The establishment wanna cut down on live gigs cos that's a way for us to answer back. We're going to prove at the Birmingham Digbeth Rag Market" — where the Clash hope to play on Sunday, July 17 — "that gigs *can* be found. All it takes is 100 per cent commitment to finding them . . ."

First, as they used to say, Da Bad Noos— **Paul Cook** still badly shaken after having his head dented with iron bars. And now as they used to say, Da Good Noos: The Pistols' drummer will not have to have his golden spiked barnet cut for the removal of the 15 stitches that were required . . .

CBS believed to have just signed **John Lennon** for US . . .

And sock it to me one more time for Brenda: last Wednesday, *T-Zers* hears, **Prince Charles** went out and scored a soul compilation album featuring **Otis Redding** and **Ben E. King** among others. Late at night, though, *T-Zers* hears he gets into a bit of **Tapper Zukie . . .**

And only a few weeks after their "Punk Rock Rotten Gets Razored" headline the *Daily Mirror* presented this Monday, "The Good Punk Guide."

Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers prepare to call their lawyer. See page 3 only if you're one of those nurds who reads papers from back to front. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES.

Pauline McLeod's Pop Plus Special revealed to the masses the very essence of — gasp — the **Pistols, The Clash, The Stranglers, The Jam, The Damned, The Vibrators, Ultravox** and **The Boys.** With obligatory F. Street inaccuracy, Ms McLeod informs all you music lovers that the first Pistols' single sold 50,000 copies (only about 25,000 out), that The Boys are supporting The Clash on their London gig on July 24 (totally false), and that The Vibrators concentrate on writing love songs. (She calls whips, chains, and penguins in bondage LOVE?) . . .

Squeeze release their three-track EP, "A Packet Of Three", on July 8. Contrary to speculation, it will not be on Step Forward, but on a label specially set up for Squeeze by manager **Miles Copeland . . .**

If **Jean Jacques Burnel** *should* happen to get thrown in the slammer when he visits France next week, **The Stranglers'** self-appointed bodyguards — the Finchley Boys — reckon they'll spring him and hustle him back to Britain. "They'll risk anything," says Jean Jacques. Even the Foreign Legion? . . .

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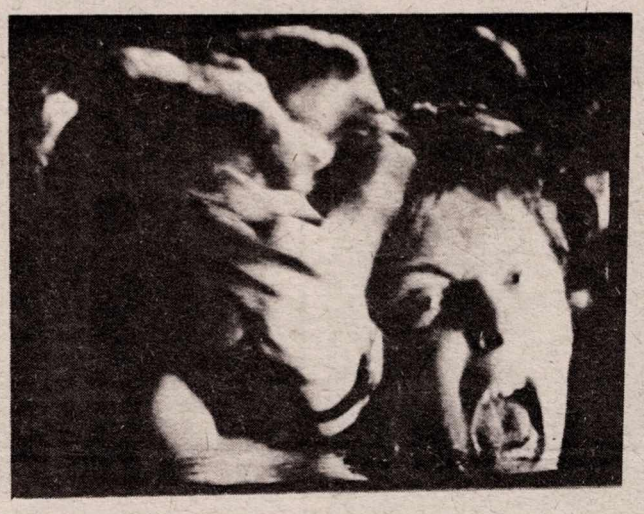
DANCE TO THE SEX PISTOLS

WE'RE SO PRETTY



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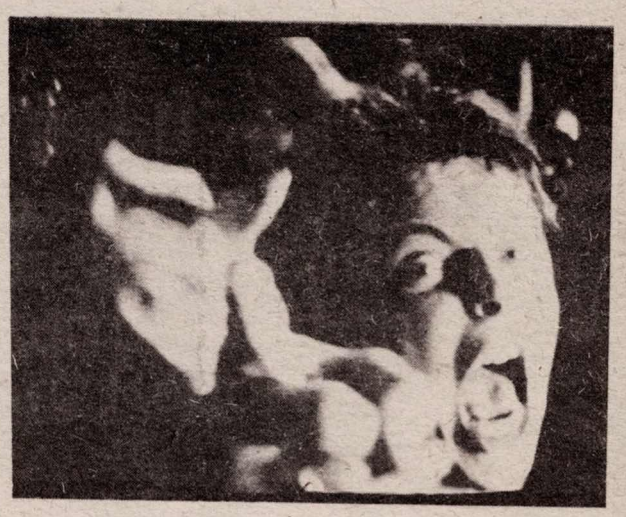

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